

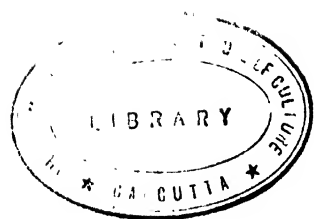
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MY DIARY IN INDIA.

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MY DIARY IN INDIA,

IN THE YEAR 1858-9.

BY

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES."

With Illustrations.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LONDON:
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Presented by Gen. U. Rakshit

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ERRATA.

Page 173, line 31, *for* Pio Nino *read* Pio Nono.

Page 184, last line of chapter heading, *for* Flying-fish *read*
Fly-fishing.

MY DIARY IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

Battle of Bareilly.—A little piece of foresight.—Intense pitiless heat.—The enemy's artillery practice.—Fainting or dead soldiers.—Stripped to the shirt.—Charge of sowars.—Helped into the saddle.—Death of a camel driver.—Vague recollections.—Sun-stroke.—A slight move forward.—Walpole and Cameron.—“Jones the Avenger.”—The Gazees and their champion.—A winding-up.—Awful manifestation.—Apprehensions and actual results.

May 5th.—**BATTLE OF BAREILLY.**—Early this morning, the whole army, with a strong advance guard of cavalry, guns, and infantry, proceeded to attack the enemy's position. We had a long march before us ere we could get at them. In our little camp there were great preparations last night. Norman was indefatigable; so were Macpherson and Allgood; and last, not least, the Chief and his Chief of the Staff, Mansfield, who, in addition to Flood, has now got Crealock from China, in lieu of Johnstone, gone home sick. An order of march and battle was specially ordered, and dispositions made to strengthen Tod Brown's ordnance commissariat guard. Lieutenant Morland, the baggage-master, had no ordinary task before him to keep those enormous masses of vehicles, and beasts, and men, which seem to be growing every day from the ground, in anything like order. In our camp special instructions were

given for the restriction of the dooly-bearers. There were three of us—Sir David Baird, Alison, and myself—who were to be marched at the head of the infantry column, but on the right or off side, the enemy lying on our left front. It is curious how little information we can get about Bareilly. It is said that all the way from Furreedpore till within a mile of the ruined cantonments, the country is as level and smooth as a bowling-green. The result is, that the road is raised above the ground, in order that it may not be flooded in the rains. Outside the cantonments there is a small stream flowing deviously in a deep bed, and the ground is intersected by nullahs, so as to be unfavourable for the movements of regular troops, in various places. Jones is now supposed to be within a day's march on the other side of the town; but there are at least two sides open for the greater part of the rebels to get off; and they are far stronger in cavalry than we are.

Before we started this morning, I called the syce, and told him to keep my best horse close to the litter. Alison and Baird gave the same directions to their servants. This little piece of foresight saved all our lives, although I had a hard struggle for my own. Among all horrible deaths, I think being sliced to pieces as one lay helplessly in a litter has a high place. Knowing that the enemy had thousands of sowars, whilst we had only a few hundreds of horse, that our line of march would necessarily be very long and imperfectly protected, and that natives are very prone to make flank and rear attacks, it struck me that our position and arrangements would be such as to afford them every inducement to try the effects of

a charge; and the result proved I did not miscalculate. We moved slowly, with frequent halts to close up the column, and to permit the baggage and siege guns and ammunition to join. As the sun rose it gave promise, which was only too well kept, of a day of intense pitiless heat. By 9 o'clock in the morning we had not got much more than half way towards Bareilly.

Tortured by flies, smothered in an atmosphere of dust, prostrated by heat, my sufferings were augmented by loss of blood, by recent leech-bites, and by a fresh blister. Belladonna had lost its influence over the pain in my injured limb.

Looking out of my portable bedstead, I could see nothing but legs of men, horses, camels, and elephants moving past in the dust.

The trees were scanty by the roadside. There was no friendly shade to afford the smallest shelter from the blazing sun. I had all the sensations of a man who is smothering in a mud-bath.

The constant halts of the column were most irritating and annoying; but in the midst of one of them I heard some shots fired in front, about noon. The men moved forward at once, and, making my dooly-bearers avail themselves of an opening between two battalions, I was carried over to the left side of the road, which was blocked up with a mass of men and baggage, of which language can give no description. By this movement I was enabled to see a little of what was going on.

It appears that we had just come upon a picket or patrol of the enemy, who had abandoned a gun in a small work, which ought to have swept the road.

The firing ceased, and the troops still continued to advance. After a time I observed a squadron or two of the Carabineers in the fields to my left, beyond and fringing which were the usual dense woods of mangoes, peepuls, and other trees common over all this part of Rohilcund. I could not quite see the base of these groves, but presently I saw a puff of smoke rise from the midst of them, close to some cottages, and the round-shot, which seemed to pitch into the centre of a squadron of the Carabineers, ricocheted through the fields right towards my dooly, to the infinite discomfiture of numerous camp-followers who were engaged in leguminous plundering. The shot stopped within thirty yards of the road. It was followed quickly by another, directed at the Carabineers, which did not come so far. The Carabineers trotted slowly out of the line of fire; and just at that moment I saw Sir Colin and a small staff cantering over the ground, and then a troop, or part of a troop, of horse artillery, on both of which the enemy seemed to recommence their practice. Suddenly their fire ceased, and, looking as far forward as I could in advance, I saw the infantry deploying on the ground in front of the road, and extending themselves towards the left. There were some white buildings to be seen here and there amid the trees before them. "Bareilly hai, sahib," said my bearers. Then a fresh outburst of musketry fire took place, which died out, and one or two heavy guns began to open from inside the city upon us. Another pause took place. I was consumed by desire to see and to know.

An officer—I forget his name now—came down

the road, and, seeing me in the dooly, he asked, "Can you tell me, Russell, where Tod Brown is? The Chief wants up the heavy guns!"

I could only reply that I had seen him an hour before struggling to make his way through the baggage and infantry towards the front. "And what are the heavy guns for? Are there works in front?"

"No; but the enemy seem strong, entrenched in old houses and enclosures, and Sir Colin wants to give them a pounding before he goes in at them. They have shown lots of cavalry on both our flanks."

The delay, or rather the halt of the column where I was, lasted some time after this. Every moment the heat became more fearful. More than one European soldier was carried past me fainting, or dead. Major Metcalfe had kindly given me two bottles of French wine of the Chief's. I gave a cupful to one of those poor fellows who was laid down by my dooly, getting it down his mouth with difficulty, for his teeth were partially set; his tongue sticking in his throat. He recovered a little—looked at me, and said, "God bless you!"—then tried to get to his feet, gave a sort of gasp, and fell down dead. The crush on the road had become tremendous. The guns were beginning to move. Every moment a rude shock was given to the dooly, which threatened to hurl it down the bank; so I told the bearers to lift me, and carry me off to a small tope in the field on my left, which seemed to be a quarter of a mile away, and to be certain to give us shade. The field was covered with camp-followers, who were plucking the grain and

salads, with which the country appeared to abound all over. But it turned out that the tope, which after all was a very small cluster of bamboos and other trees, was much farther than I thought, and was by no means very umbrageous. Here my dooly was placed close to Baird's; the bearers went inside among the bamboos, and squatted down to smoke, or sleep. Have we not all in our small experience seen an army swallowed up by skilful leadership? Perhaps not often at Chobham or Aldershott, but still often enough at accidental reviews. Around us just now there was no sign of the British troops in front. They had dipped down into ravines, or were at the other side of the high road. Here and there were clouds of dust, which marked the course of cavalry. Behind us were the columns of the rear-guard and of the baggage. But the camp-followers were scattered all over the plains, and the scene looked peaceful as a hop-gathering. There is a sun, indeed, which tells us we are not in Kent. In great pain from angry leech-bites and blisters, I had removed every particle of clothing, except my shirt, and lay panting in the dooly. Half-an-hour or so had passed away in a sort of dreamy, pea-soupy kind of existence. I had ceased to wonder why anything was not done. Suddenly once more there was a little explosion of musketry in our front. I leaned out of my dooly, and saw a long line of Highlanders, who seemed as if they were practising independent file-firing on a parade-ground, looking in the distance very cool, and quiet, and firm; but what they were firing at I in vain endeavoured to ascertain. A few native troops seemed to be moving about in front of them. As

suddenly as it had begun the firing died out once more. "What can it be?" said I to Baird.

"I have not the least idea. It is firing of some sort or other. How deuced hot it is! I am going to die."

A long pause took place. I looked once or twice towards the road to see if there were any symptoms of our advance. Then I sank to sleep. I know not what my dreams were, but well I remember the waking.

* * * * *

There was a confused clamour of shrieks and shouting in my ear. My dooly was raised from the ground and then let fall violently. I heard my bearers shouting "Sowar! sowar!" I saw them flying with terror in their faces. All the camp-followers, in wild confusion, were rushing for the road. It was a veritable *stampede* of men and animals. Elephants were trumpeting shrilly as they thundered over the fields, camels slung along at their utmost joggling stride, horse and tats, women, and children, were all pouring in a stream, which converged and tossed in heaps of white as it neared the road—an awful panic! And, heavens above! within a few hundred yards of us, sweeping on like the wind, rushed a great billow of white sowars, their sabres flashing in the sun, the roar of their voices, the thunder of their horses, filling and shaking the air. As they came on, camp-followers fell with cleft skulls and bleeding wounds upon the field; the left wing of the wild cavalry was coming straight for the tope in which we lay. The eye takes in at a glance what tongue cannot tell or hand write in an hour. Here was, it appeared, an inglorious and

miserable death swooping down on us in the heart of that yelling crowd. At that instant my faithful syce, with drops of sweat rolling down his black face, ran towards me, dragging my unwilling and plunging horse towards the litter, and shouting to me as if in the greatest affliction. I could scarcely move in the dooly. I don't know how I ever managed to do it, but by the help of poor Ramdeen I got into the saddle. It felt like a plate of red-hot iron; all the flesh of the blistered thigh rolled off in a quid on the flap; the leech-bites burst out afresh; the stirrup-irons seemed like blazing coals; death itself could not be more full of pain. I had nothing on but my shirt. Feet and legs naked—head uncovered—with Ramdeen holding on by one stirrup-leather, whilst, with wild cries, he urged on the horse, and struck him over the flanks with a long strip of thorn—I flew across the plain under that awful sun. I was in a ruck of animals soon, and gave up all chance of life as a troop of sowars dashed in among them. Ramdeen gave a loud cry, with a look of terror over his shoulder, and, leaving the stirrup-leather, disappeared. I followed the direction of his glance, and saw a black-bearded scoundrel, ahead of three sowars, who was coming right at me. I had neither sword nor pistol. Just at that moment a poor wretch of a camel-driver, leading his beast by the nose-string, rushed right across me, and seeing the sowar so close, darted under his camel's belly. Quick as thought, the sowar reined his horse right round the other side of the camel, and as the man rose, I saw the flash of the tulwar falling on his head like a stroke of lightning. It cleft through both his hands, which he had

crossed on his head, and with a feeble gurgle of "Ram ! Ram !" the camel-driver fell close beside me with his skull split to the nose. I felt my time was come. My naked heels could make no impression on the panting horse. I saw, indeed, a cloud of dust and a body of men advancing from the road ; but just at that moment a pain so keen shot through my head that my eyes flashed fire. My senses did not leave me ; I knew quite well I was cut down, and put my hand up to my head, but there was no blood ; for a moment a pleasant dream of home came across me ; I thought I was in the hunting-field, that the heart of the pack was all around me ; but I could not hold on my horse ; my eyes swam, and I remember no more than that I had, as it were, a delicious plunge into a deep cool lake, in which I sank deep and deep, till the gurgling waters rushed into my lungs and stifled me.

On recovering my senses I found myself in a dooly by the road-side, but I thought what had passed was a dream. I had been for a long time insensible. I tried to speak, but my mouth was full of blood. Then I was seized with violent spasms in the lungs, from which for more than an hour I coughed up quantities of mucus and blood ; my head felt like a ball of molten lead. It is only from others I gathered what happened this day, for my own recollections of the occurrences after the charge of the cavalry are more vague than those of a sick man's night visions. I can remember a long halt in the dooly, amidst an immense multitude of ammunition camels, sick and wounded soldiers, and camp-followers. I remember rows of doolys passing by to the rear, and oc-

casual volleys of musketry, and the firing of field guns close at hand. It appears that I fell from my horse close to the spot where Tombs' guns were unlimbering, and that a soldier who belonged to the ammunition guard, and who was running from the sowars, seeing a body lying in the sun all naked, except a bloody shirt, sent out a dooly when he got to the road for "a dead officer who had been stript," and I was taken up and carried off to the cover of some trees. Alison and Baird saved themselves also, but they got well away before I could mount. Baird's servant poured some brandy down my throat. After a long interval of pain and half consciousness of life, Simon came to me, chafed my legs and arms, and rubbed my chest. My thirst was insatiable. The heat from twelve o'clock to sunset was tremendous, and this day all over India we lost literally hundreds of men by sun-stroke. For hours we were halted close behind the 79th and 42nd. At one time I have a dreamy sort of notion that I saw a body of men charge on the latter and the Staff, and a great deal of bayonetting and shooting going on ; but I cannot say whether it was real, or if, hearing of the charge of the Gazees that evening, and the descriptions of it given so often whilst I was very weak, I mistake the impressions of one sense for those of another. No surgeon came near me, as well as I recollect, for several hours. The non-attendance of my friends may have tended to save my life. As soon as the flow of blood and mucus from the lungs had somewhat ceased, Simon got me a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, which I drank at a few gulps. My dooly was recovered, and it was lucky I was not in it, for it bore marks of a probing of no friendly character.

by lance and sword. Tod Brown afterwards told me that some of the sowars came up within a few yards of his guns, and that one fellow was shot when within ten feet of a heavy piece of siege ordnance, which he seemed determined to spike. The Mooltanee horse were wheeled round, and sent out to meet the sowars the moment they were seen to be down on us; but some of them turned, and Tombs, who had come up at a gallop, was obliged to fire into a mass of Mooltaneees and sowars who were all coming pell-mell together upon his guns. This, and the sight of the Carabineers bearing down on them, rapidly sent the sowars flying to the right-about; but the panic produced by their demonstration was very great, and almost as soon as the first was over I believe a second took place.

The sun was going down ere we were moved forward for about half a mile, and there, on a bare sandy plain, was one small tent pitched for Sir Colin, and two or three pall and servants' tents for the officers. I was put into my own pall. Scarcely was I placed in the charpoy ere Sir Colin came in, and, having heard what had happened, congratulated me on the escape from sun and sowar, and proceeded to give me details of what had occurred. He complained very much of want of information. When he thought he was outside Bareilly he was in reality only outside the ruined cantonments, some miles from the city proper. The enemy were still in the city. They had fallen back, and it was too late to pursue them or to make an attempt to enter the place. The men were quite exhausted. They had suffered fearfully from sun-stroke. Sir Colin de-

scribed the charge of the Gazees vividly. Just at this moment Walpole came in with a bloody handkerchief round his hand. He had a narrow escape from the Gazees, and was nearly cut to pieces under Sir Colin's eyes. The General sat talking with the Chief for some time; and then Cameron of the 42nd came into my tent to add his narrative of a very narrow shave indeed, for the Gazees dragged him from his horse, his revolver was in the holster, his sword fell out of the scabbard as he was pulled to the ground, and but for the coolness and courage of two or three of his own men he would have been lugged to pieces in a moment. Of the Gazees, but one or two escaped. Languidly and drowsily I listened to all this; all worldly affairs for the time seemed of little consequence to me. I was thinking of home.

The doctors came in at last, Tice and Mackinnon. They saw me—withdrew, consulted in whispers. I can remember so well their figures as they stood at the door of the pall, thrown into dark shade by the blazing bivouac fires! No tents were pitched; the soldiers lay down in their blankets, or without them, on the sandy plain. The cavalry stretched themselves by their horses, and the artillery lay among their guns. Strong pickets and patrols were posted all round the camp. Ere I went to sleep for the night I was anointed all over the back and chest with strong tincture of iodine. I never knew till long afterwards that up to this moment one lung had ceased to act at all, and that a portion of the other was gorged from pulmonary apoplexy, brought on by the sun-stroke or heat; and that in fact my two friends had no expect-

ation of my being alive next morning. Such is my recollection and experience of the Battle of Bareilly.

May 6th.—A night of great pain. The army marched early this morning, and we moved in their train. There was a third panic as we started. We halted near the cantonments, and Sir Colin came over to the place where Baird and I were lying, and had a long and pleasant talk. He is not so fatigued and dissatisfied-looking as he was yesterday, but he is evidently discontented at something or other. Colonel Jones of the 60th, called "Jones the Avenger," came into Bareilly to-day with his column from the other side, so that the place is pretty well cleared out of the enemy, though some fanatics are said to be holding out in the Nuwab's house, where they will, it is said, fight to the last. Sir Colin says that the Gazees came on so rapidly and so boldly, that he was nearly taken by surprise, but he had time to say, "Stand firm, 42nd ! bayonet them as they come on." The men, however, fired, and a lot of Gazees got in past the left of their right wing, attacked Walpole and Cameron, and wounded them. There was a good deal of promiscuous firing and stabbing, cutting and hacking, for a minute or two, and at last the last of the Gazees rolled over. Sir Colin had a narrow escape. As he was riding from one company to another his eye caught that of a quasi-dead Gazee, who was lying, tulwar in hand, just before him. The Chief guessed the ruse in a moment. "Bayonet that man !" he called to a soldier. The Highlander made a thrust at him, but the point would not enter the thick cotton quilting of the Gazee's tunic ; and the dead man was rising to his legs, when a Sikh

who happened to be near, with a whistling stroke of his sabre cut off the Gazees' head at one blow, as if it had been the bulb of a poppy ! The Gazees were fine fellows, grizzly-bearded elderly men for the most part, with green turbans and cummerbunds, and every one of them had a silver signet-ring, a long text of the Koran engraved on it. They came on with their heads down below their shields, and their tulwars flashing as they whirled them over their heads, shouting "Deen ! deen !" and dancing like madmen. The champion as he approached shouted out to us to come on, and got within a yard of the line amid a shower of bullets. Then a young soldier stepped out of the ranks, blazed away his Enfield between his two-eyes, and followed it by a thrust of the bayonet on the face, which finished the poor champion.

It was far advanced in the day—how the heat grows, as it were, every hour, and this month is the hottest of the year—ere Baird and myself were carried into the shell of what had once been a comfortable bungalow, but of which nothing was now left but the roof and walls. Here we found Colonel Hagart and his aide-de-camp, young Gore, and some others of the 9th Lancers. Charpoys were provided for us ; again I was rubbed over with iodine. My head began to get clearer, and now my leg became most painful. All the blistered skin had been rubbed off ; the leech-bites were very sore and raw. To-night Jones moved into the town, and a portion of our column went round by the right, but neither of them did much mischief. The enemy have got clear away, and our caution seems to have been a little overdone.

May 7th.—The doctors tell me that had I not been so weakened by previous bleeding and doseing, the *coup de soleil* would have been as fatal to me as it was to many of our poor fellows on the 5th. I am now able to employ an amanuensis, but the leg is still very painful, and the swelling is now as hard and as large as an egg; so I shall remember the Rohilcund campaign for the rest of my life, be it long or short. The Chief sent a force to the Nuwab's house and found it empty, except some sick and an English lunatic. Two of the Rifles (60th) came right through the city yesterday, down the main street, which was full of rebels. When asked how they performed such a feat, one of them said, "We skirmidged thro' them, yer hanner!"

The Chief was kind enough to pay us another visit to-day. He has ordered out Jones, "the Avenger," with a force, to march in all haste to relieve Shahjehanpore, where Hale has been holding out splendidly against the Moulvie, whom Sir Colin admits to have shown very good capacity in his operations. I fancy he took the Chief a little by surprise in venturing to throw himself on our rear so boldly.

May 8th.—After a day of heat beyond description or conception, we had a winding-up, which nearly wound up Baird and myself.

The day had been, as usual, unbearably hot, but it had been exceedingly sultry. Towards evening the horizon darkened, and a storm, which, for grandeur, fury, and variety of physical phenomena, I never saw surpassed, burst upon our camp. It came on about an hour before sunset, its approach being heralded by strong hot winds, laden with dust, which in-

creased in violence until they became what sailors call half a gale of wind. From the point whence this wind came there was visible, behind and above the clouds of dust, something which looked like a gigantic wall of bright red brick, advancing at a slow and equable pace, and spreading as it approached more widely across the horizon. About it tumbled a confused mass of whirling black clouds, scintillating with incessant lightning, and convulsed by the throes of the thunder which echoed within them.

It was a sight almost appalling—it certainly was all-absorbing—to watch the progress of this awful manifestation. As the wall of sand rose high in the air and came across the track of the setting sun, darkness, as of an eclipse, fell upon the land, though on the opposite side of the horizon there still appeared a sort of pale, sickly twilight through the dust. As the storm approached it seemed as if the earth were beaten by the hoofs of myriads of cavalry. The roar of the wind, the beat of the hail, the rush of the rain, and crashing of the branches of trees, mingled with loud peals of thunder. The lightning flashed out in every variety of form—in narrow streaks, in broad belts of blinding light, in bright blue zigzags, in balls and bolts of fire, and in snapping jets, which seemed to leap from tree to tree, and to run along the ground amidst the hail. With two or three invalids, Brigadier Hagart, and his aide-de-camp, Mr. Gore, of the 7th Hussars, I was located in the ruined bungalow, compactly built of brick; and, though the windows and doors were gone, and even the framework had been removed, the roof, fortunately for us, had been left. So great, however, appeared the vio-

lence of the storm and the strength of the gale, that we were apprehensive the stout walls would be brought down upon us.

The Brigadier and his aide-de-camp were just about setting out to overtake Brigadier Jones's column, in order to avail themselves of the opportunity of their escort towards Futtehguhr, when the storm made its first appearance. It was fortunate that it did not overtake them on the road. The moment the tempest reached the spot upon which the bungalow stood we were plunged into darkness, or rather rapidly intermittent intervals of darkness barred the glare of the blaze of incessant lightning. The rain fell in torrents; with it were jagged hailstones, or transparent frozen lumps of water, the majority of which, as far as I could form an opinion from the numerous specimens which came into the bungalow, exceeded in size a pigeon's egg. In a short time we were driven to the lee of a wall in another room by the torrents of rain. One globe of fire, descending like a shell, struck a tall tree in the middle within a few feet of the house, and clove it in two, the upper part beating down a tent below it to the ground, the occupant happily escaping unhurt. Notwithstanding the admirable way in which Indian tents are pitched, many of them were levelled to the earth. The arid plain upon which the men were encamped (the old general parade-ground) became a sheet of water two or three inches deep.

The tremendous tempest which caused such a change, having raged over the camp for nearly an hour, at last rolled away in the distance; but it was only to wheel round upon us in half-an-hour with increased

fury, and to exhaust its strength in one grand convulsion. The wind and clouds advancing in one direction encountered a great wall of dust, propelled by a gale from the opposite quarter. Eurus and Notus contended together, and reft each other with lightning, till even the power of the elements was exhausted ; and, joining their forces together in a wild truce, they swept off into the dark night, marking their path by twittering flashes of fire, and by the hoarse murmurs of the dying thunder. The plain was so much altered by the tempest that the 42nd Highlanders, and portions of other corps, had to shift their camp next morning. The dry nullahs became sounding watercourses, and the level plains in the morning looked like marshes. As for ourselves, we were moist, damp, and unpleasant for the rest of the night.

CHAPTER II.

My amanuensis.—A memorable anniversary.—Kindly visits.—
The Guards and the Line.—En route for Futtehguhr.—Tilthour
topc.—The enemy's horsemen.—Colonel Herbert.—An over-
dose of belladonna.—Uncertain destination of the sick.—
Unusual secrecy.—A wretched night march.—Exciting reports.
—Halt of advance guard.—Convoy of "Europe provisions."—
The breath of the simoom.—A branch of the Ganges.—Arrival
at Futtehguhr.

May 9th.—My amanuensis comes in, an honest, stiff-fingered corporal of H.M.'s 42nd Regt. He did not write this notice of himself, but for days he continued to come to my bedside, and write for me to the paper, to friends at home, who would, I feared, be alarmed by false reports of my accident and escape, and did so well till we marched and left him behind us, when his place was taken by another soldier. The kindness of these good fellows, their anxiety to please me, their desire to give me no pain in raising my voice or altering my position, were touching; and when I paid one of them he refused for a long time to take a farthing. "No! Mr. Russell, there's not a man in the regiment who was out in the Crimea would take a penny from you, sir. Sure, we ought to do more than that for your honour, for you were the true soldiers' friend." Well, I hope I may be pardoned for the vanity of recording this little piece of flattery. It was my best reward for trying to do my duty, and it was a full one; and as a trait of a soldier's character, I may be permitted to state it.

Metcalfe came in and reminded me that this day is the anniversary of the outbreak at Delhi. Assuredly, never was the strength and courage of any race tried more severely in any one year since the world began than was the mettle of the British in India in 1857. And yet, it must be admitted that, with all their courage, they would have been quite exterminated if the natives had been all and altogether hostile to them! The desperate defences made by garrisons were, no doubt, heroic; but natives shared the glory, and by their aid and presence rendered the defence possible. In one instance a British garrison in a weak entrenchment surrendered, and was ruthlessly butchered almost to a man. Our siege of Delhi would have been quite impossible, if the rajahs of Puttiala and of Jheend had not been our friends, and if the Sikhs had not recruited our battalions, and remained quiet in the Punjaub. The Sikhs at Lucknow did good service; and in all cases our garrisons were helped, fed, and served by natives, as our armies were attended and strengthened by them in the field. Look at us all here in camp this moment! Our outposts are native troops—natives are cutting grass for and grooming our horses, feeding the elephants, managing the transport, supplying the Commissariat which feeds us, cooking our soldiers' food, cleaning their camp, pitching and carrying their tents, waiting on our officers, and even lending us money. The soldier who acts as my amanuensis declares his regiment could not live a week but for the regimental servants, dooly-bearers, hospital-men, and other dependants. He admits to-day he is quite fatigued coming across in the sun to my quarters. We never hear any public

acknowledgment of their services. But Goorkha guides and Hodson's horse did good work at Delhi, and the natives attached to the Bengal artillery were as much exposed as the Europeans.

May 10th.—More blisters; pains and great heat combine to render me rather unhappy. Sir Colin is detained here just now by the engineering operations which are requisite to secure the troops which will be left in Bareilly. Alison and Murray are going to the Hills. Baird is pining for home. The doctors tell me I must go from this to Nynee Thal, if there is any opportunity. Walpole is to have the command at Rohilcund, and Coke is off with a small light column to Phillibeet, where the rebels are said to have re-assembled in some force. The thermometer to-day marked 107° in the shade at four o'clock inside our bungalow, and the flies were beyond description tenacious and irritating.

May 11th.—General Mansfield paid me a visit this morning, and gave me interesting details of our operations all over India. He maintains even to me who am the results of an experience *corpore vili*, that heat does no harm to our troops, and that we need not fear the results of hot weather campaigns or bad barrack accommodation, such as the men are likely to have. The Chief came in also, and was kind enough to bestow more than an hour of his time on me. It is curious that the old officers who served against the French in the Peninsula are much more friendly towards them than the young officers who served with them in the Crimea. Sir Colin has a Napierian regard for his former enemies. Among other matters he mentioned that a considerable num-

ber of French officers published memoirs and notes at the close of the Peninsular war which were full of value and usefulness to military men, but none of them appear to be known in England at present. He speaks with great feeling of O'Connell, and always expresses the most kindly and generous sentiments towards Ireland and her people, among whom he says he spent many happy days, though he also recalls with indignation his forced military services in the tithe campaigns in that country, which were "the most painful it ever fell to his lot to be called on to perform." We had also some conversation about the relations of the Guards to the Line, and his Excellency, from his own experience, gave some illustrations of the results of Guards' privileges during the Crimean war, when they were on duty before Sebastopol.

May 13th.—Here we are still. There is no chance of my getting to Nynee Thal from Bareilly, so I must betake myself to Simla when we get down to the main trunk road ; and I had to-day an intimation that we shall move back to Futtehguhr almost immediately. It is quite useless to talk about the heat any more. It seems that any increase of it must be fatal. News arrived that Shahjehanpore was relieved by Jones on the 11th. Several rebels have been executed here, and the process promises to be pretty long, though Alexander, the Commissioner, is said not to be very severe.

May 14th.—Alas ! the doctors tell me I cannot ride for months. We march to-morrow, and so I venture to sell my horses. The Serjeant-Major of the 9th Lancers acts as auctioneer, and disposes of them this evening. My Caubul pony I wished to

buy in, but I made a very strange mistake in my directions, and the serjeant took rupees instead of pounds, very rightly saying that "We never count by pounds in India." The Chief told me to-day he would ask Mr. Alexander to make arrangements for sending me to Nynee Thal if I wished, but on the whole I decided it would be best to stay with him till he got back across the Ganges.

May 15th.—At 1.30 this morning the Chief and Head-Quarters' Staff marched from Bareilly *en route* for Futtehgurh. We had with us H.M.'s 64th, one wing Belooch Battalion, 9th Lancers (a wing), Lahore horse, and some irregulars, and a troop of Bengal artillery. Baird, Alison, myself, and a number of sick, were carried off in doolys. We left behind, in addition to Coke's column, the 42nd and 93rd Highlanders, two regiments of Punjaub infantry, cavalry and guns, under Walpole, who is to command in Rohilcund. Marched all the morning, and encamped in the tope of Furreedpore at 8 A.M. The Chief was lying down beside my dooly, taking a nap while his tent was being prepared, with his head resting on his hand, for he refused to accept the loan of my pillow, when a camel-driver came by, leading a huge dood so carelessly as to bring him right across Sir Colin. One great flat pad was about descending on the Chief's head, when he started to his feet, and ere he was quite awake had his sabre out of the sheath, and was flourishing it in the air as if he was going to slay all the doodwallahs in camp.

May 16th.—From Furreedpore to Futtehgurh in the moonlight soon after 2 o'clock this morning. We hear the Ganges is rising fast. Rose has not yet

taken Calpee, and the Governor-General, who is still at Allahabad, is anxious that the Commander-in-Chief should be in some accessible place and within the range of the telegraph. His Excellency feels for the losses of the 71st, and of the detachments unwisely sent up the Indus in boats, which have suffered greatly from sickness.

May 17th.—On arriving at our camping-ground, in Tilhour tope, a large swarm of bees, irritated by the smoke of the camp-fires, which ascended the trees to their nests, made a furious charge on us, routed Sir Colin, General Mansfield, and all the officers ingloriously, and forced me to draw the curtains of my dooly, and remain in a state of semi-suffocation till their rage abated. I hear we are likely to have a fight near Shahjehanpore, as the Moulvie still hangs about that place with 5,000 irregular cavalry, and a body of infantry, with eight or nine guns.

May 18th.—A magnificent thunder-storm this morning, just as we were preparing to march. I rarely have beheld a grander sight than the sheets of lightning which flashed over the camp, and lighted up the tope and tents continuously. As we moved off, the doolys were put in the rear of the main column, for it seemed very likely we should have a fight for it ere we got into Shahjehanpore. It was a long, tedious, hot, and trying march of five or six hours. Instead of encamping in our old tope outside the town, we passed over the bridge and through the main street of Shahjehanpore out to the site of the cantonments, where our tents were pitched under some trees about nine o'clock. Observed that many houses had been recently burned here. After we encamped there was another thun-

der-storm. I was sound asleep on my charpoy, when, about three o'clock, the rapid discharges of two or three heavy guns, close at hand, roused me. I heard the Staff turning out all around me. "The Moulvie's coming to attack us, Russell; look sharp, or you'll miss the fighting." I could not mount a horse in the orthodox way; but I was helped up on a substitute for a side-saddle, and managed, though in great pain, to ride to the left of our camp, where I found the 60th Rifles occupying a house and the bank of the river, on which two 18-pounders were in position. At the other side of the stream was a very wide plain, dotted with trees, and gradually rising to a ridge in front of us, which was covered with groups of horsemen, extending for miles along the horizon. The 18-pounders, at a high elevation, were plumping round-shot into them, which those bahadoors dodged, with their active horses, in wonderful style. Sir Colin stationed the Rifles, H.M.'s 64th, H.M.'s 79th, with his cavalry and guns, along our front, and made an advance on the plain, which brought out more cavalry of the enemy, and a number of their guns, so that, at one time, there were at least 4,000 horsemen capering about in front of us, at the distance of a mile or so, under the fire of the heavy guns and of a field-battery on our left. Presently we saw the enemy's guns opening, and a troop of artillery replying fervently, and our infantry advancing and occupying a large village, from which they opened fire on the horsemen. As Sir Colin rode across the plain with Mansfield and his Staff, he had almost as near an escape as Norman had at Bareilly, when the heel of his boot was carried off by a round-shot. We saw a shot

strike the earth so close to him that it seemed impossible he could escape; but on the dust clearing away, the Chief was seen trotting along as usual. As our men advanced, the enemy fell back on a fort, which we could see crowded with men; but it was too late to press them; the soldiers were much fatigued, and so, posting strong pickets all along our front and exposed flank, we retired before sunset, having gained a large accession of position without any material loss.

This affair was mainly caused by the zeal of Colonel Herbert, who went out to reconnoitre the enemy with a small body of horse, and drew the fire of the enemy's guns upon him. Therefore he retreated very properly, and the enemy, native-like, came on after him as though they had gained a great victory, till our guns opened on them and forced them to keep their distance. It is said that the Moulvie and the Delhi Prince Ferozeshah are in command of them, and that they have a large force in rear and support of them at a place called Mohumdee. The enemy had two guns disabled, and about fifty or sixty killed and wounded. I returned to camp in great pain from my leg, and as I was getting it sluiced with cold water, by order of the doctors, and to the great increase of my sufferings, Sir Colin, in no very pleasant mood, passing by my tent, asked me if I knew what had taken place.

May 19th.—I see the wise people at home have determined the war is over, and that India is at peace. But many an Englishman must shed his blood, and many a pound must be spent, ere peace comes back again. I was carried in my dooly to

mess this evening, and heard Norman, rich in dates and facts, make a vigorous defence of General Anson, against the charge that he had not been sufficiently quick in moving down troops to Delhi. Norman's head is like a crystal casket, clear and perspicuous. It is full of returns and tables, and logical methods.

May 20th.—The Chief seems disposed to march on Mohumdee and burn it, but he is short of cavalry, and waits for the return of Coke's column. The Ganges is rising, and the bridge to Futtehguhr may be impracticable. If so, Sir Colin will have to make a great *détour*; but he assures me the sick will be taken care of, and that we shall be put in a place of safety. What a pleasant prospect to spend months in such a place as Shahjehanpore or Jellalabad!

May 21st.—Mackinnon alarmed me this morning by coming into my tent with his tongue thickened between his lips, his eyes staring, pupils dilated, and manner confused and agitated. He had taken an overdose of belladonna for an internal pain, and was threatened with coma (my amanuensis spelt this "comber," I perceive). He returned to his tent, and sent for his friend, Sir Colin, who mildly remonstrated with him for having any objections to dying on the spot if necessary, and so cheered him greatly. His Excellency afterwards visited all his sick people, and told me it was probable he should hand the troops over to John Jones for the razzia against the Moulvie, and should go himself to Futtehguhr, in order to be on the main trunk road and in easy intercourse with the Governor-General. The heat to-day and to-night was frightful. Two hours after sunset it was 110° in my tent. Alison, who is now in a non-contagious

state, was admitted, and Baird also came in, and we sat sweltering in the warm bath of the air whilst we discussed our chances of getting to "the hills." *Il me rit enormement.*

May 22nd.—Coke arrived with his brigade this morning within a march of us. At 12 this day the thermometer stood at 115 degrees in my tent, which is pitched under a large tree in a dense grove; at 2.30 it was 116 degrees. In the evening, whilst Baird was with me, the Chief came in. Baird made a very adroit, but an entirely unsuccessful, attempt to ascertain from the General what he was going to do. However, afterwards, his Excellency gave me a hint, which permitted me to guess that I ought to be ready to move with him at a moment's notice.

May 23rd.—*Whit Sunday.*—Coke arrived this morning, and his column is now encamped near us. It is really distressing for us sick people to be in such doubt whether we are to be shut up in a fort in Rohilcund, sent up by Rampore to Landour, or despatched by a round of several hundred miles to Simla. The doctors say we must not stay down in the plains during the rainy season. Sir Colin has not yet made up his mind whether he will lead the troops against the Moulvie, or give them to Jones, but his anxiety to get over the Ganges will, I think, prevail.

From the intelligence which reaches us it is evident that it will require another campaign to subjugate Oude thoroughly; for, although our columns march through the country and disperse the enemy on all sides, they can make no permanent impression on foes who start up the moment we have passed, and who are supported by the popular will, or are, at all

events, powerful enough to crush our friends into silence.

Some other sick people had joined us ; but Baird and others were so perplexed by the Chief's unrelenting silence, that they had decided on taking advantage of the march of a very small column this morning for the fort of Jellalabad, which was a stage on their way to Futtehguhr, and they have started under their protection accordingly.

It was late to-night when his Excellency came to see me, and told me that the Head-Quarters Staff, and sick, escorted by two guns, a wing of the Belooch battalion, and some irregular horse, would make a forced march at midnight to cross the Ganges ! I now learned the reason of the unusual secrecy of our march. Our spies had come in, and reported that the Moulvie went off to-day towards Palee, taking with him 500 cavalry and four guns. Now Palee would be on our left flank as we marched to Futtehguhr, and it would be by no means pleasant for the Commander-in-Chief and all the heads of the departments of the army to be attacked by such a force when they were escorted by a weak body of native troops. It was supposed the Moulvie had gone out to try and intercept a convoy of "Europe provisions," which were coming from Futtehguhr, for the use of the troops remaining in Rohilcund ; and if that were his object he would be quite as likely to make a dash at his Excellency if by chance he heard we had left Shahjehanpore. Sir Colin was so anxious Jones should have every man, horse and foot, who could be spared, that he preferred running the risk of this attack to weakening the cavalry by increasing the strength of his escort ; but it was obvious that it

would be most impolitic to say a word of the intended march. It was known that the troops not required for the defence of Shahjehanpore would march to-morrow morning to attack the rebels at the other side of the river, to drive them out of their position, and to burn Mohumdee, their principal stronghold on the east frontier of Rohilcund. No one knew, however, that the Chief was not going in command of the force, and it was in order that it might be perfectly secret Sir Colin was so uncommunicative. Not a soul was aware of the move, except General Mansfield, till a few hours before we were actually on the march. Oh ! for one squadron of the 9th Lancers and a wing of British infantry, and dozens of Moulvies might be on our flanks. 93570

As the march was long, it was recommended to us to go on elephants. Our march was precipitated finally, for at 10 P.M. the Head-Quarters' tents were struck, and at 10.30 we marched silently away. My charpoy was placed across an elephant's back, and was there secured with ropes ; but the motion was sickening, and the swaying from side to side very painful ; so, weak and ill as I was, I preferred trying to sit up, and to hold on by the bed as well as I could. The confusion in passing through the narrow streets of the town was very great, for the camp-followers of the army which was preparing to march under Jones were on the move, and blocked up the thoroughfare with their main current, which ran directly against our feeble stream.

The scene when we forded the river by moonlight was very picturesque. At length we got out in the open and into regular order of march. In the far dis-

tance, on our left, we could see the watch-fires of the rebels, whose quarter Jones will beat up at daybreak. I was in much pain, and after some hours I was glad to accept the offer of Captain Hearsey, and mount up on his elephant, where I was a little more "less uncomfortable." This gentleman was one of the unhappy refugees who was sheltered in the terai from the mutineers and murderers, and, although he saved his life, he was struck down by terai fever, which has reduced him to a skeleton. He speaks the native languages like a native.

May 24th.—Whit Monday.—Such a march! Such a night of wretchedness! I could scarcely keep my eyes open, nodding to and fro in the chow-gamah. Goldsworthy, who took my place on my elephant, slept easily on the charpoy, and was an object of envy to me, who dared not close my eyes lest I should fall to the ground. About 2 o'clock this morning we had a long halt. Sir Colin, Mansfield, Sterling, and the rest, lay down on the ground, and slept soundly for more than half-an-hour. Again I mounted the elephant, and jogged on in pain, my leg being much swollen. About dawn I caught sight of my dooly-bearers, and Hearsey hailed them. It was, indeed, a great relief to me to get into the perambulating-bed, which was to me a couch for a Sybarite; but my poor bearers looked greatly exhausted, as well they might, for our pace was rapid, and they had been marching since the previous night. It was 10 o'clock in the morning before we reached Jellalabad—nearly twelve hours on the road, in great heat! Here we found that Baird and the other sick officers were in the fort, as there had been

alarms of an attack on their weak escort. Their doolys were carried out and placed beside ours in a tope when the camp was pitched. The reports which were brought in about the Moulvie were rather exciting. He had burned Palee, and killed all our police ; and it was positively affirmed that he was hovering about Allygunj, which was close on our line of march. Our two guns were put in position outside our tope, and in heat quite indescribable we lay on our charpoys and slept.

We hoped for a long rest, but at 3.30 P.M. general orders were brought round, and we were warned to get ready for the march in two hours more. The Headquarters' bazaar had not *arrived* when we left our ground, so they will have a pleasant tramp of it. Horses and camels, elephants and men, are dead beat ; but Sir Colin wills it, and we must go. At 6.30 our little force left Jellalabad again. Strict orders were given to keep all doolys in the rear of the main body. We are smothered by the dust. One of us who made some remark to General Mansfield as to the straggling of the Belooches, and the danger to baggage and sick in case of an attack, is informed that "it often happens on occasions of this sort that baggage and sick must be abandoned to the enemy !" And such an enemy !

This is, indeed, a forced march, with a vengeance. On—and on—and on—for the Ganges all the weary night. The air was heavy, and hot as molten lead. I had got some extra dooly-bearers, but they could scarcely keep up with the column, for the Belooches marched as fast as the cavalry. The gun-horses were very much done-up. And thus we marched all night.



Rowing team at the Queen

Rowing team at the Queen

May 25th.—Whit Tuesday.—I awoke out of a heated, feverish sleep about 1 o'clock this morning, in consequence of my dooly stopping. The bearers told me there were budmashes in front, and I saw Sir Colin riding past with a few of his Staff. A Belooch officer told me that the advance guard had halted, as they saw a vast column on the plain before them. "This is our friend the Moulvie, and it is a very nice state he finds us in!" The infantry have not a leg left, the cavalry can barely keep their horses off their knees, and the horse-guns are reduced to the state of guns of position. I listened eagerly, sent for my horses, and got out my revolver once more. All the camp-followers had halted, which is very unusual, as they generally creep along the flank or the column when it stops, in order to get a good offing; but now they were alive to their danger, and were sitting, with their ears pricked, among the doolys, and close to the infantry. The men were literally puffing like "roarers" from fatigue.

The delay was very exciting, but it seemed pretty evident after a time that either the Moulvie had fallen back to take up some favourable position, and to make his dispositions for attack or retreat, or that the force in our front was not that of an enemy at all. It was scarcely possible for us to be so near as we had been without a gun opening, or a musket being fired. It is possible, if it be the Moulvie, he may have retreated, but he is certain to observe our weakness in the morning, and we are too weak and too exhausted to fight well. Just to think of the gallant old Chief being murdered by the rascals—not to speak of ourselves! Would the world be as hard

upon him in such a case as it was on poor General Penny, and blame him for rashness, want of caution, and the like? It nearly did as much when Sir Colin, in his haste to get up country, barely escaped falling into the hands of the mutineers on the main Trunk Road.

I am weary of conjecture. But it becomes a very lively time when I see the artillery slowly falling back, the horses staggering in the traces, and the Irregular Cavalry following their example. It is still more exciting when I observe that my dooly-bearers take me up and trudge towards the front as if to offer me as a sacrifice to the enemy! The enigma is soon solved. After some little suspense we discover that the body which we observed in our front is the convoy of "Europe provisions," under charge of some companies of H.M.'s 80th. The discovery must have been a considerable relief to Sir Colin. He decided, after some deliberation, to send on the convoy to Shahjehanpore under the protection of our two guns, the Belooches and Irregular Cavalry, and to take back the party of the 80th as an escort.

The march was resumed. On again we went for mile after mile over a sandy, dusty plain. The soldiers of the 80th, who had had a long march already, were soon as much exhausted as those of our old escort. From every side were cries of distress for the bheesties. Suddenly there came out of the hot black night a fearful storm—not of rain or thunder, but of wind and dust, which burned like the ashes of a furnace. The column halted at once. Nor man nor beast could face the force of the blast, the burning breath of the Simoom. The current was as a stream

of lava, and it fell on my dooly so savagely that I tumbled out of it on the sand to leeward lest it should be blown away with me. The bearers threw themselves on the windward side and kept the litter down. I felt the hot dust gathering over me, my skin burned as though in fever. Close to me lay a gnarled old soldier of the 80th, who was gasping for breath, and in the lulls of the storm calling for the bheesty with feeble breath. I told him to cheer up, and that it would soon be over.

"That it will—soon for me. I've been eighteen years in the service, and never had such hardship as this ——. It's more than a man can bear, sir. There's ten of my section missing—and no wonder!" All the officers were dismounted, and the men were crouched on the ground during the violence of the storm.

In a quarter of an hour or so the strength of the wind abated. The column re-formed, and the march began once more; but the poor fellow near me had spoken only too truly. They tried to rouse him. He was a dead man. Several of our escort died that night. A large proportion were carried into hospital on our arrival at Futtehguhr, where several of them expired afterwards. Some were missing up to the time I left the Fort.

I really believe that if the dust-storm had lasted half as long again, the results would have been fatal to most of the column. It was the same evil wind that smote Lake's corps in his awful march to Cawnpore at precisely the same period, and just fifty-four years ago. The "Devil's breath" was upon us. If I could describe it I should shrink from reviving the recollec-

tions of that "*mauvais quart d'heure*," which was in its horrid fervour worthy of the name which is translated by the above epithet. I crawled back to my dooly into a bed of burning sand, and there I lay exhausted. For hours we marched on. Oh! what delight at last to wake up in the midst of a stream of bright clear water, to see beyond its banks another broader still! I had been borne over the Rungunga in a sort of dreamy consciousness, and even the pangs of thirst could not awake me. But now I was in the midst of water. My dooly was at rest in the shallow stream like some small island, and the waters rolled over the sandy bed with a gurgling, pleasant song, away, under, and through the legs of my bed. And then came old Sukeeram, and taking up the grateful draughts in a gourd, held them to my parched lips. Then with the hollow of his hand he dashed the dimpling surface of the current on my head and face. I could fancy how the sun-smitten earth drinks in the first autumn showers. All around me, above and below, the native camp-followers, syces, bazaar-people, were rolling in the river, and puffing and blowing like so many porpoises. We were in a branch of the Ganges, and beyond us, across a long low waste of sand-banks, rolled the main body of the Sacred River. Nor were the poor fagged British soldiers less delighted, if they were not quite as demonstrative in their joy, when they beheld the water, and bathed their aching heads and legs in the stream. Presently, sitting over his horse's shoulder, with an air of fatigue, as well he might, came Sir Colin himself, with a few of his Staff. His clothes and face were covered with dust, his eyes were half

filled with sand, and, indeed, I scarcely recognized him for a moment, when he drew up to speak to me. "Futtehguhr is only four miles away," said he, "we'll be there in an hour and a quarter." And after a minute or so more spent in talking of the night we had passed, he rode his horse, which had not lost its time in the water, across the stream, and went on. If any of the Senior United Service, or of "the Rag" Seniors, could have seen the dirty jaded men who followed the General, they would have required much faith to believe they were Staff officers.

We jog on over the wide sand-banks of the broad bed of the Ganges, cut here and there into deep nullahs and dry watercourses, and covered with coarse grass, which will soon be under water.

How lovely are the mud walls of the Fort of Futtehguhr as they appear in the distance, in the hope of getting to those hospitable walls! It was almost akin to pleasure to be suffocated in the press on the narrow, long bridge of boats which joins island to island, and at last spans the broad river itself.

And there at last we arrived. Le Geyt Bruce received us. Alison and Baird and I found shelter in that hospitable nook of a bungalow. Such a bath! Such a breakfast! Such a grand beaker of claret cup! Baird was too ill to rise from his charpoy, and Alison and I soon crept over to the two which were placed for us in a low dark room, with tatties and punkahs, and enjoyed the pure animal happiness of repose. And so ended our forced march across the Ganges, from Shahjehanpore to Futtehguhr, which had nigh ended us ere its close.

CHAPTER III.

A day of calm enjoyment.—The Trunk Road.—A fine piece of loot.—General Rose.—Barbarous savages and civilized Christians.—Divine service.—Travelling arrangements.—A parcel of telegrams.—Mrs. Sukeeram.—Remains of the station of Eytah.—Approach Delhi.—The descendant of Akbar.—A house of bondage.—Selinghur.—Ruined streets of a deserted city.—An agreeable change.—Visit to the King of Delhi.—Poverty in a palace.—Jumma Bukht.—Orientalized matter of fact.—The ex-King's countenance.—Our dealings with the Moguls.—Our representative's humility.—The latest begum.—A civilized evening.

May 26th, Wednesday.—A day of calm—positively calm enjoyment. The weather, we were told, was actually overcast outside, and the thermometer was not at more than 90° in our room, and at 130° outside. Baird has severe fever. Alison looks unwholesome, but is pronounced non-contagious. After another Sardanapalitic breakfast, we lie on our charpoys all day, and doze away, with punkahs fanning us, and kuskus-tatties working. At dusk my dooly is brought down, and I am carried down to the mosque in the Serai to dinner. It is hot, and so we do not sit long after dinner, and I am carried back to the Fort to bed.

May 27th, Thursday.—The Trunk Road up and down is unsafe. The Commander-in-Chief has literally not a man to escort him down to Cawnpore. A few days back one Ruheem Ali made a dash across the Ganges, out of Rohilcund, with some hundreds of sowars, and in the night came upon a gharry, in

which were Major Waterfield and another officer. They cut the former to pieces; the latter had an escape little short of miraculous, after a desperate fight, and got away in the dark. Under these circumstances we shall have to stay here for some little time.

Poor Hodson's horses and guns, which were left here, were sold by auction early this morning in the Fort. Some handsome swords and good guns went cheap enough; but the horses were all well sold. A rusty Westley Richards, in case, which probably cost £50, only fetched £3 10s.

To-day we saw a fine piece of loot belonging to one of our officers—a great plaque, for an imperial crown or turban, composed of flat diamonds, with some brilliants of great size. No one seemed to know the value of it. The mode in which he came into possession of it is remarkable. He was quartered in the Kaiserbagh after the storm, and his servant brought him in this plaque, which is about the size of a dessert-plate, and said he had found it amid the rubbish. Thinking it was glass, our friend threw it out of the door. Another native brought it in to him; again he threw it away. A third time the plaque was presented to him, and, fairly tired out, he stuck it up against the wall of his room, where it remained till an officer, who had been in the service of the King of Oude, came in and recognized it as an ornament of the great state turban. This is better than the way in which another officer is said to have got some precious stones, of great value—namely, as the result of a sharp fight with one of our own Sikhs.

May 28th, Friday.—The news to-day is, that the

rebels have been at Bewah, close to Bowgong, which is only a few hours from us, and have plundered and burnt it. But these are small matters—the results of the dispersion of the armies and large bodies of the enemy.

Rose has taken Calpee gallantly, and would be in a position to clear the rebels out of Central India but for the dreadful heat now, and the rains, which are imminent. The march of this General, his great successes—particularly his brilliant repulse of the attempt made to raise the siege of Jhansi—and his storm of Jhansi itself, now terminating with the capture of Calpee, have been splendid military achievements. Koer Sing has died of his wounds, and the bands which his influence held together about Jugdespore will no doubt soon be accounted for. There was something of the soldier and general about this old chief, and his men had the honour of inflicting three defeats on British soldiers, who were, on all three occasions, however, very badly handled. Be it observed, however, that there never yet was a defeat in which the beaten party were not “injudiciously commanded.”

Brigadier Seaton and the magistrate informed us to-day that it would be unsafe to attempt to go up to Agra or Delhi at present.

Sir Colin expects the 79th here, and a troop of Bengal artillery, after the Moulvie has been disposed of. I must give up talking about the heat. Its monotony and its force and constancy are quite overwhelming.

In the evening, as I sat in the balcony over the Ganges, I observed two prodigious flights of bats, all

crossing from the west, and going straight away to the east. Not one returned or deviated—all flew in a direct line; they were in thousands.

May 29th, Saturday.—The report is, that Rose will not take the command of the force marching from Calpee to Gwalior, which may be threatened by the rebels, and it is said that he refuses to do so on the plea of ill-health. No doubt he has suffered very much in those tremendous marches, which were more fatal to his men than were the enemy's bullets; but it is whispered that he and Sir Colin are not on the very best terms, and that the Chief was displeased with his General for taking away the camel corps to Calpee, which was done in opposition to the spirit of their duties and orders. After breakfast Sir Thomas Seaton came in, and told me he thought Alison and I might venture up, as the police would soon be established along the road, and Ryves and two others had left this morning. The Brigadier thinks that everything is going on smoothly now. Lord Canning, however, is uneasy about the aspect of affairs in Bundelcund and Central India, in Azimghur, Goruckpore, and Rewah. In Oude we have done nothing except displaying our force in military promenades, and in the destruction of a few strongholds. Seaton is to take command of Colonel Jones's ("the Avenger's") force, and the latter goes back to his regiment. McCausland will relieve Seaton in the command of Futtehguhr and its forces.

I received letters to-day giving an account of Jones's march to Mohumdee, and the retreat of the Moulvie and his troops at a speed which set our cavalry at defiance.

In the evening, when my biped friends had gone off to play cricket, I returned with my one leg to my place in the balcony, and watched the herds of buffaloes swimming the Ganges, from their pasturage on the Rohilcund side. They seemed to enjoy their swim amazingly, though they sank so deep that only their heads were visible. It was amusing to see the herdsmen holding on by the tails of the beasts, and swimming over along with them. When thus escorted, the men are safe from the attacks of alligators. Again the immense flights of bats set in from the west, and continued till night fell upon us.

As we had nothing else to do, Bruce, Alison, and myself formed ourselves into a public meeting, and passed resolutions declaring it was expedient we should dine with Mylne, in the adjoining compartment of the bungalow. The captain approved of the resolutions, and we dined with him accordingly, and sat up till near midnight telling and listening to old-world stories. We sat in the very room where some of our ill-fated countrywomen were massacred by the sepoy. Mylne told me that he had no doubt two women were blown from guns, and that some children had been placed against the targets on the practice-ground as marks by the men of the 10th and 41st B.N.I. These were the acts of barbarous savages. But were our acts those of civilized Christians, when in this very place we hung a relative of the Nuwab of Furruckabad under circumstances of most disgusting indignity, whilst a chaplain stood by among the spectators? It is actually true that the miserable man entertained one or two officers of a British regiment in his palace the day before his death, and that he

believed his statements with respect to his innocence were received ; but in a few hours after he had acted as host to a colonel in our army, he was pounced upon by the civil power, and hanged in a way which excited the displeasure of every one who saw it, and particularly of Sir William Peel. All these kinds of vindictive, unchristian, Indian torture, such as sewing Mahomedans in pig-skins, smearing them with pork-fat before execution, and burning their bodies, and forcing Hindoos to defile themselves, are disgraceful, and ultimately recoil on ourselves. They are spiritual and mental tortures to which we have no right to resort, and which we dare not perpetrate in the face of Europe.

Trinity Sunday, May 30th.—Early service soon after dawn, before the bungalow this morning. Short withal. Bugle sounds "parade." Five minutes' reading. Bugle sounds "dismiss," and the service is over. There is no chaplain at Futtelguhr now. The heat was so great to-day, that several men died in the barracks inside the Fort of apoplexy. My leg becomes more painful, and now, as the lump goes down in the thigh, the calf and ankle swell at the least attempt to walk. Once more I sat out in the evening and watched the bats as before, and the men swimming over on the backs of the buffaloes. There were several alligators rolling about on the banks. They are divided into two sorts, one with a long, sharp snout and great jaws, which preys only on fish ; the other, with a short, round snout, which attacks men and sometimes will dash in among the bathers and pull them down at the ghauts. Otters were also numerous to-night, and fish, like porpoises, tumbling about

in the rapid current. Flocks of pelicans, duck, and teal, waded and swam about in the shallows, and on the banks sat rows of adjutants, looking, in the distance, like old gentlemen in white waistcoats over their wine.

May 31st, Monday.—Alison and I went to dine with the Commander-in-Chief, who has moved from the Fort to a very good house in a fair garden, and close to a tope of trees, in which the Head-Quarters' camp is pitched. In a few days he will go down to Allahabad. Alison and I have determined to start to-morrow, if we can get gharrys, and Brigadier Stisted, who is going up to his command at Sealkote, will accompany us.

June 1st, Tuesday.—Preparing for our journey up country. Sir Colin came over to see me in reference to a little misunderstanding on the part of one of his Staff, and, in the course of conversation, expressed great anxiety as to the troops who would be necessarily forced to remain in the field during this season and in the ensuing rains. His thoughts are rarely absent from his soldiers.

June 2nd, Wednesday.—At the last moment, when we were all ready for our journey, the baboo of the post-office wrote up to say he could only lay horses for one gharry up to Delhi, and that the other gharry must wait till to-morrow. Stisted was unwell, and very anxious to get away, and so I resolved to let him and Alison have the gharry, and to wait till to-morrow. After much delay they got off, and I was indeed glad, when I saw them under way, that I was not doubled up as they were—two inside, and a dog, and lots of baggage, a servant and nu-

merous trunks on the top ; and a bad road to Bowgong. By the bye, Ryves and his comrade had a narrow escape the other night. The pickets of the rebels were so close to the road he could hear them speak, and he could see the fellows standing by their watch-fires.

June 3rd, Thursday.—Up early, and received a letter from the baboo assuring me that the horses would be ready in the evening, but that he feared he could not let me have a gharry, as the return vehicle, on which he had relied, had not yet made its appearance ! This is pleasant. However, by Mylne's assistance, I got the loan of a gharry belonging to Lieutenant Bennett to Bowgong, and if there is not one there, I must take on this and buy it out and out for £30.

In the afternoon there came over an orderly with a parcel of telegrams, announcing that the rebels had attacked Gwalior ; that Scindia had been defeated ; and that he had arrived as a fugitive with his minister, Dunkur Rao, at Agra ! This is, indeed, bad news. Colonel Frank Turner, who has come here to take charge of the gun-carriage factory (*vice* Bruce, who goes back to his duty), thinks it is the worst we have had this long time. Sir Thomas Seaton, however, does not attach such great importance to it, though he regrets very much that Scindia should have suffered so severely for his loyalty to us. There is a disposition to throw some blame on Rose for his supposed delay at Calpee ; but after all we know so little of the case, that it may be very unjust to censure one who has shown such energy and decision.

His Excellency came over to bid me good-bye, and

rode across in the sun from his quarters to the Fort, for the purpose. He thinks that it will only require a vigorous march, and a strong attack on Gwalior, to restore Scindia to his capital ; but it is evident he is disconcerted at the news. It is all the more awkward because Sir Colin has sent down a general order to Allahabad, somewhat in the form of a proclamation, announcing the close of the summer campaign, and thanking the troops for their services.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, all being ready, I took farewell of all my kind friends, many of whom came some way to see me, and left Futtehguhr for Simla, almost a cripple, and quite low-spirited and down-cast, in my gharry, with the faithful Simon perched on the roof. I paid off all my other servants ; my dooly-bearers, khitnutgar, dhoby, bheesty, sweeper, syces—gave them all chittys or notes describing their virtues and services. One of my servants, quite a lad, was accompanied in all our marches by his wife, of whom I can truly say I never saw more than her feet and arms, so adroitly did she manage to keep her face covered whenever I went out of my tent ; but on this occasion, as if to reward me for the gratuity I gave her husband, she drew back the white fall of calico from her face, and there flashed out on me a pair of lovely black eyes, two rows of glittering ivory teeth, and as pretty a face as one could see. The hood was down again in a moment, and I saw, what I had long suspected, that Mrs. Sukeeram was fair to look upon, in spite of her Vandyck-brown skin. Travelled all night over one of the worst roads in the world.

June 4th, Friday.—It was nearly 4 o'clock this morning when I reached Bowgong. I found there

was no gharry to be had, so I was obliged to take on Bennett's gharry. I was now on the main Trunk Road, and I observed there was a sowar or two always riding after us. These men were furnished as a sort of guard by the various thannahs, or police-stations, along the road. As I rumbled along the road, I passed over in my mind the strange scenes I had gone through, and endeavoured to dwell upon them ; but the aspect of the country around me for ever forced on my imagination the horrors of last year in India. Bungalows, police-stations, tehseels, were all burned down, blackened, and in ruins. Even the milestones were defaced. The Grand Trunk Road remained nearly the sole trace of our rule ; and from the excellence of this I was diverted by the passage of a wide, sandy stream which cut it across. By 7.30 in the morning, I reached the remains of the station of Eytah. Here, in the ruins of a bungalow, I found Mr. Daniel, Lieutenant Henessey, and another young gentleman, representing British rule, law, and order, over an immense district lately swarming with rebels. They had 100 Sikhs to aid them, and a local levy ; but not another white face was there within many miles of them. A hospitable reception induced me to stay longer than I intended, and it was 2.30 P.M. ere I started again, in opposition to the advice of the civilians. I had not been long on the road, ere I wished I had followed their recommendation, and had waited till the sun went down, for now the heat was so great that even my servant said he felt ill, and the drivers and horses were alike exhausted. The people we saw on the road were sheltering themselves in the scant shadows of the trees. I was struck

by the size and fine muscular development of the men, as by the extreme aridity and flatness of the country, through which, on my right, flowed irrigation-branches of the Ganges' canal, most of which were dry, as well as I could ascertain. Peacocks alone appeared to live on the baked-up plains. Towards evening I felt a little curiosity as to the contents of a French *pâté* that Sir Thomas Seaton had given me, and I found my pains in opening it rewarded. When I arrived in Koel it was 9 o'clock P.M. I gave myself but an hour's halt at the bungalow, and pushed on again. The gharry, when I re-entered it, seemed to glow like a baker's oven. The panels had retained the scorching heat. At another time I should have liked to see Perron's fortress and Lake's conquest; but my thoughts were all fixed on the hills, and day after day I felt myself growing weaker as I wasted away in the fervour of summer. No Indian, be it observed, ever thinks of undertaking a journey at this time of year. On again, and travelled all night.

June 5th, Saturday.—At 6 o'clock A.M. awoke and found myself, according to the milestones, twelve miles from Delhi; the country around of exceeding dreariness and desolation; crossed a stream by a suspension bridge. At sixth milestone a large plain of corn and grass, very refreshing and pleasant to look upon, extended for miles on our right. Great quantities of cattle are grazing in the meadows. Large tumuli appear after a time, which are probably the remains of brick-kilns, or may-be mortuary heaps. At last the eye catches a glimpse of the Jumna, and beyond it, on a high ridge, are the minars and domes of Delhi.

When I left the Commander-in-Chief's camp Major Metcalfe had been good enough to recommend me to his friend, Sir W. Campbell, who was acting as prize-agent at Delhi ; and I intended throwing myself upon that gentleman's hospitality for the day ; but in India, as in other places, "it 's a wise bird who knows in the morning where he 'll roost at night."

I was occupied in absorbing my first impressions of the city of the Great Mogul. Here is the place from which came the haughty ukases that gave to a few trembling humble traders the right to hold lands in India on the tenure of service and submission, and which, but one year ago, was the centre of a formidable rebellion. As I looked at the gaunt old red walls which tower above the Jumna, I could not help reflecting that there were probably not five thousand people, unconnected with India, in the country from which India was governed, who two years ago had ever heard of the King of Delhi as a living man, or who knew that even then, in the extreme of his decrepitude, and in the utter prostration of his race, the descendant of Akbar had fenced himself round with such remnants of dignities that the Governor-General of India could not approach him as an equal, and that the British officers at Delhi were obliged to observe in their intercourse with him all the outward marks of respect which a sovereign had a right to demand from his servants. The first knowledge the great mass of Englishmen had at home of the King of Delhi was that he was the nominal chief of a revolt which was shaking our Indian empire to its foundations. He was called ungrateful for rising against his benefactors. He was, no doubt, a weak and cruel old

man ; but to talk of ingratitude on the part of one who saw that all the dominions of his ancestors had gradually been taken from him, by force or otherwise, till he was left with an empty title, a more empty exchequer, and a palace full of penniless princesses and princes of his own blood, is perfectly preposterous. Was he to be grateful to the Company for the condition in which he found himself ? Was he to bless them for ever because Polyphemus, in the shape of the British Government, snatched poor blind Shah Alum from the hands of the Mahrattas, and then devoured him piecemeal ? We, it is true, have now the same right and the same charter for our dominions in India that the Mahomedan founders of the house of Delhi had for the sovereignty they claimed over Hindostan ; but we did not come into India, as they did, at the head of great armies, with the avowed intention of subjugating the country. We crept in as humble barterers, whose existence depended on the bounty and favour of the lieutenants of the kings of Delhi ; and the "generosity" which we showed to Shah Alum was but a small acknowledgment of the favours his ancestors had conferred on our race.

The present man was guilty of permitting very horrible murders to be committed within the walls of his palace. He had chosen to accept all the dangers and risks to which the head of a revolt against the British Government in India was exposed, and he was conquered. An English lawyer in an English court of justice might show that it would be very difficult for our Government to draw an indictment against the King of Delhi for treason, for the levying of war against us as lords paramount, or even for

being directly accessory to the murder of the poor ladies who fell victims to the brutal ferocity and bloodthirstiness of a Mahomedan mob ; but as conquerors in the fight which he had provoked, the King of Delhi had no reason to complain of his fate ; and even had we taken his life, though less merciful or magnanimous than some great conquerors, we should still have had precedents for our conduct. But, to my mind, the position of the King was one of the most intolerable misery long ere the revolt broke out. His palace was in reality a house of bondage ; he knew that the few wretched prerogatives which were left to him, as if in mockery of the departed power they represented, would be taken away from his successors ; that they would be deprived of even the right to live in their own palace, and would be exiled to some place outside the walls. We denied permission to his royal relatives to enter our service ; we condemned them to a degrading existence, in poverty and debt, inside the purlieus of their palace, and then we reproached them with their laziness, meanness, and sensuality. We shut the gates of military preferment upon them—we closed upon them the paths of every pursuit—we took from them every object of honourable ambition—and then our papers and our mess-rooms teemed with invectives against the lazy, slothful, and sensuous princes of his house. Better die a hundred deaths than drag on such a contemptible, degrading existence. Had the old man and his sons refrained from shedding innocent blood—had they died with harness on their backs—I for one should have felt that sympathy for their fate which mankind are wont to exhibit for fallen dynasties and unfortunate kings. But they leagued them-

selves with a murderous and most treacherous mutiny, and there was nothing in their personal conduct during the struggle to excite any pity for their end.

I am passing over a wide stream, as broad as the Ganges at Allahabad, by a rude bridge of boats, which is so broad, however, that it is divided into two roads, one for carriages going to, another for those coming from, the city. There are lamp-posts at intervals; and the heads and sterns of the boats are covered with matting sheds for the shelter of the men who manage the huge ropes and anchors by which the bridge is secured. At the gateway of the bridge there is a guard-house, and Sikh sentries are on duty, who examine all natives, and force them to produce their passes; but on seeing my white face they present arms. My skin is the passport—it is a guarantee of my rank. In India I am at once one of the governing class—an aristocrat in virtue of birth—a peer of the realm; a being specially privileged and exempted from the ordinary laws of the State.

The gharry rumbles over the bridge towards the grand donjons of a giant keep that frowns over the flood. Behind this castle are visible the long lines of a battlemented wall, which stretch along the banks of the river, and sweep away backwards till they are lost in a maze of buildings. The keep is Selimgfur (Selim's Fort); the walls belong to the king's palace, and to part of the fortifications of the town. I have seldom seen a nobler mural aspect, and the grand space of the bright red walls put me in mind of the finest part of Windsor Castle. At

the extremity of the bridge there is another post of guards, who examine the papers of the natives as usual, and give the sahib a military salute. One now sees that Selimghur is detached from the main land, and that it is connected with it solely by a long drawbridge, below which runs a strong and deep arm of the river. On emerging from the archway at which the bridge nearly terminates, I found myself in the ruined streets of a deserted city, in which every house bore the marks of cannon or musket-shot, or the traces of the hand of the spoiler. I was now forcibly reminded of the main street of the city of Sebastopol, as it presented itself to us the day after the capture of the Malakoff. As the gharry rattled along at the foot of the huge red wall, not a creature was to be seen, except a hungry pariah, or an impudent crow. The walls of ruined houses, covered all over with bullet-marks, stared out dully at us from their blindless eyes of windows. But we turned at length into a wider street, though every house was still in the same state as those we had already seen. Here, at the shady side, were to be seen a few soldiers, in red and green coats, lounging about, taking an early morning smoke. Not one knew where my host in perspective was to be found with any degree of knowledge, but each indulged in wide, and all in diverse, conjecture.

To some of the houses doors of matting and rude jalousies were put up, and chubby-faced English children, or pale thin boys and girls of riper age, looked out of the glassless windows as the gharry drove by. A few natives of the lower order slunk through the wide street. No shops were visible, and

but for the grand minarets which towered above the houses, and for the traces all around me of the tremendous struggle which took place, I could scarcely believe that I was in a city which is described by an old traveller as being "of the bigness of London, Paris, and Amsterdam together, and of incomparable greater population and riches."

I drove on—and on—and was fairly bewildered at the ignorance of the soldiers, though I knew how little the British private concerns himself about the abode, and even about the name, of his officer. I was very much fatigued, very hungry, and very hot, when Simon informed me that he knew all about the sahib, having received most satisfactory information from a chuprassee whom he had met in the street. On and on the gharry went, again through more ruins, past walled enclosures, by an open space surrounded by public buildings, and past a church, till we came to heaps of rubbish by the roadside; saw a fortified wall on our right, and then, shooting under an archway in this wall over a rickety drawbridge, across a deep moat, Simon and the gharry and I emerged on a plain, intersected by roads, and found ourselves and itself outside the city walls once more.

"Where are you going to, Simon?"

"We go to burra sahib, master. Luddylo Cazzle name of de burra sahib bungalow. All right, sar."

The road we followed led us past some walled fields and hedges of prickly pear, towards a fine mansion, with turrets and clock-towers, something like a French chateau of the last century. On a nearer approach I saw that the universal cannon-shot had not spared it, for walls, and windows, and towers, alike bore

marks of heavy fire. The gharry drove up under the pillared portico; a chuprassee lifted the purdah which hung across the door, salaamed, took my card, and disappeared. In a moment afterwards out came a ruddy, comely English gentleman, and before I well knew where I was, I was ushered into the presence of a fair Englishwoman, who sat at a well-furnished board, doing the honours of her table to a circle of guests, and was presented to her and to them. It was some time ere I could explain my mistake, but the excellent Commissioner—for it was Mr. Saunders—insisted it was no mistake at all, and that I did perfectly right in driving straight to his house, and I was fairly installed at table in a few moments.

To me the change was as great as it was agreeable. I had not seen the face of an Englishwoman since I left Calcutta. I had lived in camps and in canvas from the time of my arrival at Cawnpore till that moment. I came in dusty—I am afraid, dirty—fagged—a hot, unpleasant-looking stranger. I found myself at once back in civilized life, amid luxuries long unknown, received with a courtesy and frank cordiality which made me feel less like an intruder than an invited and welcome guest. I need say no more.

The comfort and luxury of the house itself were a positive gratification to the senses. Large lofty rooms—soft carpets, sofas, easy chairs, books, pictures, rest and repose, within. Outside, kuskus-tatties and punkah-wallahs. The family were at their first breakfast when we went in. I found there were two breakfasts, one at 8, the other at 3 o'clock. Stisted and Alison were resting at the dâk bungalow

in the city. The Commissioner at once sent them an elephant and an invitation. When the sun got low the carriage was ordered round, and the whole party, with the exception of the ladies, drove to see the King of Delhi, and to meet the Brigadier and Alison at the palace. Once more we passed through the Cashmere Gate, traversed the streets through which a few natives were wandering, and then turning through a grand portal in the high red wall which encloses the palace, we entered the court-yard, wherein is the well, sheltered by a large tree, at which the poor English ladies were murdered. I cannot describe the interview with the King, and the interior of the palace, better than I did at the time when I wrote the following passage :—

“We drove out of the court and turned into a long parallelogram, surrounded by mean houses in various stages of ruin. Nearly all of them were shut up and deserted. The lower stories of others were open and used as magazines of corn and shops for the encouragement of a sickly traffic with the few miserable men and women who found shelter within the walls of the palace. A few of the older—I cannot say of the more venerable—buildings are in such a condition that a clap of thunder near at hand would endanger their existence. None of them exceed two stories in height. They are all provided with decaying verandahs and rotting lattice-work ; the court is only partially paved, and the stones in places have been removed, to repair the decaying houses. At one end of the court there is a fine tower, surmounted by the cupolas of which I have already spoken. In the apartments which were formerly occupied by officers of

the household are now lodged some of our officers, who do not find them very comfortable quarters. Sentries of Ghorkha Rifles or of Her Majesty's 61st Regiment are on duty in every court. Within the walls of this palace there was a population of more than 5,000 souls, of which no less than 3,000 were of the blood-royal and descendants of Timour-lung. These latter, of course, were too proud to do anything which could not be done by their European brethren, but they seem to have lost all military spirit, and to have sunk into a state of abject debasement, and of poverty unredeemed by self-respect or by usefulness. The King seldom stirred out of late years, or went beyond the palace walls; but inside their precincts he was subjected to constant annoyance from his numerous relatives—the Great Mogul Olivers were always 'asking for more.' It may be imagined how this wicked, lazy, sensual, beggarly crowd stormed and raved round the courts when there came upon them a vision of plunder, conquest, jaghires, grants, treasures, zenanas—how they yelled for blood and shouted, 'Kill! kill!' They were in a state of such poverty that some of these royal families were in want of their meals, and their numbers had increased far beyond the provision made for them.

"We turned out of this court, near the tower, by a breach made in the wall of houses, and, passing over the bricks, came to a large garden in a state of utter neglect and overrun with weeds, in which were a crazy kiosk and some tottering out-houses or offices. Several of the soldiers of the Sumoor battalion, some on duty, others lounging about their piled arms, were stationed close to the breach in

the wall, at the foot of a rude stone staircase, some twelve or fifteen feet in height, which led from the garden to the top of one of the houses of the court or enclosed space of the palace through which we had just passed. The staircase was intended to form a communication between the rear of the house and the garden, and ascending it we found ourselves in a very small open court at the top, which was formed by the flat roof of the house, and which might have been designed for another story, inasmuch as the side-walls were still standing. Two sentries were on duty at the doorway of this little court at the top of the stairs, and several native servants were in attendance inside.

“In a dingy, dark passage, leading from the open court or terrace in which we stood to a darker room beyond, there sat, crouched on his haunches, a diminutive, attenuated old man, dressed in an ordinary and rather dirty muslin tunic, his small lean feet bare, his head covered by a small thin cambric skull-cap. The moment of our visit was not propitious, certainly it was not calculated to invest the descendant of Timour the Tartar with any factitious interest, or to throw a halo of romance around the infirm creature who was the symbol of extinguished empire. In fact, the ex-King was sick ; with bent body he seemed nearly prostrate over a brass basin, into which he was retching violently. So for the time we turned our backs on the doorway, and looked around the small court, which was not more than thirty feet square. In one corner of this court, stretched on a charpoy, lay a young man of slight figure and small stature, who sat up at the sound of our voices and

salaamed respectfully. He was dressed in fine white muslin, and had a gay yellow and blue silk sash around his waist; his head was bare, exhibiting the curious tonsure from the forehead to the top of the head usual among many classes in the East; his face, oval and well-shaped, was disfigured by a very coarse mouth and skin, but his eyes were quick and bright, if not very pleasant in expression. By the side of his charpoy stood four white-tunicked and turbaned attendants, with folded arms, watching every motion of the young gentleman with obsequious anxiety. One of them said, 'He is sick,' and the Commissioner gave directions that he should lie down again, and so, with another salaam, Jumma Bukht—for it was that scion of the House of Delhi in whose presence we stood—threw himself on his back with a sigh, and turning his head towards us, drew up the chudder, or sheet of his bed, to his face, as if to relieve himself from our presence. At the head of his bed there was a heavy-looking, thick-set lad, of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who was, we were told, the latest born of the house—by no means 'a sweet young prince,' and whose claims to the blood-royal the Commissioner considered more or less than doubtful, considering the age of the ex-King and the character borne by the particular lady who had presented the monarch with a pledge so late in his life; but I am bound to add that, at all events, 'he has his father's nose,' and his lips are like those of Jumma Bukht.

"The qualms of the King at last abated, and we went into the passage—not but that we might have gone in before at any time, for all he cared. He was still gasping for breath, and replied by a wave of the

hand and a monosyllable to the Commissioner. That dim-wandering-eyed, dreamy old man, with feeble hanging nether lip and toothless gums,—was he, indeed, one who had conceived that vast plan of restoring a great empire, who had fomented the most gigantic mutiny in the history of the world, and who, from the walls of his ancient palace, had hurled defiance and shot ridicule upon the race that held every throne in India in the hollow of their palms? He broke silence. Alas ! it was to inform us that he had been very sick, and that he had retched so violently that he had filled twelve basins. This statement, which was, it must be admitted, distressingly matter of fact and unromantic, could not, I think, have been strictly true, and probably was in the matter of numeration tintured by the spirit of Oriental exaggeration, aided by the poetic imagination of His Majesty. He is a poet—rather erotic and warm in his choice of subject and treatment, but nevertheless, or may be therefore, the esteemed author of no less than four stout volumes of meritorious verses, and he is not yet satiated with the muse, for a day or two ago he composed some neat lines on the wall of his prison by the aid of a burnt stick. Who could look on him without pity? Yes, for one instant ‘pity,’ till the rush of blood in that pitiless court-yard swept it from the heart! The passage in which he sat contained nothing that I could see but a charpoy such as those used by the poorest Indians. The old man cowered on the floor on his crossed legs, with his back against a mat which was suspended from doorway to doorway, so as to form a passage about twelve feet wide by twenty-four in length. Inside the mat we heard

whispering, and some curious eyes that glinted through the mat at the strangers informed us that the King was not quite alone. I tried in vain to let my imagination find out Timour in him. Had it been assisted by diamond, and cloth of gold, and officer of state, music and cannon, and herald and glittering cavalcade and embroidered elephantry, perhaps I might have succeeded ; but, as it was, I found—I say it with regret, but with honesty and truth—I found only Holywell Street. The forehead is very broad indeed, and comes out sharply over the brows, but it recedes at once into an ignoble Thersites-like skull ; in the eyes were only visible the weakness of extreme old age—the dim, hazy, filmy light which seems as if it were about to guide us to the great darkness ; the nose, a noble Judaic aquiline, was deprived of dignity and power by the loose-lipped, nerveless, quivering, and gaping mouth, filled with a flaccid tongue ; but from chin and upper lip there streamed a venerable, long, wavy, intermingling moustache and beard of white, which again all but retrieved his aspect. Recalling youth to that decrepit frame—restoring its freshness to that sunken cheek—one might see the King glowing with all the beauty of the warrior David ; but as he sat before us, I was only reminded of the poorest form of the Israelitish type as exhibited in decay and penurious greed in its poorest haunts among us. His hands and feet were delicate and fine ; his garments, scanty and foul. And this is the descendant of him who ‘on the 12th of August, 1765, conferred on the East India Company the Dewanee (or lordship) of the Provinces of Bengal, of Behar, and Orissa, and confirmed divers

other possessions held by the Hon. Company under inferior grants from the Soobadbars of Bengal, the Deccan, and Carnatic! But a short time ago it might have been said almost with justice of the Hon. Company and the house of Timour—

“ ‘ Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate. Nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip.’ ”

“ Upon the whole I cannot say, even when the Mogul was nothing more than the prey of the Mahratta, that the Hon. East India Company treated him very magnanimously. As he has departed for ever, it may be as well here to recapitulate our little dealings with the race which, in the eyes of the millions of India, have a sort of sacred character, of which European nations, with the exception of the Russians, can form no conception. King, poet, priest, the Mogul was to the good Mahomedan what a descendant of the House of Jesse would be to a nation of Jews. When Lord Lake received the Emperor after the battle of Delhi, he could not be less generous than the Mahrattas, and accordingly all the territories and revenues which had been assigned by them for his support were continued by the British to Shah Alum. His stipend of 60,000 rupees per mensem, and presents of 70,000 rupees per annum, making altogether less than £80,000 per annum, were, in 1806, in compliance with promises made in 1805 by the East India Company, raised to £102,960 a year, and in 1809 to a lac a month, or £120,000 a year; but Akhbar Shah complained of the smallness of this allowance for him-

self, his family, and his State and dependants, and in 1830 he sent an agent to England to lay his case before the authorities, whereupon the Court of Directors offered an addition of £30,000 per annum, on condition that the Mogul 'abandoned every claim of every description he might be at any time supposed to possess against them.' The control of this £30,000 extra was to be taken out of the King's hands. He refused to accept the augmentation on such terms, alleging, that he had a right, according to treaty, to expect a decent maintenance for himself and his family; and the money was never given, the grant being annulled in 1840 by the Directors, in consequence of his refusing to comply with the conditions annexed to its acceptance. The present ex-King adopted the objections of his father, and thus, since 1830, when the East India Company offered to buy up some visionary claims for £30,000 per annum, admitting that the sum then given to the King was too small, the State of Delhi, a mere pageantry, has been carried on with increasing debt and poverty and difficulty. But more than this. While they were weak and grateful the Hon. East India Company presented nuzzurs or offerings to the King, the Queen, and the heir, as is the custom of feudatories in India. In 1822 they began to take slices off this little lump of pudding. In 1822 the Commander-in-Chief's nuzzur was stopped. In 1827 the Resident's offering, on the part of the British Government, was suspended. In 1836 the nuzzurs usual on the part of the British officers were curtailed; next the Queen's nuzzurs were cut off, and, in lieu of those acknowledgments of a degrading nature, the King, although claiming the same

sovereign rights, and asserting his pretensions as lord *in capite* of the lands which once formed his dominions, received the sum of £1,000 per annum. The King was not permitted to go beyond the environs of Delhi; the Princes were refused salutes, or were not allowed to quit Delhi unless they abstained from travelling as members of the Royal family, and were content to give up all marks of distinction. And yet these rules were laid down at a time when the Royal or Imperial family were our good friends, and when we were actually keeping up absurd and ridiculous forms, which rendered our contempt and neglect of others more galling and more apparent. We did all this, and yet suffered the occupant of the powerless throne to believe that he was lord of the world, master of the universe, and of the Hon. East India Company, King of India and of the infidels, the superior of the Governor-General, and proprietor of the soil from sea to sea. It would have been well for the miserable old man if he had recollected recent history instead of fixing his eyes on the phantoms of departed glory, and if he had remembered the restoration of Shah Alum to independence by Lord Lake, late indeed though it was, and not done without selfish motives,—instead of indulging in dreams of the restoration of a Mogul empire. Well may he now say with his ancestor, Shah Alum, in his celebrated poem—the great Moguls were their own laureates—‘The tempest of misfortune has risen and overwhelmed me. It has scattered my glory to the winds and dispersed my throne in the air.’ Well for him if he can add, ‘While I am sunk in an abyss of darkness, let me be comforted with the assurance that out of this,

affliction I shall yet arise, purified by misfortune and illuminated by the mercy of the Almighty.' I could not help thinking, as I looked on the old man, that our rulers were somewhat to blame for the crimes he had committed, in so far as their conduct may have led him to imagine that success in his designs was feasible. In what way did the majesty of Britain present itself before the last of the house of Timour the Tartar? With all the grandeur of a protecting Power and the dignity of an Imperial conquering State? No. At least with the honest independence of an honourable equality? No. Our representative, with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness'—aye, with bare feet and bowed head—came into the presence of our puppet King. More than that, the English captain of the palace guard, if summoned to the King, as he frequently was, had not only to uncover his feet, but was not permitted to have an umbrella carried over his head, or to bear one in his own hand, while proceeding through the court-yards—a privilege permitted to every officer of the Royal Staff. This was the case in the time of the last Resident, up to the moment of the revolt; and in the time of the last captain of the guard, up to the moment of his assassination. In such degrading subserviency we recognize the instincts of a commercial corporation—*quocumque modo, rem.* But to the King the representative of the East India Company was the representative of the British Empire.

"Although the guilt of the King in the encouragement afforded by him to the mutinous and murderous sepoys was great and undoubted, there is some reason to suppose that he was not so much responsible for

the atrocious massacre within the walls of his palace as has been supposed. From the very first he had little power over the sepoys and their leaders—his age and infirmity forbade all physical exertion. It is certain that for several days he protected the unfortunate ladies who fled to the palace, and resisted the clamorous demands for their blood which were made by the monsters around him; but it is true, too, that he did not take the step which would have saved their lives. He did not put them into his zenana. It is said he was afraid of his own begums and the women of the zenana, who would have resented such a step. At all events he did not do so. Our countrywomen were murdered in his palace; and we have assumed that he could have saved their lives. It may be that we are to some extent punishing in the father the sins of the children.

“He seemed but little inclined for conversation; and when Brigadier Stisted asked him how it was he had not saved the lives of our women, he made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if commanding silence, and said, ‘I know nothing of it—I had nothing to say to it.’ His grandchild, an infant a few months old, was presented to us, and some one or two women of the zenana showed themselves at the end of the passage, while the Commissioner was engaged in conversation with one of the begums, the latest, who remained inside her curtain, and did not let us see her face.

“Here was this begum, a lady of some thirty-five, very aggravating to the ex-Great Mogul, who was both in pain and anguish, and very anxious to get away from him. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘the old’ (yes,

I believe the correlative word in English is) 'fool goes on as if he was a king; he's no king now. I want to go away from him. He's a troublesome, nasty, cross old fellow, and I'm quite tired of him.' Bow-strings and sacks! was not this dreadful language? But the ex-Mogul is a philosopher; he merely asked one of his attendants for a piece of coffee-cake or chocolate, put a small piece in his mouth, mumbled it, smiled, and, pointing with his thumbs over his shoulder in the direction from which the shrill and angry accents of queenly wrath were coming, said, with all the shrug and *bonhomie* of a withered little French marquis of the old school, '*Mon Dieu!*—I mean, Allah! listen to her!' And so we left him alone in his misery. He numbers upwards of eighty-two years; but they are said to be only of lunar months, and that his real age is seventy-eight. It is needless to say that he will never, if sent, reach Caffraria alive."

From the Palace we drove through the Chandnee Chowk, which we found full of people near the shops, where sweetmeats and some small merceries and provisions were sold, and returned in darkness to dinner.

What a civilized evening! Mr. Egerton, the magistrate of the city, came in, and several other gentlemen, who, with the guests, formed a large and agreeable party, not unmusical or unvocal either, and not so much given to piano and song as to be tiresome. The Brigadier, Alison, who is my companion to the hills, another *convive* and myself, retired to rest in a huge room, in well-punkahed beds, and dropped into such lovely slumbers that the howlings of all the jackals of Delhi had no effect on us. Does any

require to be told, that a punkah is a sort of fan on a gigantic scale, consisting of a light parallelogram of wood covered with calico, from which depends a short curtain? This machine is slung from the ceiling by ropes, and from the centre a rope is passed over a pulley in the wall, and descends to the cooly who pulls it, and thus flapping the frame and curtain to and fro, causes a constant current of the air in the room. The life of a punkah-cooly must be of the saddest and most monotonous.

CHAPTER IV.

The Church at Delhi.—Ruins of the trenches.—The audacity of the Siege.—The Burra Sahib's catchery.—The Jumma Musjid.—Mahomet, Shiva, and Vishnu.—Sufter Jung's tomb.—The Kootub.—Parting.—The outskirts of Kurnaul.—Noor Khan.—“Parker's Hotel.”—Sir Robert Garrett.—A hard bargain.—Palkees and attendants.—The hills, the eternal hills!—Mrs. Barnes.—Kussowlee.—Kunker.

Sunday, June 6th.—It had been agreed that we were all to get up at 5 in the morning to go to church; but we were tired by our long journey, and more than that, so worn out by early hours, which, to my mind, are the worst form of dissipation, that we lay in bed till 8 o'clock. I gave leave to Simon to go into the town to buy some things he required, but he returned to say that he must get a pass before he should be allowed to go through the gate. Our *first* breakfast was at 10 o'clock—melons, mangoes, plums, leechas, and other fruit. Saunders is a father to us in the desolation of Delhi. A nice little parson dined with us, who was all solicitude about a pattern for his pulpit-ornaments in the new church at Delhi. He said to me, “Did you observe the ball and cross on the top of the church?” “Yes.” “Well; the sepoy's fired at them. The ball is full of bullet-holes; the cross is untouched!” My good friend wished to imply that something of a miraculous interposition had diverted the infidel missiles, and I did not desire to shake his faith by observing that the cross was solid, whilst it was evident the ball was hollow.

By the bye, why should we, who object to the use of the cross in our ecclesiastical edifices, on the ground that it savours of Rome, adopt the cross in India, on all our churches, as the symbol of Christianity?—*“Cælum et animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”* The violent antagonism to which Christians are exposed in the East, unconsciously exasperates them, and sours their tempers somewhat, so that they lack, in some cases, the full measure of Christian charity towards Mussulmen and Hindoos.

Monday, June 7th.—An hour before daybreak, Captain Hayley, our next-room neighbour, began to discourse most melancholy music on some implement to me unknown; and about 4 o'clock, or so, the worthy Commissioner himself, fully equipped, appeared at our bed-sides, candle in hand, and urged us to spur our unwilling steeds to meet the Lord of Day as he rose over the ruins of the Delhi trenches. Wah! wah! Those good Indians forget how campaigning makes bed pleasant; and I have heard how in London they vex early housemaids by rising before the sweeps, and excite the suspicions of watchful policemen by præmatutinal promenades around the silent squares. But we are up and away, and our good hostess accompanies us in the carriage, though I am sure she does not care much for the scenes we are about to visit. Bellona was worshipped by men, and termagants, and poetesses; but I am sure no kind, gentle woman ever bowed at her sanguinary shrine. It was with no ordinary emotions I visited the remains of our trenches, and looked out over the decaying parapets upon the city and its great circling sweep of wall, and bastion, and battery; for I saw it was the pride,

self-reliance, and greatness of a conquering race alone, which had enabled a handful of men to sustain and successfully conduct the most hopeless military enterprise that was ever undertaken. But at the same time I felt that had we been demi-gods we must have failed, if the enemy, to whom we were opposed, had possessed the ordinary intelligence and military skill of any European soldiery. At every step the audacity of the siege, the grandness of our courage, the desperation of our position, grew upon me. I visited our old cantonments — the flag-staff, the Subsee Munde, the house of Hindoo Rao, and so on, down to the canal. Our position, strong enough and well-chosen, was nevertheless enfiladed by the enemy's batteries at Kassgunj, and the quantity of shot and fragments of shell lying inside our trenches show how heavy their fire was. It was, indeed, one of the noblest exploits to take such a city as that before us, surrounded by strong high walls of masonry, defended by most formidable bastions and crenelated curtains, with good flanking-fire at certain parts, and a very fine glacis covering three-fourths or more of the height of the wall, behind which was an army at least six times as numerous as our own. Most of those defences were put in order by our engineers; and it is a most extraordinary proof of the blind confidence of our Indian authorities in the *status quo*, that they prepared Delhi with such care and skill for a defence, placed inside it a garrison, and then denuded it of European troops.* I was in great pain, going about on my crippled and swollen leg, but I thought it

* We placed an arsenal here, though we were bound by express treaty not to quarter European troops in the city or near it.

shame to talk of such sufferings in a place that had been the head-quarters of misery, wounds, suffering, and death.

Although we started so early, the sun had become a persecuting enemy ere we returned and got safe inside our stout walls and punkah-cooled rooms. As we returned, some of the Sirmoor Ghookha battalion passed us going out to enjoy the "nice warm day." In garrison there are the 61st Regt., one regiment of Company's European Infantry, and the Ghookhas.

The day passed in contending unsuccessfully against fervid heat; but it was an encouragement to us in our battle to see, now and then, when the purdah of the burra sahib's cutchery or office was lifted, the array of moonshees scribbling and reading for the bare life, and to behold Saunders in a light jacket, with untiring energy heavily engaged in the practical work of governing his province. In the evening we drove out in the carriage once more to a fine public garden, lately made for the use of the British residents, and heard a very fair military band. It was pleasant to see the English children playing about with their native men and women nurses; and it was difficult to us, who remarked the care and tenderness of the latter, to think that the kinsfolk of these black people had hewed little children to pieces and dashed their brains out against the stones, as we read in the papers. Young Smith and Miss Brown were giggling and flirting in the very heart of the ruins which surrounded us, as though there had never been murder and massacre at Delhi.

Tuesday, June 8th.—This morning the worthy Commissioner made a futile attempt to rouse us out at

3.30 a.m. We had been sustained in our determination not to get up by a very bad sleep, which was mainly caused by jackals, horses breaking loose in the compound outside, and flies, to whose researches and appetite the dark was no impediment; and so we defeated our kind host, and lay in bed triumphantly till near breakfast-time. The whole party fully intended to start this evening, but Mr. Saunders and his wife were resolved that we should not, and they detained us with a silken band. I was glad, indeed, that I was conquered, for I saw the Jumma Musjid. It is one of the grandest temples ever raised by man. There is a chaste richness, an elegance of proportion, and grandeur of design in all its parts, which are in painful contrast to the *mesquin* and paltry architecture of our Christian churches. Assuredly, if our rule in India were to be judged by the edifices which have arisen under its inspiration, it would take the lowest rank in the order of Indian Governments, from which fate even the Ganges canal, the College at Roorkee, the Institutions at Calcutta, would scarcely redeem it. It has been warmly urged that we should destroy the Jumma Musjid. This advice was given under the excitement and blind rage produced by the mutinies. But long before the mutinies an enlightened Governor-General is said to have gravely proposed that we should pull down the Taj at Agra and sell the blocks of marble.

The fact is, that the Mahomedan element in India is that which causes us most trouble and provokes the largest share of our hostility. Our missionaries make no progress in the Mussulman districts. Our religious and educational movements are watched by the Moul-

vies and fanatics with the greatest suspicion ; above all, the recollection of the days when the Mahomedans were paramount is more recent and active in their minds than the memory of Hindoo glories among the Brahmin Rajpoots. We do not tread on the feet of the latter so often and so heavily as on those of the former. Our antagonism to the followers of Mahomed is far stronger than that between us and the worshippers of Shiva and Vishnu. They are unquestionably more dangerous to our rule. But if we destroyed every temple they have in India to-morrow, we should only add to the intensity of their hatred, recruit their fakeers and fanatics by millions, dishonour our own principles of Christian toleration, and furnish every casuist in the bazaars with powerful and irresistible weapons wherewith to meet our own missionary preachers. If we could eradicate the traditions and destroy the temples of Mahomed by one vigorous effort, it would indeed be well for the Christian faith and for the British rule. But such an effort cannot be made by man ; and any attempt to effect the object will only add to the difficulties which always lie thick enough in the way of our faith and in the progress of our government.

The Governor who shall find some healthy use for the energies of Mahomedan nobility and gentry will confer a great benefit on India. Such centres of their intrigues as Delhi and Lucknow are now broken and destroyed, and it is to be feared the discontented and disaffected will take refuge in the neighbouring independent States ; and I for one would rather keep these mischievous spirits within the reach of our hands, and inside our own territories, than let them go through

all the inimical Mussulman States to excite animosity and hatred against us.

June 9th.—We were aroused at 2.45 A.M. to get up, and visit the Kootub; and I fear that at first, Alison and myself used most improper language in reference to the designers, artists, architects, and builders of this most wonderful and interesting edifice. Our amiable hostess courageously and kindly got up, and took us off in her carriage, and, with an escort of some sowars, we trundled on in the darkness for the famous pile, which is about sixteen or seventeen miles from Delhi. The dawn found us at Sufter Jung's tomb, which is about half-way. Horses, sent on beforehand, were waiting for us here, and were put to the carriage in lieu of the exhausted quadrupeds that had drawn us over a very middling road. This tomb is a grand edifice, in a grand enclosure of red stone; but we had no time to visit it. It covers more ground than St. Paul's, as far as I could judge; and it is a mausoleum of which any country might be proud. When the horses were put to we continued our journey. The road lay through a dreary waste of plains, covered with tombs and ruins—through the traces of a city of the dead. On all sides tombs and ruins, ruins and tombs, broken-down walls, arches of ancient brick, mouldering monuments, and, above all, in the distance, like a pharos to guide one over this sea of desolation, rises the tall, tapering cylinder of the Kootub. At first it reminds one of the Round Tower of Pisa; but, as we approach, the resemblance disappears. The sun was becoming very hot ere we reached the entrance—a large gateway in a walled enclosure, in which we

found a few native bungalows. Traversing this outer court, the carriage passed through another grand portal, and we found ourselves in a great garden, with fruit-trees and regular walks, in front of the Kootub, whilst on our right lay most extraordinary remains of Hindoo and Mussulman architecture, in the form of grotesque temples, such as not even the Society of British Architects could dream the like of after their annual dinner. The photograph alone could do justice to the wonderful richness, the extravagant grotesqueness, the wildness of ornament, the exquisite finish of those ruins, the origin and object of which have puzzled our best Indian antiquaries. I admired and wondered, which is as much as the best of us can do. When we had investigated those memorials of departed races, we went to the base of the Kootub, which is a vast cylinder, about two hundred and fifty feet high, covered from top to bottom with the most elaborate and beautifully finished carvings, inscriptions, and Kufic characters. It had been the intention of Captains Hayley and Alison to have mounted it, as far as they could, by the winding staircase; but an old man came out of one of the temples and told us that a leopard had taken refuge inside, and that it had torn a native almost to death the day before. My leg forbade me to make the attempt, and my companions did not seem inclined to hazard it, so the interior of the Kootub was left to the leopard. Whilst Mrs. Saunders and the rest of our party went off to visit some other remarkable ruins, wherein was a great deep well, into which the gentlemen saw boys throwing themselves a distance of sixty or seventy feet for the sake of a few pice, I sat in the carriage

and bored myself by empty speculations as to the Kootub, which was built, I believe, in honour of a famous saint. Verily, there were giants in those days! Saint or devil, Kootub has a glorious monument.

Our drive back to Delhi in the morning sun was like a swim through a stream of fire.

In the full glare of the morning the miserable sheds, in which the outcast population of the city, forbidden to return to their homes, are now forced to live, looked squalid and vile. For miles they stretch along the road-side. More squalid and vile nought can be, save the wretched creatures who haunt them—once, perhaps, rich bunneahs, merchants, and shop-keepers.

It was 8 o'clock A.M. ere we gained the shelter of Ludlow Castle once more. Our servants had packed up our things; the gharrys were ready at the door. The heat of the day was passed in pleasant talk and in reading, whilst Saunders worked away in his cutchery, and his good wife sat reading her Bible, in Hindoostanee, under the guidance of a long-nosed, white-bearded old moonshee. At last the parting came. The Brigadier and Alison started off at 7 o'clock in the evening. After they had gone, and the sun had declined, we got our seats out on the lawn, and sat for a long hour in quiet communion as to home, and in conversing of books and men dear to English exiles all over the world. At 8 o'clock my horse made his appearance, and was soon attached to my locomotive house. I bade good-bye to those whose kindness had quickened acquaintance into friendship and esteem, and tucked myself in for the night. Our course lay along the road by which help had come to

Delhi from the Punjaub. After some hours' travelling the road seemed to cease altogether, and my gharry was dragged through a river and over a wilderness of sand and boulders by a company of coolies.

June 10th, Thursday.—All night, all the early morning, the gharry rumbled along, the only excitement being a race between Stisted's vehicle and mine, and the alternating sensations of joy and sorrow at victory or defeat. The country around is by no means interesting. Though there are many water-courses and nullahs, the ground is covered with prickly thorns, is badly cultivated, and now and then it is mere jungle. The people we see by the roadside are of a far finer race than the inhabitants of Bengal. The women are gaily dressed, and are more free in their looks and manner, and more liberal in the display of their charms, than the peasantry of the south-eastern provinces. It was 8.15 A.M. ere the gharry arrived at the outskirts of Kurnaul. The road lay by an old brick wall, of great extent, which encloses the native city, and I could catch glimpses of venerable-looking old mosques and ancient buildings above the bastions. It was somewhere near this that Nadir Shah defeated Mahomed Shah, King of Delhi, in 1739, and marched to the sack of his imperial city.

We drove on for some miles past the city to the ruined and deserted cantonments, where there is a dâk bungalow, in which there was now only one room to spare. The Brigadier, Alison, and myself "pigged" together. However, we had a good breakfast, for the host had some eggs and Caubulee grapes, and we had taken bread, tea, and other stores with us.

To us there comes one Noor Khan, a musician, with a harp very like Brian Boirohme's implement, as preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, strung with wire, very metallic in tone, who was attended by a lad with a flat, bell-less tambourine. They entertained us mightily for an hour or so with their music, which was really not quite intolerable. The book of Noor Khan is a singular record of the bad taste and intense snobbism—the vulgarity and coarseness of some of our countrymen who have not been ashamed to put their names to the poorest kind of slang. A barber next entertained us; cut our hair, our nails on hand and foot, and finished us off by probing our ears carefully with a sort of silver spoon. The day was too hot for travelling, and so we lay sweltering on our charpoys, sleeping and waking up, singing huskily like the birds outside, and reading at intervals till dusk came nigh, whereupon we had dinner, mounted our gharrys, and at 7 o'clock were on the road once more. Kurnaul, which was once a considerable station, is now abandoned, and a decaying miserable city is left to its fate. The city people whom we saw looked very insolent and "disaffected." Our gharrys passed a regiment of the Punjaub Rifles on their way home. They had a long train of cars, filled with loot, on which were perched monkeys, deer, children, parrots, and dark-eyed beauties from the plains, who had consented to share the fortunes of the long-legged Sikhs. Our carriages were horsed by Jotee Persaud, and their speed was very creditable.

June 11th, Friday.—All night I travelled on and slept. Although it is but fifty-six miles to Umballah,

the road is so bad that we do not travel more than two and a half to three miles an hour, and at fifteen miles from Umballah the way seemed to cease altogether in a chaotic track of stones like the *cru* of an Alpine torrent. Multitudes of coolies shoved and pulled on the gharry at an excruciating pace over the stones. This, mind, was the route by which our soldiers, and our provisions and munitions of war, were sent to Delhi, and by which our mails travel from Umballah.

It was 8.50 A.M. ere the gharrys reached "Parker's Hotel," a large pretentious bungalow, in a compound in the lines of Umballah. On our way to it we passed a church, which was surrounded by a weak, recently-made fortification, and I learned afterwards it was intended as the strong place for the British residents in case of an outbreak. The cantonments of Umballah struck me as being on a scale of great extent. The roads which intersect the large rectangles of the compounds, some of the latter being, *per se*, as extensive as St. James' Square, are as broad as Portland Place, with good footpaths at the sides, and shady avenues of trees. At Parker's there is a large *salle à manger*, with French clocks and English engravings. Our breakfast had neither French cookery nor English comfort to recommend it. Although the furniture was good, the want of tatties, and the presence of flies and musquitoes, rendered the rooms hot and aggravating. At breakfast I met Captain John Forster of the Carabineers, who was very badly wounded by the Ghazees in the night-attack at Kukrowlee, where poor Penny was killed. His hands, arm, and head, bear marks of the keenness of

the fanatics' tulwars, and he received seven wounds in a few moments.

We sent over to General Garrett, who commands here, to announce our arrival, and soon after breakfast his aide-de-camp, Major Dallas, came over with invitations for us to dinner, but Stisted was so anxious to get on, that he declined the General's invitation. Major Norman, who is residing here with his wife, came over to see me also, and gave me some interesting news as to the progress of our columns in different parts of India. So the day passed away. In the evening Sir Robert Garrett rode over to call on us, in time to see off Brigadier Stisted, whom we accompanied with our best good wishes to his new command at Sealkote.

At nightfall a very curious vehicle appeared at the door—a gharry drawn by two fine Shootee sowar camels nicely caparisoned, and mounted by men position-wise, whilst supererogatory coachmen sat on the box. This was the General's carriage, which he had sent for Alison and myself to take us over to dinner. They rattled along at an astonishing pace, and we were soon in the General's compound. The thermantidote, which is a sort of windmill worked by hand to make a current of cool air, was pouring its refreshing streams through the house.

Sir Robert, who has seen as much hard work and gone through as much service, from the Peninsula down to the Crimea, as most men, looks remarkably well, and has that air of "lastingness" which some *aguerris*—old soldiers—retain to the last. We had a capital dinner, but it would be bad fare, indeed, which the dry humour and fun of Dallas failed to

recommend to his companions, and it was rather late when we bade the General good-bye, and returned to the hotel in our camel-carriage.

June 12th, Saturday.—"Giorno d'orrore!" Mosquitoes of Umballah—most relentless, insinuating, and enterprising of your race—how ye persecuted me! Through one little rent, not larger than a wren's eye, they stole in and stung me inside the mosquito curtains. My leg was very painful and stiff also, and after breakfast I was in such pain I could not go over, as I had promised, to lunch at Norman's. As the practicable road ceases at Umballah for the line to the hills, I was fain to part with my gharry. It was difficult to find a purchaser, and I was obliged to put up with a hard bargain on the part of the landlord of the hotel. One of the civilians of the station who visited me, *boasted* that he had hanged fifty-four men in a few hours for *plundering* a village! Now I can readily comprehend the hard necessity which could force one of our officers to punish these criminals, but I cannot understand how any educated gentleman could take pleasure in his task, and I plainly indicated as much; however, I do not imagine that any expression of my opinions could affect the sentiments of a man who regarded the odious duty with intense satisfaction, and who regretted that he had not "more of it."

In the evening, before we started, Sir Robert Garrett, accompanied by Major Dallas, kindly rode over to bid us good-bye, and we had a pleasant talk of old Crimean times and a friendly retrospect of the people we had met before Sebastopol. What changes have come over them by land and by sea!

But more than changes from life to death have been those of opinion. How the great army of grumblers in the Crimea has become the body-guard and champion of "the Departments"! How the camp conspirators have become the club sycophants! But these are notorious, and not numerous cases. They are only remarkable for their extreme violence and the intemperate zeal of their new faith.

My companion and I left Umballah at 7.15 P.M. I have said the road had now become impracticable for carriages. I was therefore obliged to hire a palkee, or a dooly, provided with wooden slides and doors, instead of curtains. In this was laid my rezais and arms; a lamp hung from the roof; a small shelf at my feet sustained some wine biscuits, preserved meats, a few books, flask, powder and shot, rifle and fowling-piece, for there was just a chance of our getting some game along the road. Simon had an inferior sort of palkee for his especial use; Alison had a third; and, when we set out, the regiment of coolies who rose from their hams, and proceeded to accompany us, was to me incredible in its uses. Some of them were banghy-bedars, and carried our properties in odd square boxes, slung over their shoulders from long bamboos; others were musalchees, or torch-bearers, who ran by the side of the palkees, throwing a light on the path of the bearers from flambeaux, which they fed continuously with oil from flasks made out of hollow gourds; then came the bearers and their reliefs: in all, we had in attendance upon us upwards of one hundred and forty men! As I looked out and saw the procession moving along by the torch-light, which at every step made some new combina-

tion of effects in the chiaroscuro of the picture, I became fairly perplexed in trying to account for the extraordinary picturesqueness of the ordinary life and scenes one meets with in Hindostan.

June 13th, Sunday.—Our journey continued all last night, only interrupted by short halts, to change the gangs of coolies. At dawn, isolated hillocks and mounds and tumuli on a barren plain, which was studded with a few trees and shrubs, rising from a soil like a tiled pavement, appeared around us; but the hazy atmosphere did not permit us to see far in advance, if, indeed, our position in the palkee had been more favourable. The sun burst out strongly, and I tossed and turned in my box like a squirrel in a cage.

But let him, tremendous as he is, do his worst now. Thank God! thank God! There, like some grand shore rising from a bleak, cheerless sea, are the grateful mountains! Oh! who that has never known the dread, dull purgatory of the plains can understand the delight with which the suffering soul lifts its eyes to the heaven of the Eternal Hills? The plain is not so eternal, for floods waste it, torrents overwhelm it, blights strike it. But the hills! they are the islands where are pleasant harbours of refuge for the poor, wandering, fever-burnt, sun-smitten, storm-driven bark.

Templa quam dilecta! How I bow down and worship, and am grateful for the mercy that brought me within sight even of your grateful shade! under it give me one moment of time to speak my gratitude, and then, if needs be, let me find my grave! None but the half-drowned mariner, who grasps the sharp

rocks and crawls up higher and higher, till at last, nigh dead, he gasps and sighs out his prayers for the mercy which has saved his life, in a swoon—safe from the utmost fury of the billow—can imagine what is the pleasure of the master of the poor, shattered, broken bark, tossed in seas of fire, and pierced in every plank by sun and fever's stroke, when at last he sees, after all the dead roll of the plain, the hills—the eternal hills—opening to him the haven of rest.

It is needless now to say how often I had despaired of life, or in what forms death had approached me so nigh that I felt his cold breath run ice-like in my blood. I had seen one dear colleague, one full of hope and promise, pass away, and I knew well where his honoured remains lay, monumented in a distant land; but I knew, too, how small was the chance, in one of those Indian marches, of escaping from the researches of the dogs, the jackals, and the vultures for the body that was hastily buried in the gray dawn or lurid eve on the outside of our camp. I shuddered when I fancied that the limbs I felt might, in a few hours, be dragged over the sand, and torn by the filthy jaws of pariah dogs. And, therefore, I thanked God that if I died my soul would pass away from earth amid the grand shadows of the great hills, and that I should lie in some nook secure from the researches of avarice, and from the appetites of dogs and vultures.

At first sight the hills, as I saw them, had no very imposing features. The higher ranges were too far back to be visible, and the lower were covered by the universal Indian haze. Ere I reached the foot of the hills, the palkee had been borne past a fine native

tomb, a high, battlemented wall, like the enclosure of a fortress, and in the distance, perched on a conical hill, I observed a white château. The approach to what is very properly called here the foot of the hills, is marked by a number of small sugar-loafs, covered with brushwood and dwarf oak generally, but some of them are bare and burnt, and on their summits are perched round stone watch-towers. From these, in time gone by, the Goorkha or the Hindoo watched for the advent of their enemies. The frequent watercourses, the nullahs, and boulder-strewn plain, covered here and there with patches of gravel, indicated that we were near some mountain-chain ; but the actual ascent of the road was scarcely appreciable, even up to the village of Kalka, which lies at the base. For some time ere the palkee reached this place, I had been persecuted by the native touters and chuprassées of Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. McBarnett, who keep the rival establishments for posting from Kalka to Simla, and the bungalows for the reception of travellers. There are a few neat bungalows near the village, which, in itself, offers no attraction whatever, as it is, in fact, nothing more than a native bazaar, with a few wretched houses for coolies around it. The houses are flat-roofed, like the dwellings of the Tartars in the Crimea.

Mrs. Barnes' establishment is a large open quadrangle, on one side of which are the rooms for the reception of travellers. The lady herself, a brisk, stout, Eurasian widow, came forth to welcome us, and evinced every desire to be civil and attentive. Breakfast was soon ready—tea prepared by Simon, biscuits, sour grapes, and peaches. Our palkees and their

bearers were paid and discharged, for now we travel upwards in a light sort of arm-chair, with shafts before and behind, between which four men are harnessed as bearers. The palkees are too heavy to be borne up the hills, and the tomjohns are here substituted for the sake of lightness and portability, the heavy properties being removed from the former and consigned to banghy-bedars, whilst the sahîb gets into his tomjohn or jampan. It was pleasant to look up and see the road zig-zagging up by the mountain-side, turning, and twisting, and twining through the forests, against the dark green of which the white track stood out distinctly.

Away we go—our bearers get under the straps of the shafts before and behind, and bear our chairs along—veritable *chaîses à porteur*—to the measure of a low, monotonous, grunting cry, and we mount wave after wave of hill tumbling down towards the plain. We pass goats, mules, asses, ponies, and sheep in the narrow path, which at times is carried by the edge of fearful precipices, climbs up the sides of giant cliffs, and overshoots tremendous torrents. But we had not yet left the heat behind us. It followed us up as the day advanced. Up and up we went, ever with a slow, even swing—up and up to one ridge above another, and another above another, till we spied, far above us, a white bungalow, perched on the steep overhead, amid a forest of pine-trees. “There is Kusowlee!” It was 11 o’clock ere we reached this charming hill-station, which is on a small plateau, and on the side of a long ridge of hill, covered with pines of great size. First, we

passed a dirty fakeer, sitting in a hole, burrowed out in the side of the road—then, some poor native huts—then came in sight a handsome church, some large barracks ; a few English children and soldiers playing and sauntering in the shade ; then a few shops, and a long road, bounded by hedges, inside which were English bungalows, with the names painted on the gateways, “Laburnum Lodge,” “Prospect,” “The Elms,” and such like home reminiscences, and the clang of piano-fortes, and streams of song rushed out through open windows, and told us that the Traviata had wandered here, and that the Trovatore could be found in every music-stand. Our jampans or tom-johns were borne along to the Kussowlee dâk bungalow, where we found a comfortable room for a dâk bungalow, from the windows of which there was a beautiful view of the station of Sabathoo, on a distant ridge, and of the Lawrence Asylum, directly opposite. Having halted an hour, we pushed on once more, and descended into a very deep valley, crossed a stream, and mounted the opposite side of a most toilsome hill. The motion of the jampan, after a time, is tiresome and sickening. It gave me a violent headache, a complaint to which I have been much subject since my sun-stroke, and the constrained position of my injured leg caused very great pain, so that I longed for the end of our journey. But all day we toiled along. The sun set and left us alone in the mountain passes, the cry of the jackals and the scream of the owls echoed around us—up rose the moon, and gave an exaggerated profundity to the ravines among which our path lay. At last, in the distance, we

saw a faint light, which marked the haven where we were to rest, and at 9 o'clock we arrived at Kunker, where we were to stop for the night. The bungalow was small, hot, dirty, and uncomfortable. There was nothing to eat except what we brought with us, and the appearance of the charpoys was so unprepossessing, that we decided to sleep out in the court-yard, in front of the bungalow.

CHAPTER V.

Lord William Hay's chuprassee.—Improved cultivation.—English children.—The Simla club.—Newspapers and books.—Poor Hodson's orderly.—Advice asked and given.—Brigadier Innes.—Old Jumen.—The Queen's Jeweller.—“The Priory.”—Multitude of servants.—The Snowy Range.—Mail from England.—An increasing menagerie.—Jacquemont's Letters.

June 14th.—A sort of night-demon, unknown, fed on my flesh last night. When I awoke the sun was just flushing up the hill-tops, with an unwholesome red. The jampanas were ready. A very hasty and unsatisfactory breakfast of tea and bad biscuit was disposed of, and we set out once more on our journey. I forgot to mention that Lord William Hay, who is Deputy-Commissioner of the Hill States, and who resides at Simla, sent down one of his chuprassees to meet Captain Alison yesterday, and that the sight of this gentleman's chuprassee, which is engraved with many fine flourishes of honour, has a great effect on dāk bungalow kitmutgars and jam-panees. The latter are fine muscular young fellows, and seem joyous and light-hearted.

On leaving Kunker I was carried down a very steep hill-side, into a deep valley, at the bottom of which flowed a clear mountain stream. There were a few houses at the end of the path, which served as a sort of bazaar and market for the hills around. The river is crossed by a handsome light iron suspension bridge, at the entrance to which there is a dowdy

little mosque, and, as we passed, the priests were sounding horns, tinkling bells, and summoning their faithful to worship. On ascending the other side of the valley, the scenery becomes most uninviting and uninteresting. Hill-sides of naked clay and slate torn by landslips, bare burned slopes and treeless ridges on our left, are all I can see, but on the right, below us, are patches of cultivation, wherever it is possible to make anything grow. As we advance higher and further the cultivation improves, and at last the road winds above and below terraced hill-sides, of which every inch is cultivated. As far as I can judge, there is here, at least, no room for colonization, or for any increased culture of the soil. Immense quantities of mules descending to the plains, with small loads on their backs, passed frequently, and numbers of men, each of whom carried two planks of fir as his load—a painful and unprofitable labour. The population I saw were small, fair, and handsome, but miserably clad and exceedingly dirty. The women wear huge rings in their noses. Some of them, nevertheless, were downright beautiful.

After a most fatiguing ascent of six hours and a half, we reached a dāk bungalow, where we breakfasted on flies and grapes, and at noon we entered our chairs and were borne on once more. I pitied my bearers, who at times were nearly beaten by the burden and the steepness of the rugged path, and I observed that nearly all of them had large varicose veins in their legs, owing to the severity of their avocation. Many villages are visible from the road hereabouts on the hill-sides, and down far in the

valleys, and there is no room for any increase of numbers. But the scenery is very monotonous in its heavy rolling hill-sides, and the forests have disappeared altogether. About 2 o'clock, our bearers plunged down into a very rocky and very profound ravine; then we crossed an unbridged torrent at the bottom amid large boulders, and then commenced one of the steepest ascents we had yet encountered, so that the bearers were obliged to put down the chair frequently, and to relieve each other every few minutes. At the top we saw a wooded hill-top before us, through which gleamed white bungalows here and there. Then we came out on a fine hard new road, which led us through pleasant forests of pine, and patches of rhododendron of great size. Right and left and on all sides were the waving forests, and a toppling sea of hill-tops. The bungalows before us became more distinct; the heat decreased sensibly, and I was glad to put on my jacket, which I had incautiously laid aside in the broiling valleys. A smooth sweet breeze fanned my cheeks. Passing by some native houses huddled together where several roads met, I came upon groups of English children, riding and driving about, attended by native servants. Above me, on the hill-side, and below me in the valley, were rows of detached bungalows, standing amid flower-gardens and neatly-laid-out compounds, with English names on the gateways. These increased in number and density. Then, through a turn in the road, I catch sight of a conical hill, covered with a deluge of white bungalows, dominated by a church behind, and above which again rises a steep sugar-loaf of fir-trees. "That is Simla! There

is Mount Jacko!" I replied with pleasure and thankfulness. To taste such pleasure we must be sick, wounded, roasted, and worn-out in the dreadful plain of India. I have now houses on both sides of me. See, here are parties of ladies and gentlemen on horseback! There is a pony-chaise. Here come half a dozen grand jampan, borne by men in gaudy liveries. At length we enter the long street of the bazaar, pass by numerous English shops, through a row of native magazines and traders' stores, and are carried up a steep path, on all sides of which are more bungalows, to a large ostentatious building, called "The Simla Club"—in truth, an hotel.

It was nearly 5 o'clock ere my jampan was laid alongside the club-steps and I limped into a decent apartment, which was ready for me. The landlord, however, told me that the club was nearly full—many sick and wounded officers were up here. Alison had gone to Lord William Hay's, and I had not been long in possession of my room ere they both came over to see me, the latter with a request that I would dine with him, and share Alison's room in his house till we could both get quarters of our own, which there would be no difficulty in doing. I was carried off, jampan and all, and I must say that the air of the club did not make me quit it with regret, though some subsequent acquaintance with the place induced me to modify a little my first unfavourable impression. Our way lay through part of the bazaar I had just come through, and then below the main road to a capital bungalow, commanding a fine view of a deep broad valley, and hills which put me in mind of the view from the upper end of Interlaken,

minus the water between the two lakes. We were in more than luxury—a hospitable host, a good table, agreeable conversation, books and papers, repose, hosts of servants, within reach of a library, and, above all—how far above, words cannot say—a cool atmosphere, something like that of our English July.

June 15th, Tuesday.—Alison looks out for a house for us. Le Bas, who was judge at Kurnaul at the outbreak, and others, unknown, came in to breakfast. He is a smart, clever little man, rather too severe for my taste. I lay on a sofa all day, and revelled in newspapers and books. The post-office was full of letters, which had been sent on, and were awaiting me. Lord William worked at his desk near me, and I had an opportunity of seeing wonderful hill-men who came in with wonderful requests, suits, complaints, stories, and applications, some of which they sought to render palatable by small presents of uneatable fruit and hill vegetables. They seem to me a very interesting race, with greater intelligence and gentleness than those of the plains.

As I must now put myself under a course of regular medical treatment, I sent for Dr. Ross, who is the surgeon of the station. He came, and examined my leg carefully and minutely, but I think it puzzled him as much as it did my friends in the plains. The hard lump in the thigh, and the pulsation around it, is not easily mastered. My lameness is fast increasing instead of diminishing, and my head is confused and queer.

Dr. Tritton, who was Chief of the Medical Department at the siege of Delhi, died here this morning of apoplexy, much attributable to uneasiness and sense

of wrong. He seems greatly regretted by every one in Simla.

In the evening Lord William had a small dinner-party, at which a few officers were present; and we discussed the mutinies, and the question of justice, vengeance, or wholesale slaughter, with considerable asperity and little logic. I was glad to find that Lord William Hay, who is a man of great shrewdness and natural ability, belongs to the opponents of the Jack-Ketch school of government. I did not feel well when I lay down to-night, and Alison is also complaining, and looks rather ill.

June 16th, Wednesday.—I did not keep my resolution to lie in bed all day, but got up to breakfast. Poor Hodson's orderly came in with a message to Lord William Hay early in the morning. He is a tall, bright-eyed, white-toothed, slender Sikh, of a good expression of face, whose attachment to his master has now been transferred to his unhappy widow, who resides here with her son, Lieutenant Mitford. This brave fellow received his master in his arms as he fell mortally wounded, and carried him away from under fire. His gallantry, proved in many a fight, has not yet been rewarded as it should be, and the sowar lives in hope, which I trust will one day be justified. Our breakfast would have afforded Lance a fine subject—splendid peaches, fine plums, green-gages, and grapes—the plumage of hill-pheasants and sheen of arms in the background. I was rather amused at one of Hay's cases this morning. An officer entered and sat down at table. After compliments, as the natives say—

Briton (loquitur)—"I say, Lord William, I want

to ask your advice. Can I lick a fellow for serving me with a summons—a writ, you know?"

Lord William.—"No. If you lick a man you must take the consequences. Do you owe the money?"

Briton.—"Why, yes; but the d——d nigger came up and annoyed me, and I want to give him a hiding. It's too bad that gentlemen should be insulted in this way by those confounded impudent rascals about the courts."

Lord William.—"Well; but you know those men must do their duty, and they must be protected in the discharge of it. As you have asked me, I must beg of you not to think of such a thing, or my assistant will have to notice the case."

Briton.—"The whole country's going to the d—l! How can you expect gentlemen to come here to be insulted by those bazaar blackguards and those confounded summon-servers? I'll lick—" &c., &c., &c. [*Exit.*]

Dr. Ross came in again, and examined the circulation of both legs. He finds that in the right is impeded. Alison has discovered a very nice house called "The Priory," which we can get for £60 furnished for the season, and at a council of war it is decided that we take it. We can hire plated ware, crockery, lamps, and such things, and servants can be had in abundance. At the news of our requiring domestics, Hay's men swept a whole corps of people up to the bungalow, and we selected a long-bearded khansamah, a chief of jampanees or chaise-porters, and wood-cutters, who were engaged to the number of ten, bheestys, dhobys, melters, cooks, and fairly

set our establishment on foot. Simla must be a very odd place. In addition to the little scene of this morning, an officer calls to know whether he cannot "take the law" of a shopkeeper named Anderson here, "for refusing to give him credit;" and a note from a lady comes to Lord William, begging him "to be good enough to pay the amount for which you gave judgment against me in your court to the plaintiff, as I really have not got the money at present." The day is heavy and lowering, and so far I am not much benefited by this change of air. Many visitors—among others Brigadier Innes, an officer of whom I had heard before as being one of those who were suspended for incompetence when the mutinies took place. From his appearance he is about the very last man against whom I should expect such a charge could be successfully established. Of bulk almost gigantic, his face expresses great shrewdness and determination, and his eye is full of Scottish common sense and sagacity. Before the Ferozepore affair, the Brigadier had a high reputation, and those who know him do not believe that he has at all tarnished it, notwithstanding the occurrences which disgraced that station; whilst all will admit the Brigadier was placed in a most painful and peculiar position.

In the afternoon the clouds settled down in the valley, and having rolled about for some time burst into a terrific thunder-storm, in the midst of which we sat blinking our eyes amidst the very flashes of the lightning. Then down came the rain in sheets. The roar of the water falling down the hill-sides, and audible through the storm, follows. It was a grand

tempest. "The beginning of the rains," say the wise-acres, and shake their heads.

For me, I am indifferent. A malady peculiar to Simla, which seizes on new-comers from the plains, has attacked me, and the doctors recommend me bed, starvation, and drastics—low diet, full physic.

Thursday, 17th June.—The doctor in much request. The rain has passed away. Several natives sent their vakeels to pay their respects to me, and to offer me presents of fruit, the latter of which I declined. The hill-people have heard that I am "the Queen's news-writer," and think they will do no harm if they propitiate me, so I am obliged to disillude many of my visitors, though I cannot reduce my titles below "General Sahib," or "Lord Sahib Bahadoor." In horrible pain all day; lie on the sofa for an hour, and then to bed again.

June 18th, Friday.—Old Jumen, who is a sort of factotum in Hay's household, amused me very much by his stories to-day. He is a very old, active, little man, speaks English, and has been several times in England; but retains his attachment to "the faith of his fathers." He actually served Lord Lake in the flesh! The fact is attested by Lord Lake's own certificate and discharge. It is strange to see at one's bed-side a man living, and talking, and acting, who was alive when our history in India was still young, when we were fighting our way against Scindia and Holkar, against Frenchmen and Mahratta, for the prime place in India, ere Rohilcund had been conquered and Oude had become a kingdom. But this old gentleman's father is alive! When Jumen was

last on his way from England, he came home by way of Mecca, where he went to see his father.

He said "The Queen was a very good lady, because she stop the coolies going away in ships from England. But George III. was a very bad man; he hanged peoples every week, and send coolies away in chains." It was some time ere I found out he alluded to transportation of convicts. Of our morality he had no high opinion. "I save much sovereign and gold mohur with my master in England. When I go to come back to India I take dem to jeweller in London—Queen's jeweller—to make into bangle and bracelet. He make dem very nice. I take dem to bazaar in Calcutta, and find dey all brass, wid gold skin on dem."

"Where did the jeweller live, Jumen?"

"Oh! Queen's jeweller, sahib! He live in place called Houndeysdisha" (which I make out to be Houndsditch), "and say he make for Queen Victoria. All tief dese men in London, sahib."

How different is the reality from the anticipations of Simla! Here am I a cripple, unable to move from the lameness of my tortured leg, and condemned to lie night and day, supine and sick. All the scenery I can grasp at is a patch of pine-trees near my window, and a little piece of grass, much frequented by hoopoes. Half-an-hour to-day was beguiled by watching a crow, which sought to frighten a dog from his bone by cawing and croaking fiercely from a branch above his head, and flapping down as if intent on attacking him.

The anniversary of Waterloo. This day twelvemonth I was bahadooring down Dawson Street, on

poor Toosey Williams' charger, on my way to the Review, in the Phoenix, with a Scots Grey orderly after me, and thinking little about India, still less that I should be in one twelvemonth more an invalid at Simla.

June 19th, Saturday.—I moved off in great state in my new jampan from Hay's hospitable house to-day to our new residence—"the Priory." It is a large bungalow on the opposite side of the ascent to Jacko, above the road to Mahassoo, and stands about fifty feet higher than the road, from which a zig-zag path, just practicable for jampanees and horses, leads to the artificially-levelled plateau on which the house is built. Behind it is a wall of rock, above which is a pine forest, stretching towards the summit of Jacko. Below us is a deep valley, or "cud," as it is called here, with ridges and spurs shooting out of the hill-sides, on which are various bungalows. In the distance are the upper ridges of the Himalayas, crested by the still cool waves of the Snowy Range, and between us and their well-defined outlines is a wide expanse of valleys and mountains, dell and forest, now shut in by clouds, and by the gathering of another storm.

The house consists of the usual one story. A long verandah runs in front, separated from the edge of the plateau by a narrow strip of neglected flower-garden. The hall is tolerably large; on the left is the dining-room, on the right is the sitting-room; each of these has a small suite of two sleeping-rooms and one bath-room attached to it, which fill up the quadrangle of the bungalow. At the back there is a long row of stone huts, and numerous dirty out-

offices for servants. The roof is of shingle ; the furniture very fair and substantial.

Lord William came to see us well installed. It was astounding to hear a native ask a rupee a day for hire of a pair of branch candlesticks—that is, £36 10s. per annum. At dinner there were six servants in attendance, and when I remonstrated I was told that less would not do. There are some thirty servants for two of us ; and I am convinced that, except for cutting wood, and carrying up water and our chairs, there is not work for two men. I was carried to bed, I must admit, which would have tasked the strength of two men, as my leg must be borne in great state before me. The doctor has ordered me crutches, but I shall not be able to use them yet awhile. I sit in the verandah, and after church comes Alison, with a band of promiscuous brethren, whom he, after a time, takes off to Lord William Hay's place, at Mahassoo, to my infinite delight, as they left me to the contemplation of the Snowy Range.

June 21st, Monday.—There is this drawback to the view of those grand Alps from this place, that the variety of form is lost, and the outlines are blended together, owing to the great distance and size of the objects. The range appears like a saw-blade, and the snow does not lie evenly on the slopes as on the Swiss Alps. The landscape suffers from monotony of form, and from the magnitude of the scale in which it is cast, and it is only by minute and accurate analysis that one comprehends its vastness. On the hill-top opposite to me, for example, the pines are not larger than small ferns, and the

d'Assisis, and is now a Christian, Simon by name. Installed, he at once set to work to open all my boxes, to take possession of all my keys and effects, and to make an inventory of the same—for his own satisfaction, I presume. When it was getting dark D—came round for me in his buggy, to perform the great ceremony of Calcutta life—to take the evening turn on the Esplanade, or on the Course. The Esplanade lies in front of Chowringhee, and it is therefore in front of the Club. In the midst, on the right of us, is a bad imitation of the Nelson monument, in Trafalgar Square, with Nelson removed from the top. Before us is the Fort.

* * * * *

Is this a limbo in which all races, black and white, are doing penance on the outside of strange quadrupeds and in the interior of impossible vehicles? The ride in Rotten Row, the dreary promenade by the banks of the unsavoury Serpentine, the weary gaiety of the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, and the Avenue de St. Cloud, the profound austerity of the Prater, are haunts of frivolous, reckless, indecorous, loud-laughing Momus and all his nymphs—Euphrosyne, and Phryne, and others—compared with his deadly *promenade à cheval et à pied*, where you expect every moment to hear the Dead March in Saul, or to see the waving black ostrich plumes sprout out of a carriage top; not that there is not frivolity, recklessness, indecorum, and laughter here, too, but Momus wears a white hat and has lunched at the club; Euphrosyne's husband is weary, and she is obliged to be quiet, as the Melpomenes are in town; and Phryne is going to be married to old Rhadamanthus next

week, after the heavy case is disposed of. These are, indeed, solemn processions, which not even youth and beauty, or their simulants, can make gay. The ground is well watered—no dust rises beneath the tramp of the many horses. But darkness has set in on the faces of the multitude. The moment the sun made a decided bow to the horizon, out came carriages, phae-tons, and horses; but scarcely have they revolved twice in their course, ere that sun has vanished into darkness. Phœbus and Nox have here a sterile union; and the sturdy long-lived Crepuscule of our southern climes is unborn and unknown here.

It really was little more than ten minutes from the time we got on the course, ere the darkness to me destroyed all the attractions of what, for a brief period, was a very interesting and novel scene. But imagine a drive in the dark—not twilight—but darkness so profound, that lamps must be lighted to prevent collision. For the ten minutes or so it was a very gay, a very curious, but not a very satisfactory or assuring sight. I think the most stern and patrician of Roman consuls must have something of an uneasy feeling when he saw the plebeians in the Via Sacra, presuming to walk forth in purple and fine linen among the offspring and relatives of the Conscript Fathers. But here on this esplanade, or race-course, or corso—whatever it is—there is something more than such pretentious equality. It is, that there is such insult offered as the arrogance of the most offensive aristocracy—that of complexion—can invent to those who by no means admit themselves to be the plebeians of the race. See: there is a feeble young man dressed in white, with a gilded velvet cap in his

hand, trying to drive a vehicle, which looks like a beehive, from the cluster of his attendants on all points of it. That is Chuck-el-head Doss, the great little young Bengal merchant, the inheritor of old Head Doss' money, and the acceptor of the less doubtful gain of a Germano-Hindoo-Christianic philosophy, which teaches him that, after all, whatever is is best, and that the use of the senses is the best development of the inner man. Is he a bit nearer to us because he abjures Vishnu, accepts providence, and thinks our avatar very beautiful? Ask "Who he is." "He's one of those nigger merchants—a cheeky set of fellows, and d—d blackguards, all of them." Then there is a morose old man in a chariot drawn by four horses, with two well-dressed fellows with their backs to the horses, outriders, and runners, and a crowd of servants. He is a handsome, worn-out-looking man, with a keen eye, lemon-coloured face and gloves, dressed in rich shawls and curious silks. Who is he? A few Europeans bow to him. "He is the Rajah of Chose—a great rascal. None of us know him; and they say the Company were jockeyed in giving him such an allowance." You feel some historic interest when you are shown Tippoo Sultan's son and grandson; but your friend is too busy, looking at Mrs. Jones, to give much information on these points, or to direct your attention to anything so common-place (to him) as the appearance of some natives on the course. And indeed, to tell the truth, the pretty fair face of Mrs. Jones is, perhaps, better worth looking at, in the abstract, than those bedizened natives. Still it is striking, for the first time at all events—but I suppose the impression soon dies away—to see the

metaphysical Mahratta ditch which separates the white people, not only from the natives, but from the Eurasians. They drive and ride in the same throng, apparently quite unconscious of each others' presence.

The only spectators by the sides of the drives are Europeans. Perhaps a few sleek fat young baboos, with uncovered head, white robes which allow the brown calf and leg to be seen, and the foot thrust sockless into a patent-leather shoe, are walking about with umbrellas under their arms; but it is evidently for the walk, and not to look at the Sahibs. The high-capped Parsees, who are driving about in handsome carriages, are on better terms with the Europeans, as far as the interchange of salutations go; but the general effect of one's impressions, derived from a drive in the Calcutta Course, is, that not only is there no *rapprochement* between the Indian and the Englishman, but that there is an actual barrier which neither desires to cross. There are some few good horses and many very good carriages on the esplanade. A turn-out, worthy of the best days of Long Acre, with adjuncts of turbaned coachmen, and crowds of black footmen, looks rather odd at first; but the liveries are very picturesque, and sometimes in very charming taste as to colour and combination.

Just as night falls, and the lamps are lighted, the scene resembles a little bit cut out of the Champs Elysées avenue at the height of the season: lights gleaming and moving in all directions, carriages and horses passing indistinctly in the dusk, and gay dresses, feathers, and plumes caught at intervals as the lamps flash upon them, and then vanishing into darkness. Round and round they drive till dinner-hour comes.

The variety and splendour and number of the equipages would give one a great idea of the immense wealth of the European community at Calcutta: but it must be remembered, that the high functionaries of Government, of the law, and of many branches of the Administration, are here; that there are professional men who make large incomes in law and physic; that the Church has its representatives; that there are wealthy merchants of all nations settled here, bankers and traders. But it is not considered quite proper for shopkeepers to drive on the Esplanade. "Whose is this magnificent carriage, with the gold liveries?" "That? Oh, that's Bunkum; he's a merchant who has broken several times—but they don't think much of breaking in Calcutta. It's very easy to pass the court, and they come out as strong and as bright as ever." It is, indeed, a fact, that Calcutta commerce has been subjected to many crises and panics; but a certain proportion of the houses has always passed through the ordeal with credit,—which is as much as can be said for London or Liverpool. There is an impression, however, that the relief given by the bankruptcy and insolvency courts is administered too largely and too carelessly, where every clerk keeps a buggy, every merchant has a carriage, and lives in a style which speaks of enormous profits, or little conscience. It's lucky the weather is too hot for an Italian opera and a French company, or the increment to expenditure would be considerable in the matter of boxes, millinery, &c. The habits of the city life are traditionally expensive; the whole scale of living is large; and the merchants of Calcutta are celebrated for a frank and liberal hospitality, which

dates from the time when every European hung up his hat in his banker's or his agent's house on his arriving in the country. The greater influx of Europeans rendered this a heavy item in the expenses of the mercantile class, which was rapidly augmented by steam; and hotels then sprung up, which took the pressure off private resources.

One of these hotels, the Auckland, is a wonder in its way; at least, I have never seen anything like it. In one large house there is an attempt to combine a tailor's, a milliner's and dressmaker's, a haberdasher's, a confectioner's, a hardwareman's, a woollen merchant's, a perfumer's, a restaurateur's, a spirit and wine merchant's, a provision dealer's, a grocer's, a coffee-house keeper's establishment, with a hotel, and with a variety of other trades and callings. I should say, from my own experience, the hotel suffers in the amalgamation; but it is a great advantage to have at your feet all you want, although, I must confess, I could not manage to get a chop one morning for breakfast below stairs. Mr. D. Wilson, who created this establishment by his energy, ability, and industry, has made a large fortune; and judging from the zeal with which he advertises all over India, is bent on making it larger.

Dinner at the club—a kind of *table d'hôte*, very well served. A battalion of native domestics in the club livery in attendance, almost one behind each man's chair. After dinner, a very abrupt, good-natured, and energetic attempt was made to carry me off, there and then, or at dawn next morning, by a Calcutta barrister, whose practice is not confined to the courts, with the object, as far as I could ascertain, of showing

me "the worst road in the world, that I might judge of the way the scoundrelly Company developed the resources of India." But I successfully pleaded the nature of my mission, the importance of my getting up to the front immediately, and the utter unfitness of my unworthy self for the duty the gentleman proposed to me. Indeed, upon that evening it was proposed to me to examine the working of our legal system, with which object I was to go and live with the proposer somewhere up country for as long as I liked—to expose the ruinous land system, as affecting the introduction of British capital, for which task the same means and facilities were afforded to me; to go through all the missionary schools, ditto, ditto; to "show up" the iniquities of the government of the Company generally: to investigate the system of non-canalization, non-irrigation, non-road-making, non-railway constructing: to hold up to public obloquy the partial and defective administration of various courts, by which the Europeans were harassed, and natives unduly protected. Such were a few of the objects proposed to me; *my* object, in the present state of my knowledge of India, being merely to give an account of the military operations, and to describe the impressions made on my senses by the externals of things, without pretending to say whether I was right or wrong. There are few men in the world qualified to execute any one of those tasks—perhaps scarcely one, unassisted by the labours and counsels of competent men.

I was glad to go up to bed after such a fatiguing day. Opening my door, I fell across a soft roll, which lay on the floor. It was Simon, who was

asleep across the doorway. The room contained a few articles of furniture; a bed, shrouded in mosquito curtains. Ere I sat down, Simon had commenced to undress me, pulled off boots and socks, made a desperate attempt to rub the soles of my feet with a rough towel which I rejoicingly defeated, and at last salaamed, and left me to the mosquitoes. Three or four of the blood-thirsty little beasts managed to get into bed with me, and punished me greatly. Just as I was going to sleep, there sounded in the night air, a scream, as of a dying woman close at hand, which chilled the marrow in my bones. It was repeated, mingled with cries and barks, which swept past the club-house. It turned out to be only a pack of jackals running over the Esplanade in the moonlight.

CHAPTER VIII.

A delightful rush at clear, clean cold water.—Black Washerman.—The Ochterlony monument.—Government House.—Absence of English domestics.—Interview with Lord Canning.—Hospital for sick and wounded officers.—Kindness of the ladies of Calcutta.—The “upper ten” at Lucknow.—The Southwark of Calcutta.—Paucity of white faces.—A row by moonlight.—Burning Ghauts.—Indian official papers.—General Dupuis.—A ball at Fort William.

January 29th.—Woke up about six, by a storm of “qui-hyes,” from the windows. The club is getting up. All the shaded jalousies are thrown open. Simon glides into my room with a cup of tea, and a cheroot; opens the windows; pretends to kill the musquitoes, which, gorged to treble their usual size with my blood, are hanging on by the curtains, sleeping like aldermen. I take a prompt vengeance on them. “Master’s bath ready!” After that fuzzy, stewy, muggy, clammy ship, how delightful it was to rush at all that clear, clean, cold water! Simon is mourning over my trunks. “Many things master got no use! Master not got things which much use.” And so I believe, indeed, it was. The first washing shrivelled all my flannel shirts into jerseys, too small for wear; seams opened and buttons disappeared from all my garments; my canteen was pronounced to be no good at all, and my clothes were said to be “no use for wear, for not bear washee.” To washee, however, the large ship’s bag, containing the spoils of the voyage, was sent; for as Simon was speaking, “dhoby-

man" was waiting outside, and in a few moments made his appearance—a black washerman, dressed in cotton, which, as a proof of his skill, was decidedly unsatisfactory in colour. It is now seven o'clock only, but the horizontal rays of the sun are unpleasantly hot. Simon looks at my hat and cloth clothes with infinite earnestness and compassion. "Master must buy sola topee and loite jacket." He was rapidly making himself master of the situation. So I was obliged to check him in mid career, and to tell him that I knew better than he did what was necessary for India; a statement that made him open his eyes and shut his mouth.

There was just time ere breakfast to do one of the sights of Calcutta, and to climb to the top of the Ochterlony monument. Fortune did not favour me in the result, for the greater part of the city was shrouded in a grey mist; but the course of the broad river laden with ships, the Government House, the Fort, and the European part of Calcutta were distinctly visible, and formed rather an agreeable *ensemble*, in which there was, however, nothing altogether compensating the toil of the ascent. It is always the way with high places. I never knew one that I was not glad to get down from, not from any dizziness, for my head is not affected by height, but because I felt it was uncomfortable to be there, and to take so much pains for nothing. The Mont Blanc-ists—now tolerably numerous—must confess that the view and their raptures are impostures. Whoever went twice into the ball of St. Paul's? or twice up to the top of Salisbury spire, or of Milan, or Antwerp steeples? So I returned sorrowing to breakfast.

As the Governor-General is going to Allahabad at dawn to-morrow, I drove over to present my letters early in the forenoon, to Government House, a residence not altogether unbecoming the Viceroy of India, but at the same time by no means overwhelming, splendid, or in faultless taste. The general effect is nearly spoiled by a huge dome, perfectly "bald," rising out of the centre of the roof like a struggling balloon. Once on a time, Britannia, I believe, with trident or spear, shield and helmet, sat on the apex of the dome and kept it in order, but the lightning frequently smote her, and the Snow Harris of Calcutta did not know how to get over the difficulty. The goddess—for is she not as good (much more real and practical certainly) as Juno or Athené?—was taken from her high estate and put away in some lumber room. Placed in the midst of a large open space, with green lawns, not very extensive, but covered with fine clean-shaven sward, and aqueducts around it, and almost within an arrow-shot of the Hooghly, the Government House should be as cool as any house can be in Calcutta; and the great number of windows on the side elevations, give it an appearance of airiness, which the "sunny side" by no means deserves. If that dome could be removed, or put straight, or got something to sit on it, taking it all and all, as seen from the exterior of the fine gateways which lead to the entrance, the Government House reflects great credit on the engineer officer who designed and built it, at the cost of (St. Stephen protect us!) just 150,000*l*. At the gateways, with nothing more formidable than canes in their hands, were real sepoy—each "in shape and hue" so like a

British soldier, when his back is turned, that at a sudden view he would beguile ; tall, broad-backed, stiff-set, but with lighter legs than the Briton, and a greater curvature in the thigh. There he is, doing his regulation stride, saluting every white man who enters, civilian or soldier, dressed after the heart of army tailors, pipe-clayed, and cross-belted, and stocked, and winged, and facingsed, every button shining, every strap blazing, and each bit of leather white as snow—the sepoy, of whom his officers and those around him, contenting themselves with that fair outer show, know as little, if we are to believe what we hear, as they do of the Fejee Islanders. They cleaned the outside of the platter, and cared little for what was within. Having whitened their sepulchre, they were satisfied. But it was not the outer portals of Government House only that were trusted to sepoys. At the doorway, at the reception rooms, in the corridors, paced up and down the old troopers of the body-guard, dressed somewhat like our lancers ; tall, white-mustachioed veterans, on whose hearts glittered many medals, clasps, and crosses won in action against Sikh and Affghan. I am not sure whether my own feeling of mild surprise, that at the Viceroy's palace, not a single English domestic was visible, would not be shared in by most of my countrymen. White-turbaned natives, with scarlet and gold ropes fastened round the waist, glided about in the halls ; and some of the more important added to the dignity of their appearance by wearing large daggers in their cummerbunds.

At half-past six o'clock I waited upon Lord Canning, whom I found immersed in books and papers, and

literally surrounded by boxes, "military," "political," "revenue," &c. I had never seen him before, to my knowledge; but the striking resemblance of the upper portion of his face to the portraits and busts of George Canning would, I think, have told me who he was. His Excellency was kind enough to explain to me at great length, and with remarkable clearness, the actual state of affairs at that time in India; to show me on the map what had been effected, and what yet remained to be done, in order to re-establish our power; and to indicate generally what the operations would be by which that object was to be effected. In doing so, it is true, Lord Canning took for granted I was in ignorance of what had happened; but, though a little time might have been lost, there was certainly no room left for misunderstanding upon my part. Looking at the map, the work seemed heavy. In Oude, Bundelcund, Goruckpore, Rohilcund, and portions of Central India, the British rule had ceased to exist for many months, and the rebel leaders almost fancied they were secure in their new possessions. He seemed proud—and, am I not bound to say, with justice?—of the exertions of his Government, to forward the troops up country with comfort and dispatch, and to provide for them when sick and wounded; but it struck me that he over-estimated the amount of work that can be effected by any one man, however zealous and self-sacrificing, unless indeed he be such an administrative giant as Cæsar or Napoleon. I was not astonished to find a Governor-General of India at such a time worn-looking, and anxious, and heavy with care; but when I learned incidentally, and not from his

own lips, that he had been writing since early dawn that morning, and that he would not retire till twelve or one o'clock that night, and then had papers to prepare ere he started in the morning, I was not surprised to hear that the dispatch of public business was not so rapid as it might have been if Lord Canning had a little more regard to his own ease and health.

I told his Lordship that I was going to start for Cawnpore as soon as I possibly could; and he said he could and would facilitate that object by ordering a dāk to be laid for me, though he could not at all answer for what Sir Colin Campbell, as Commander-in-Chief, might do when I got to his camp. On that point I had but very small misgivings; for I could not but think that the excellent judgment and good sense of the Commander-in-Chief would lead him to the conclusion that there was no evil to be dreaded from my presence in his camp which he could not control, and which did not exist in greater force before my arrival; and that the advantages to be derived from a truthful narrative of what was done placed before the public, who would be scarcely satisfied with the short official reports that leisure and precedent prescribed to generals, in detailing the operations of war, would be considerable, whilst that narrative acted as an effectual antidote to the erroneous statements which were made in India out of ignorance or malice, and thence reached England, where they caused great anxiety and misapprehension. Lord Canning told me that whatever might be the views of Sir Colin Campbell—and on that point he could not speak, though he thought it probable I should find no diffi-

culty there — he would let me have a letter which would show the General that there was no desire on the part of the Government to prevent my being in the British camp. In case of any difficulty, however, his Excellency assured me that I would find every facility in accompanying the head-quarters of Jung Bahadoor with the British commissioner. In this and subsequent conversation that evening on the subject of the mutinies, the causes of them, the extent of the atrocities perpetrated by the sepoys, the stories of mutilations and outrage, the Governor-General evinced a remarkable analytical power, an ability of investigation, a habit of appreciating and weighing evidence, a spirit of justice and moderation, and a judicial turn of mind which made a deep impression upon me. His opinions once formed seem “inébranlables;” and his mode of investigation, abhorrent from all intuitive impulses, and dreading, above all things, quick decision, is to pursue the forms of the strictest analysis, to pick up every little thorn on the path, to weigh it, to consider it, and then to cast it aside or to pile it with its fellows; to go from stone to stone, strike them and sound them, and at last on the highest point of the road, to fix a sort of granite pedestal declaring that the height is so and so, and the view is so and so—so firm and strong that all the storm and tempest of the world may beat against it and find it immovable. But man’s life is not equal to the execution of many tasks like these; such obelisks so made and founded, though durable, cannot be numerous.

January 30th. — Went after breakfast with Hume (Dr.) formerly Principal Medical Officer of the Fourth Division in the Crimea, and visited the hospital for sick

and wounded officers at No. 1, Little Russell Street; a large detached house, standing, as do all the houses of the British residents in this part of Calcutta, in an enclosure within high walls, with a bit of green and a few trees around it. The rooms were large, airy, and sweet, and I was glad to see so few wounded men there. Some were old friends, and their wounds and sickness gave them little concern now they were "going home." Pets there were plenty—mongoose, monkeys, and birds. There was a kind of reading-room supplied with books and papers; the meals were good and wholesome. Dr. Ligertwood took the greatest pleasure in showing all the means and appliances he had contrived for the comfort of his patients in this establishment, which is nearly self-supporting, owing to the payments received from the officers. The latter told me that nothing could exceed the kindness of the ladies of Calcutta, who sent them books and luxuries, and took them out to air in their carriages. Not one of them could tell me of a single mutilation of any woman to which they could depose of their personal knowledge. Delafosse, one of the two survivors of the Cawnpore massacre (at the boats), was, as well as I can recollect, in this hospital, but he was asleep, and I would not disturb him. I say as well as I recollect, for my Diary, which was sent to London for this month and part of February, was lost in the Ava, and I have only a few rough notes in some odd leaves of pocket-books here and there to remind me. From Russell Street, drove over by a very dusty road, which encircles the plain and fort glacis, to the Orphan School at Kidderpore, which has been converted into an hospital for soldiers,

and is under the charge of my old friend Longmore of the 19th, with Charnegau of the Rifle Brigade in charge under him. The rooms are very large and lofty, and the men had plenty of room, but the heat, in some places, set at defiance all efforts to prevent close smells. The sick of the 54th, the regiment which had acted so nobly when their ship *Sarah Sands* took fire, are here, many suffering from diarrhoea and dysentery. There are here, also, a number of wounded men from recent fights at Lucknow, Cawnpore, &c.; several with legs and arms carried away by round shot. I passed one poor fellow with a stump outside the clothes. "Was that a round-shot, my man?" "No, Sir, indeed it was not! that was done by a sword!" On inquiry, I found that a great proportion of the wounds, many of them very serious and severe, were inflicted by the sabre or native tulwar. There were more sword-cuts in the two hospitals than I saw after Balaklava. The men were cheerful, and spoke highly of the attention paid to them. By each man's bedside, or charpoy, was a native attendant, who kept the flies away with a whisk, administered the patient's medicine, and looked after his comforts. There is something *almost* akin to pleasure in visiting well-ordered hospitals, and I renewed my old sensations with interest, but it is a feeling which I would fain combat and remove. There is a morbid and unwholesome excitement about it, after all.

Paid a visit to Sir Robert Garrett, whom I was glad to find looking just as well as in the old days when he used to trudge past my hut with his "trench-stick" in his hand. He is going to take his command at Umballah, but I think the old soldier would be

better pleased if Sir Colin gave him a division in the field. There was in the room a lady who had been besieged in the Residency at Lucknow, and who had just arrived in Calcutta. From her I heard some strange tales respecting the internal condition of the garrison. Whilst some were starving, half fed on unwholesome food, and drinking the most unpleasant beverages, others were living on the good things of the land, and were drinking Champagne and Moselle, which were stored up in such profusion that there were cartloads remaining when the garrison marched out. There was a good deal of etiquette about visiting and speaking in the garrison! Strange, whilst cannon-shot and shell were rending the walls about their ears—whilst disease was knocking at the door of every room, that those artificial rules of life still exercised their force; that petty jealousy and "caste" reigned in the Residency; the "upper ten" with stoical grandeur would die the "upper ten," and as they fell composed their robes after the latest fashion. It is a pity that our admiration for the heroism of that glorious defence should be marred by such stories as these; but I felt the lady was speaking the truth.

There was a kind of grand dinner at the Club to-day, and a very good one. Among others there I met Fairholme, of the Navy, who did me a great kindness without knowing it once, for which I now thank him. He carried over to Kamiesh, one day that I was more dead than alive, my despatch for the mail, containing a description of the attack on the Redan. The mail had started from head-quarters, when after thirty-six hours of excitement and hard work and want of sleep, I rode across to the huts, but Lieutenant Fairholme

had just started with his little escort and the despatches for the mail; from the rising ground at the back of head-quarters I could see the cloud of dust which enveloped them, and digging spurs into poor old Bob, I managed to come up with him, and, thanks to his courtesy, to save myself a journey—a saving which I converted into the sweetest sleep I ever enjoyed.

These dinners at the Bengal Club are by no means so good as they are thought to be; that is, they are not equal to a dinner at Philippe's, or the Maison Dorée, or the Clarendon, or at a good club, but they are undoubtedly very cheerful contrasts to the meals on board ship, or to the banquets at the dāk bungalows, which latter are, on the whole, monotonous. The Bengal Club is cunning enough in its liquors. The wines are admirably iced—the Champagne dry and good, and the sherry wholesome. Curry of prawns, I will none of you! Away those pleasant fictions, that the giant prawns come from a salt-water lake into which the Hooghly or its horrors never flow! Soup—never so pleasant as when 'tis hot in hottest weather; soup almost gelatinous in its strength, and gram-fed mutton and a fowl-curry; there, one is enough for me, but the gentlemen around me eat everything. They had tiffin at two; hot lunch and ale and brandy-pawnee. *Hinc perfervidum jecur!* A very social and agreeable sort of men, but their conversation is of mint, and anise, and cummin of Calcutta, which is to me of interest limited by amount of knowledge. A rubber terminates the evening—*igneus est ollis robur*—and causes discussion, in which the aid of the deities Hoyle, Major A—, and Major B—, is angrily involved.

January 31st.—Had many visitors. Among them General Michell, who is going to his command at the Bombay side, General Dupuis, Colonel Adye, &c. Throwing myself on the kindness of my friends, and throwing two of them over, I went off with Mr. Meredith Townsend, of *The Friend of India*, to Serampore. Crossed the river by boat near the railway station, where a carriage awaited us, and thence drove through thick woods of cocoa-plantains, &c., lined with native huts and miserable villages—the Southwark of Calcutta—for some sixteen miles to the village or station of Serampore, which is on the right bank of the Hooghly, opposite the station of Barrackpore. The latter, with its pretty park, in which is the Governor-General's summer residence, and the snow-white houses of the station, makes a fair show from the opposite bank. Serampore—which still retains traces of its Danish origin in a certain neatness and rigidity of outline, and in substantial houses, one of which belonged to my host, and was decorated with portraits of honest-looking Holsteiners—is famous in the annals of missionary enterprise, and, let me add, of missionary devotion, if not of success, in India, and the records of the good men's lives who made it the scene of their labours possess an enduring interest for all Christians. When we arrived, my attention was directed to several matters of a controversial, or, at least, of a discussionable character. However, I had not got my eyesight sufficiently clear in this Indian sun to examine the objects set before me.

But what I was looking for, and had been seeking as we came along, as an antiquary would hunt for an

inscription, or a botanist for a new plant, was a white face amid these leagues of black and brown fellow-creatures, with scant attire, who are swarming in and out of their miserable dwellings. I see not one, not one, till I enter Mr. Townsend's house. It was the first impression made on my mind as to our numerical nothingness amidst the people. All the splendour of Calcutta carriages could not efface it. When I crossed over to Barrackpore, instead of looking at the fine trees in the park, or admiring the outside of the Governor-General's country house, or the lawn and bungalow and officers' quarters, I was looking out for white faces, and here at last I found them. Under every shady clump of trees, at every lazy corner, were groups of great, well-made, six-foot soldiers, in red coatees (for the tunic cannot be enumerated among the causes of the sepoy mutiny), but their faces were black. I never set eyes on men who had more the look of soldiers when their backs were turned. These were the men of the disarmed regiments, two of which are stationed at Barrackpore, held in watch and ward by one English regiment. The men saluted us as we passed, but my companions made a point of *not* returning their salutes, or taking the least notice of the men. Several of them were doing a mockery of sentry's duty, with canes instead of firelocks. It is said they have recently become civil—almost abject in their demeanour. A few weeks ago they were insolent and haughty enough; even now the officer in command (the veteran Hearsay) is frequently alarmed by reports of plots and conspiracies, and the Europeans are ever on the alert. The guards on the governor's house were Europeans. They, and a few officers lounging about near their

bungalows, owned the white faces to which I have adverted. I could only wish the owners were better employed, but there is doubtless great difficulty in the question. If these men were dismissed at once, no precautions in our power could prevent their joining the rebels if they were disposed to do so. And little else would have been left to them to do. Being mostly men of Oude, now occupied by the enemy, they would have been treated everywhere with suspicion and distrust. It seems an absurd way of paralyzing a portion of our much-needed Europeans, to keep them watching sepoys who cannot be trusted. The remedy is not so easy. One was suggested—that “the sepoys should be let break loose if they liked, and that then our men should dispose of them.” But we in India, are a Christian people, and the Government adopted another course. It has cost money, and it has, to some extent, deprived the army of the services of soldiers much wanted. It has also created anxiety and alarm, but the question was full of difficulties, and I have not yet seen any solution of it proposed by those who grumble the most loudly, nor indeed any plan open to the Governor-General except that which he followed.

If I were to stop here and describe Serampore and Barrackpore, which, by the bye, I should be little competent to do, I shall never get up to camp, and the news is that Sir Colin will move immediately. It is the opinion of some people in Calcutta that he might have taken Lucknow the other day. What would have become of Windham, of Cawnpore, and of the women and children?

Late at night, and with some difficulty, we managed

to get a boat—the “we” being a gentleman who was, I think, Principal, or one of the professors of the Devon College, and myself; and, I am bound to say, that we did not, in getting the conveyance, act quite like Israelites in whom there was no guile. Standing on the muddy and slippery shore of the river, now running with stream and ebb tide fast towards Calcutta, we hailed boat after boat of the many which were gliding down noiselessly in the moonlight; but as soon as the boatmen heard what we wanted, being bound most probably for some intermediate ghaut, they shot out from the bank and left us lamenting. At last craft prevailed. A boat ran in, in reply to a mild hail, and the moment her bow came to the bank, sliding and slipping through the mud, we boarded her. At the words “to Calcutta,” delivered in the vernacular, a loud wail was raised by the boatmen, who declared they could not go; but we were now the masters, and evading an attempt to leave us in the boat by pushing her off from the bank before the boatmen could reach it, we pushed off into the stream, and there was nothing left for the grumbling natives but to take to their oars and talk of “backsheesh.” This little act of piracy was avenged by many insects, which immediately came out of the cabin of the boat and the woodwork, or flew off from the shore, and devoured me, at least, with avidity. Under other circumstances, I should have much enjoyed that long moonlight slide down the great river, which ran along with a soft gurgling song, as though rejoicing in its coming liberty. In the indistinct light the wooded banks softened into a velvet forest, amid which shone out at intervals the white houses of merchants. The

noise of tom-toming in the villages, the braying of innumerable dogs, and the wild choruses of the jackals as they swept along the shores, gave the scene its true character, and effaced the impressions of civilized life produced by white palaces and park-like woods. For more than two hours we glided on, the boatmen rowing to the sound of a wild and not quite unmusical strain, and guiding the boat as the current was strongest, from bank to bank or in mid stream; and at last we became aware that the villages on shore were running as it were into a continuous line; that big native boats, with uncouth rigging, were moored in clumps here and there off the banks; that the dogs barked louder, the jackals yelped less frequently, and the hum of voices and the noise of drums waxed stronger, and now and then great budgerows crossed our path, or lay anchored in the tideway. Some distance before us, as we swept close in shore, a red light streamed upwards into the air, through a cloud of smoke, which looked black and heavy in the moonlight. As we got nearer, I could make out some seven or eight fires, all together, some blazing fiercely, with sparks flying upwards, others in a dead red smoulder. The glare fell on the black faces and white turbans and dresses of a small crowd of natives, who were busied among the fires. Some threw in fresh logs, or moved the piles to make them burn quicker; others sat round the fires silently; others ran about in an excited way, tossing their arms as if in frantic joy, or grief. All around were the black walls of the houses, which set, as it were, the fires and their attendants in a framework, completed by the river, across which the flames cast long black shadows, as the figures passed

to and fro, conquering the moonlight in their power. It was a most wonderful and striking picture—nothing I have ever seen came near to it for variety of effect. The black figures, streaked with white waistbands and turbans—the contrast between the repose of the groups seated near each fire with the energetic, active, and ceaseless movement of those who were running about—the fires slumbering out quietly, or glowing with the dull red of charcoal, or blazing, hissing, and splintering into sparks, which rose from the many tongues of flame that cleft the dark clouds of smoke rolling out heavily towards us in the night wind—the mighty river rushing by like a torrent of quicksilver, striving in vain to carry off the shadows which ever dented it from the ghastly bank—those wild weird men dancing like demons.—“Pooh! what is this dreadful smell—like—like coarse roasting meat?” I glanced at my companion, who was holding his nose, and in reply to my look, he said, “It’s one of the BURNING GHAUTS!” “Boatmen! boatmen! pull for your lives!” It wanted very little to make me sick to death. I remember such another horror in an old book of travels—“cannibals feasting by moonlight.”

Not very long after we passed those incremations I was seated in the drawing-room of the Bengal Club, with mirrors and lights, and tables covered with books and papers all around me, while skilful cooks were preparing supper, and the wine was getting *frappéd* artistically. In India, indeed, extremes meet. Heard dreadful stories of these ghauts, and of the deeds supposed to be done at them. How the last offices are sometimes complicated with parricide and murder, how the old are brought down to die, and are smothered

with the filthy mud which is thrust into mouth and nostrils, the screams of the murdered being overwhelmed in the infernal din which is raised in mockery of grief, and such like tales that make one's blood run cold. And we are the legislators, the law executors, and the teachers of this people! If the vices attributed to the Hindoo by the English exist to their full extent as described—if youth is made inexpressibly corrupt, and age is a maximized villany—if infanticide and parricide are practices and customs of the people—how is it that the race itself maintains its vitality—that it increases whilst the Mussulman declines—that its numbers show no mark of diminution and no sign of physical deterioration?

February 1st.—This morning to Mr. Cecil Beadon, who gave me an order for a post dâk (or what in Russia would be called a *padarodjnie*), which I had to communicate to the postmaster, and which will entitle me to one of the dâks or relays of horses for Wednesday next. The Government has hired all the vehicles and horses of the private companies, and every sort of quadruped and carriage on the main trunk road, for the public service. Mr. Beadon, who is a man of great importance, as Secretary of Government in Lord Canning's absence—and otherwise—is said to be a man of ability, though his name is not much known out of India. I found him courteous. He is far above the middle height; has a good head; clear, intelligent eye; straight, vigorous figure; and, altogether, is as unlike the popular notion of an old Indian as man can well be. If you met him in England, you would say he lived a good deal by the cover side, and that his hunters cost him a great deal

of money. What wonderful piles of papers Indian officials get about them ! I have been in all the great public offices at home, and have seen the interior of minister's workshops, but never did I behold out of Calcutta such heaps of despatch boxes, such mounds of record boxes, such vast fabrics of pigeon-holes, such *abandon* of red tape !

Thence to lunch with my old acquaintance, Major-General Dupuis, where I met Colonel Adye, a name well known in the Crimean camp, and in the corps to which he belongs, as that of a most excellent soldier and thorough good fellow. In the course of conversation I heard enough to make me believe that the officers of the Royal Artillery in India—and certainly those in the higher ranks—thought they had not been quite well treated by the Commander-in-Chief. General Dupuis, for instance, was sent out by the Commander-in-Chief to command the Royal Artillery in India. When he saw Sir Colin, he was told to remain some time at Calcutta to superintend the disembarkation and arrangements connected with the force at his command, Colonel Adye, as his brigade-major, of course being with him. As soon as a considerable force of artillery had landed, and gone up to Sir Colin, then preparing for his relief of the Residency garrison, the general went up to Cawnpore, and was by no means well received by the Commander-in-Chief. Whereupon Dupuis sent in his resignation, but he withdrew it on the understanding that he was to be permitted to accompany the field force. However, it would seem as if he did something which displeased the Commander-in-Chief, for in a day or two Sir Colin sent him orders to go to Calcutta, as the Governor-General

had informed him the head-quarters of artillery was to be at Dum-Dum, or Barrackpore. Ere he could get down, however, the Gwalior Force attacked Windham, and both Dupuis and Adye rendered services which were warmly acknowledged by that officer on the day when our troops were obliged to retreat into the *tête-de-pont*, and lost their camp. In their opinion Windham was placed in the most difficult circumstances, and did the best he could—an opinion which is fortified by Sir Colin's last despatch in reference to the action. The whole truth of the affair cannot be made public yet; and, indeed, it would at any time come with bad grace from the lips of any officers of rank, who would find themselves in telling it obliged to make painful accusations.

Dined at the Advocate-General's (Mr. Ritchie), where there was a small and agreeable party, and went afterwards to a ball given in Fort William by Colonel Mundy and the officers of Her Majesty's 19th, at which I met many old friends and acquaintances. The arrangements were admirable. The rooms—curious, quaint, old barrack chambers—were well lighted, decorated with flags, flowers, and fire-arms; bowers and pleasant arcades were improvised in the open. Dancing vigorous, music good. The supper-rooms gave one an exalted notion of the resources of Calcutta, and one could not help asking himself, “Has there been a mutiny at all? Is this a delusion? Do the enemy still hold Oude, Rohilcund, Jhansi, Calpee, and vast tracts of Central India?”

CHAPTER IX.

Preparing for a start.—The king of Oude's menagerie.—Simon and Sally Bridget.—My fellow-traveller, Dr. Mouat.—The Rajah of Pachete.—Raneegunj.—A mess-dinner.—Camp of Government elephants.—Locomotion by gharry.—A shattered wheel and its consequences.—Fording a river.—Numerous tanks, birds and squirrels.—Bungalows.—Theory and practice.—“Serry Shrab.”—Approach to Benares.—The Holy Ganges.

February 2nd.—Busy making preparations for my start. The postmaster cannot give me a dâk before the 4th. In India the disturbance caused by the movement of great bodies is widely felt. For instance, the Governor-General, in moving to Allahabad the other day, absorbed all the bullock-waggons on the road *for five days*. When Lord Dalhousie crossed the Ganges, he had *one hundred elephants* in his train. Sir Colin Campbell's baggage, &c., extended *for eighteen miles*, when he came down from Lucknow. The preparations to be made for going a journey up country in India are very troublesome and expensive, and at first a European thinks they are supererogatory, whilst his favoured and cherished campaigning utensils, such as a well-fitted canteen, are pronounced to be useless. It was just at this crisis that my man Simon deserted me. He was invisible all day—a great increment of trouble to my good friend D——.

Dined with Colonel Champneys, who certainly deserves his reputation as a Calcutta Lucullus, and who is more—a kindly, genial host. He has a dreadful rôle to fill, for as Auditor-General he has to clip and

cut at pay and allowances—the latter of which, in India, are subjects of incessant contentions. At dinner met Colonel Lugard, Captain Mallison, a very intelligent officer, who seems to have paid great attention to Indian politics; another officer, whose name I forget; Captain D——, and one of the principal Calcutta merchants.

It is strange enough that the nation which is so chary of any appearance of meanness or unfair dealing in its acts, should be so indifferent to the most calumnious accusations against those to whom it delegates power in remote parts of the world. As far as I know, the people cared very little about the monster indictment against Warren Hastings. All the wondrous eloquence of his accusers failed to create any popular excitement against the man for acts done thousands of miles away. But suppose they had been committed, or said to be perpetrated, in Ireland, in Scotland, or the Channel Islands? So to-night I hear that the menagerie of the King of Oude, as much his private property as his watch or turban, were sold under discreditable circumstances, and his jewels seized and impounded, though we had no more claim on them than on the Crown diamonds of Russia. Do the English people care for those things? Do they know them? The hundred millions of Hindostan know them well, and care about them too.

February 3rd.—An awful night with mosquitoes. Got up in the morning with my eyes bunged up, which did not account, however, for my not seeing Simon, for he had not been in all day or all night, and the mosquitoes had taken advantage of his absence to carry the curtains by storm. As I was in my bath

the little gentleman crept into my room, and demurely announced that "he look for dhobyman for master's clothes all night." Sit down and write all day, whilst Simon, who is whiter in the face, unsteadier in the legs, and redder in the eyes than usual, is busied with the final packing. A day of hard work, in which all Calcutta is tabooed to me. To bed and to mosquitoes at midnight, quite worn out with heat and labour.

February 4th.—Dawn saw me up, and busy. Finished my letters and sent them off.* Breakfasted at eight at the United Service Club, and received more last words of counsel from my good friend D—, who had done his best to fit me out in an old Indian style, even to pepper, salt, and candles. Simon, whose exertions in pursuit of the dhobyman were attended by a violent thirst, holds a levée of his relatives. His wife, Sally Bridget, richly attired in bangles and fine robes, and though not fair, by no means unpleasant to look upon, brings her little son to me, as much as to say, "take care of his father;" but, in fact, it is his father who must take care of me. The heat is so great in Calcutta, that I am anxious to be out of it in the field once more, though I hear it will be much hotter up country. Set pistols and rifle in order, as one travels armed now-a-days, and drove down to river, which we crossed to station in steamer. At 9.30, the train, of which the third-class carriages are filled with natives, penned in as close as sheep in a market van, moves off from the station. In my letter to *The Times*, which consisted of pages torn out of my note-book, I gave my impressions of the scenery

* They went down in the Ava, were recovered, but were late and illegible.

and the country. The whole looked like a flooded brick-field, amid which spring up groves of dates, plantains, and dirty villages, made of mud and bamboo matting; and, crouched under clumps of trees, the natives—men, women, and children—are making bricks, or paddling in the mud, hunting for the tiniest sticklebacks and minnows of an Indian sort, with much eagerness, by means of puerile little nets. They are burnt and black as the land itself; miserably clad; the children, up to six or seven, being in *impuris naturalibus*.

My fellow-traveller, Dr. Mouat, the able Inspector of Prisons, explains many things to me, and from him I derive much information as to external objects which strike me. He has just returned from an interesting excursion on the Andaman Islands, or, more properly speaking, to them, with a view of ascertaining their fitness for penal settlements. Like Sterne's starling, prisoners there may cry "I can't get out" for ever. But there is no food on those savage-haunted isles, and I think I remember water is scarce. One of the savages was captured, and Dr. Mouat gave me a photograph of the interesting creature, who must have been of a very low type of the human race. However, there is little proof that they are cannibals, as is popularly supposed, though they are unmitigated savages.

Dr. Mouat is on his way to Burdwan, which is at one of the stations on the line, to take a look at the Rajah of Pachete, who is confined in the gaol there, awaiting his trial on a charge of disaffection to Government. I got out with the worthy doctor, and paid a visit to the Rajah, whom we disturbed

at his dinner. The gaol is a very discreditable establishment—a series of long stone sheds, one story high, situated in a court surrounded by a high wall. In the court were prisoners heavily shackled, picking oakum, and pounding a sort of red earth into powder by rude levers, all in the broiling sun. The warders wore their tulwars by their sides. Entering a room in one of the sheds, we saw a stern, rather ill-favoured young man, seated cross-legged on a mat on the ground, with some four or five natives standing before him, their hands crossed on their breasts. Silver dishes, clay pots, remains of curry and rice, showed the Rajah was just finishing his mid-day meal. Like the French prisoners, whose moroseness astonished our cockney friend in the play, the Rajah was by no means cheerful, and eyed us unpleasantly, and “wanted to know what he was there for?” The Government had received information that the people of his district, which is not far from Rancegunj, had threatened to deliver him by force, and Dr. Mouat was about to assist at his removal.* Before I left the prison I visited the women’s ward, which was in a most disgraceful condition. There is no classification of prisoners. The young girl committed for a theft is thrust among old hags who are poisoners and child-murderers. This is not becoming to a civilized Government; but I was assured the prison would be improved. At 4 o’clock, after a hot and tedious journey of

* Several months afterwards he was tried, and, as well as I recollect, acquitted. But he was nevertheless detained in prison by the Government. The courts at Calcutta refused to liberate him, and when I left India, the Rajah was still, I believe, in custody.

120 miles, the train shot us out amid a heap of cinders, and a wooden station at its terminus—Ranee-gunj. A level arid country, a few trees, some faint outlines of hills in the distance, and smoke rising from a clump of tall chimneys. A white-washed, high-roofed, one-storied building in front, was indicated as the dāk bungalow and posting station. The baboo informed me all the gharrys were gone, and that I must wait till to-morrow evening. But was not the bungalow open? Fortunately, there is a little station here, consisting of a few huts, in which are the commissariat officers appointed to look after the troops starting hence up country, and a few troops are encamped at a little distance from the terminus. Captain Sadler is kind enough to ask D——, who has accompanied me in his good-natured solicitude so far, and myself, to their mess-dinner. It takes place in a shed of matting, and is very pleasant, Brigadier Horsford, of the Bengal Artillery, presiding, and some five or six officers forming the party. After dinner, a young bear and a beautiful tame little fawn introduced, and behave very properly. Break up early, and D—— returns to Calcutta by the night-train. I go to feed my mosquitoes in the bungalow. In the night, Sir Robert Garrett and Major Oxenden arrive, and Major Dallas, the General's Aide, drops in later. Much struck by the adroit manner in which my man Simon, as soon as he has tucked in the treacherous mosquito-curtains, rolls himself up adroitly in a napkin and goes to sleep, outside the door, apparently a huge snowball.

February 5th.—Breakfasted and lunched at the hospitable little mess. By the bye, "the authorities" here tell me they have not seen or heard of any mutilated

women passing through this station, or going by rail to Calcutta. The day is intensely hot, as I feel when I take a short walk over to the camp of government elephants, only a few hundred yards away. There are seventy or eighty of these huge quadrupeds drawn up in double rows, heavily ironed by fore and hind legs, each with a large heap of leaves and branches before him, which he uses to eat, or to throw over his back, or to whisk the flies with. Their keepers live in wigwags of straw, reeds, and grass, about three feet high—the women sit at the entrances, the children creep about among the elephants' huge heels, a wild, squalid-looking race. The ground is covered, as is the neighbourhood of all road-sides and camps in India, with bones of cattle and animals, white as ivory, and with horns and teeth of cattle. At various distances outside the camp of elephants are picketed, sentry-wise, well secured to the trunks of trees, and stakes driven deep into the ground, evil disposed and unsafe members of the community, who are in love, or are mad, or are jealous, and wicked. One of these was covered with bullet marks, having been practised at by a body of soldiers, but he would neither be killed nor give in. He had covered his back with dust, straw, and leaves, not in humiliation, but to keep off sun and flies; and he was daintily sucking sugar-cane, when I saw him, as quiet as an alderman at turtle time. Another creature was pointed out to me as being far more than 100 years old—a warty, gnarled, grizzled, old elephant, which looked as if he was made out of old oak stumps, and has the most intensely knowing little shrewd grey eye I ever saw in my life. He looked as if he could tell us



all about the Rise and Progress of the British Rule in India, and it was something more than curious to look at a beast that might have seen Clive at the battle of Plassey—that was advanced in years when we were fighting Mahrattas and Pindarees, and were invading Rohilcund for our good ally the Newab Vizier of Oude. Bulky as the elephant is, there is no repose about him; some part or other of his great carcass is for ever in motion—an ear is flickered to and fro, or the tail is switched about, or there is one foot propped against a leg, and all the time the trunk is at work, like a huge snake, coiling itself up or stretching itself out, or turning up or down, or trumpeting with pleasure or pain.

I passed the afternoon among the elephants till 4 P.M., when it was announced that the gharrys were ready—and so indeed four or five bakers' carts, or penitentiary laundresses' vans—boxes of wood on wheels—were duly waiting for our accommodation. An inspection made it appear that there were slides which pushed aside, or opened out, and served as doors or windows. The traveller, when he has one to himself, gets his bed made, and stretches luxuriously at full length; for a spare cushion is made to fit the interval between the seats, and beneath it is stowed some of the luggage. There are shelves and lockers at the ends of the vehicle, and—when it is well slung on the springs, and the four wheels are properly consorted—it is not by any means, apart from the question of horses, an uncomfortable means of locomotion. Like the Russian boyard in his carriage, or tarantassec, the Indian traveller lives in his gharry, sleeps in it, and often eats in it. Ere we started, one of the party

had a row with a driver; he took up his horn, which hung from the box, and blew it—and the fellow, who was a Mussulman, swore it was defiled—a question of rupees. There were only four gharrys available. General Garrett had one—Dallas and Oxenden another—Sladen, of the Madras Fusiliers, and Surgeon Beath the third—and the fourth fell to my lot. Simon got on the roof, the driver—of course a tall, heavy man—dressed in a tattered blue caftan with a red trimming, bore on his heart a brass badge with the words “mail driver.” With him was a sprite, whose business I found was to flog and otherwise excite the horses to start and keep at it; and, after much reluctance cunningly overcome, the horses rushed off in a cloud of dust at a gallop, and away we went along the main trunk road, which lay like a great white riband straight before us. * * * *

I was awoke by a violent shock about three hours after we started—the carriage was nearly on its side—the driver was shouting furiously—and his poor sprite lay with a fractured leg by the road-side. The tire of the fore wheel had come off, and the spokes were shattered to pieces. We were nearly thirty miles from Raneegunj, where alone another wheel could be procured. This was an inauspicious commencement to our journey. The driver must ride back to Raneegunj—Simon must start for the nearest police-station, to get some Chowkeydars to watch the carriage—and I am left alone in the dark with the poor lad, who is moaning and crying with pain. It was a long, sad vigil. After a time the moon rose. Jackals and wolves howled in the field close at hand—a few natives crept past like ghosts—not one stayed to comfort the poor boy,

whose language I did not understand, and who rejected the flask I offered him. In a couple of hours—they seemed long ones—Simon came back with half-a-dozen native policemen. They lighted a fire in the road, and sat round it talking till dawn. At last another gharry had arrived from Raneegunj—the luggage was transferred to it, and the boy with the broken leg was taken on one of the policemen's shoulders.

Soon after we started, at five o'clock or so, the carriage again halted. The door was opened by a wild-looking man, who, with signs, seemed to intimate that Simon had fallen off and broken his thigh. The more correct interpretation was given by Simon himself—who made his appearance at the other side, and explained to me that the ferryman wished me to get out, as the water at the ferry was as high as his thigh, and would come into the gharry and wet me. And so we forded the Burakur River, the carriage being pushed and dragged over a rude bed of sand by a band of coolies. The pace is good when the horses do start—the stages are only about five miles long, and the driver goes at full speed, but the quadrupeds are painful to look upon. At two o'clock arrived in Nemeaghaut, and found two officers in possession of the bungalow, who shared their rations with me.

The country is changing its character, and rises into broken hills and tumuli covered with brush and scrub, which seem to assume a mountainous character in front of us. Dark clouds rest on the range of hills which bound the western horizon. At seven o'clock, as we toil up the Parisnath hills, we enter the very heart of the thunder-storm—the darkness is profound

—the rain falls like the rush of a river—the lightning quivers, flashes, and darts about in balls of fire, and the thunder never ceases. Suddenly, my rifle, which is slung from the roof of the carriage, seems a blaze of light—the horse shies and stops, and a crash of thunder shakes the very earth. I get out, and find the driver and his help under the carriage—the water streams down the road like a brook. With the help of Simon, I roused the men to push the carriage through the storm. I was in my slippers, and as I shoved, my foot came on something soft and round, which moved from under it—a living thing. “It snake, sir;” said Simon, “that get out of hole not to be drown!” As the officers told me that a man had been carried off the road by a tiger a few nights before, and the driver said there were many about to-night, I began to comprehend that I was travelling in India. All night we toiled up hill through the tempest which abated after midnight, and I was glad to lie down in the gharry, soaked as I was with rain, where I soon fell into a sound sleep.

February 7th.—Passed Shergotty about nine. Here a baboo, who spoke English very well, came out of the post-office, professed a sudden attachment to me, and begged I would take him into my service as a writer, “for,” quoth he, “I know it will be my fortune if the lord will grant this petition.” He told me further, there were “plenty budmashes about,” but they fear to come near the trunk road. A detachment is stationed here to watch them. I am so anxious to get on, I stop at no bungalows if I can help it, and travel day and night. It struck me the Shergotty people had an evil look about them, and

scowled in the white face that passed them so carelessly. The country has resumed its dead level character about here, and is fertile and well cultivated. Tanks are numerous. The villages rarely adorn the road-sides, but seek the privacy of distant groves, but there are some long straggling bazaars, which put me in mind of the entrance into a country town in Connaught, stretching on each side of the way at intervals. About the tanks are many sorts of birds, and the trees by the road-sides give refuge to others, and to innumerable striped squirrels very pretty and playful. I have observed cranes, whimbrels, himantopi, avosets, sanderlings, hoopoes, jays (very common and very beautiful), king crows, crow pheasants, minas. Shrikes perch on the telegraph wires, which are also the favourite haunt of the jay and fly-catchers. Kites and buzzards fill the air near the villages, and now and then a withered tree presents a horrid crop of satiated vultures. Huge trains of bullock carts, with Government brands upon them, pass to and fro in clouds of dust, which with the heat after mid-day render the journey by no means agreeable.

At Muddenpore, 306 miles from Calcutta, came upon Sladen and Beath in the bungalow. "A cock is sacrificed," to furnish a very tough meal. The bungalows, though varying greatly in actual comfort, are all on the same plan. A quadrangular building of masonry, one story high, with a high-peaked roof of thatch or tiles, projecting so as to form porticoes and verandahs. The house divided into "suits" of two, three, or four rooms, provided more or less imperfectly with charpoys, deal tables,

and a very deteriorated tripodic and bipedal establishment of chairs. Windows more or less damaged as to glass and frames. Doors with perverse views as to their original purposes. Off each room, however, is that universal bath-room, and the earthen jars of cool water. The interior accommodations of the bungalows depend a good deal on their position. None are exempt from the visits of travellers—all ought to be ready to receive them, but in point of fact some are naturally much more frequented than others, in consequence of their situations being better adapted for halting. In some, the whole of the apparatus consists of a broken glass or so; a common earthenware plate; a knife, of no particular use in cutting; and a fork of metal, from which one or more of the prongs has lapsed. There are no napkins or tablecloths; the table is a rude piece of deal. The khitmutgar is a dilapidated old man, who places his hands together in extreme deprecation the moment he sees you, and to every question, says, "Nae hai Kodawun." (There is none, my lord!) But your servant is placing your little private store on the table. Your salt and pepper-castors (which even go out into society with you under many circumstances) are brought forth, and the death-cry of Dame Poulet or Lord Gallus proclaims that you will feast on curry speedily. In other bungalows there is a full establishment of knives, forks, plates, dishes, table-covers, and napkins. Pale ale and soda-water are not unknown, and the khitmutgar is cunning in condiments, and has store of groceries. The bungalow generally stands at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the road, in an enclosure, which contains the kitchen and sleep-

ing-places of the khitmutgar and his servants. The former is generally a man of the sweeper caste, a circumstance which does not recommend his cookery to fastidious old Indians. The Government charges eight annas, or one shilling, to each traveller for the use of the bungalow whilst he halts; and a book is kept in which he enters his name, the time of his arrival and departure, the amount paid, and any remarks he pleases to insert respecting the attendance and state of the bungalow. Small as the charge is, there are frequent attempts to evade it. As to refreshments supplied by the khitmutgar there is no rule, and he charges as he pleases, or as you may bargain with him. These buildings, though in theory open to all, are in practice and reality reserved almost exclusively for Europeans. I never yet met a native gentleman stopping in one. I have looked over the registries of many, and found, perhaps in half-a-dozen instances in the space of a year, the name of an Anglicized baboo, or Parsee merchant, or native prince inscribed therein. No!—These and all such Government works are for the white man, and not for the black. The latter buries himself in the depths of some wretched bazaar, or in the squalid desolation of a tottering caravanserai. There would be as much indignation experienced at any attempt on the part of natives to use the stageing bungalows, as there is now expressed by some Europeans in Calcutta at their audacity in intruding upon “ladies and gentlemen” in first-class carriages.

Dined at Barroon bungalow, I think it is called, near the Soane, which was crossed by a fine bridge (my notes are very hazy, and I have no map). Sladen

and the doctor were my *convives*, and we had a very remarkable old fluid brought to me by the khitmutgar, which he assured us was "serry shrab" (the wine of Xeres). The basis seemed to be a gooseberry ground up with ink and vinegar. It was only eight shillings, which, considering the extreme rarity of the drink, was by no means dear. To the gharry once more. Watched the sun, which looked like a sign-painter's moon, swoop into a dirty haze in the well-loved west. Where are the glories of the gorgeous east in scenery, clouds, skies, jewels, purple or fine linen or palaces? I see them not.

February 8th.—The same roll and rattle all night. I only wake up when there is a more violent row than usual on starting the horses. Look out and see the same poor sheds by the road-side, the same signal men with flambeaux, the same horses constantly reproduced as it were at each stage. Halted for a short time to breakfast at Nowbutpore bungalow, which is situated on the bank of a deep river called the Kurrum-mussa, crossed here by a fine stone bridge. *Si sic omnes!* The kit told us the bungalow had been destroyed by the Dinapore mutineers; the roof was new; the walls blackened with smoke. Wherever a bit of white could be found it was covered with the writing of men of the various detachments passing up towards Cawnpore. "Revenge your slaughtered countrywomen! To the — with the bloody Sepoys!" Rough sketches of men hanging from trees and gallows, and various eulogiums of particular regiments, which if read by a foreigner would lead him to believe our soldiers were fond of blowing their own trumpets. Alas! some of these gallant fellows found their graves

here; some were drowned in the shoals of the treacherous river in bathing; others died of disease, and their graves dot the enclosure, their names rudely carved on blocks of wood and trees fast vanishing.

* * * * *

As we approach the sacred city of Benares, the mass of people on the trunk road gives one the impression of a fair or procession. They are in small groups, or travel in large parties, men old and young, children and women. All shuffle up the fine dust with their toes, or pointed shoes, and the air is filled with a choking precipitate of the kunker, or carbonate of lime nodules, which form the metalling of the road. Long strings of creaking country-carts, heavily laden with bales of cotton, and drawn by mild-eyed humped oxen, followed each other continuously towards Calcutta. The human current headed the other way. It is worth observing the immense difference between the young and the old of the poorer classes of Hindoos. The former are broad-chested, straight, muscular men, albeit from sitting on their "hunkers," as the Irish say, the muscles of the thigh are drawn up flat from the knee to the hip, and give them rather hollow thighs and large knees. The old men are bowed, and feeble, and thin exceedingly; their skin hangs in loose folds crossed with innumerable wrinkles, and beneath it the lank muscles and sinews can be seen working distinctly on and over the bones of the skeleton; it is darker than when they are young, and the creases look white, so that they have a disagreeable animal look, and seem as if they were covered with a hide instead of a skin. Each man carries his bamboo latee shod with iron, with a bundle at one end, and the unfailing loto, a

polished brass pot, used for cooking, and drinking, and drawing water, for which purpose there is a string attached to it hung at the other. Poor is the wretch who carries one of earthenware, and poor as he is he must, like poverty, pay more dearly than wealth does ever, for his earthen pot is broken after every meal. The halting-places under the trees at each side of the road are full of broken earthenware and whitened bones of cattle. The women carry bundles animate and inanimate; the former seated cross-legs over one big hip, and clasping their bearers round the neck, the latter on their shoulders. Children of all ages, from five to twelve, toddle along the road, taking their share in the family troubles. In no instance is a friendly glance directed to the white man's carriage. Oh, that language of the eye! Who can doubt? who can misinterpret it? It is by it alone that I have learned our race is not even feared at times by many, and that by all it is disliked. Pray God I have read it falsely. These passers-by are wondrously squalid and poorly clad. But already I have been told I must not judge from appearances in India. The climate does not demand the use of clothes. The people, I am told, when they are *chez eux*, take off as much of their cotton covering as they can. But I see a native "swell" pass me in a tatterdemalion shigram, or a quaint little shed upon wheels, a kind of tray placed in a bamboo framework, and he is dressed in shawls, and wrapped in profuse clothes. That signifies nothing. "Those fellows like to show how rich they are by sporting fine cashmeres and gold embroidery." "Then when men are rich they dress well, and nakedness and rags are a sign of poverty?" "My dear sir,

you are a griff; you don't understand those niggers yet." * * * * *

Before us there is a long line of roofs, temples, cupolas, pillars, minaret-like spires rising up on a high ridge, between which and the road as it melts away among the trees is a deep ravine. As we drive always amid dust, and trampling feet, and multitudes of people, the ridge seems to rise and the ravine to deepen. At last in the far side under the ridge, the eye catches a streak of water which becomes broader as we get nearer, and then we see that underneath the sacred city of Benares, washing the steps of its temples which stretch for miles along its bank, flows the Holy Ganges, spanned by a large bridge of boats. We had still a toilsome descent and struggle through deep sands left uncovered by the river, now at its lowest, ere the gharry arrived at the rude planks which form the causeway of the bridge. The city, seen from the right bank of the river, looks right glorious. If the Rhine flowed under the walls of the old city of Edinburgh, and swept along from the castle to Holyrood over the railway ravine, the scene would be *something* like that presented by Benares. But there are no lofty hills; no Calton; no Arthur's Seat in the distance. In lieu thereof, over the bridge towers the high mud walls and batteries of the Raj-ghaut fort, which was erected recently to secure the passage of the river. It was intensely hot when we got to the bridge, and the moment had just been selected to open it for the passage of some native boats downwards.

So General Garrett, his aide Dallas, Oxenden, and the whole party had to sit—and not cool their heels—till the process, which was directed by an extremely

irritable and intoxicated European, was at an end. Then a drive through a long street of detached houses and gardens, along a road bordered by fine trees, in which screamed legions of green parroquets, brought us, after some two or three miles, to the English station, where we took refuge in Charles' Hotel. (N.B. A hotel in India, up country, is a place where you can get everything that you bring with you, and *nothing* else, except bed and soda-water.) Here we had dinner and much argument; in fact, whether it be the heat, or the curry, or the state of one's liver, it seems that the disposition of Englishmen alters in India, and they become very argumentative and theoretical. There is not one point or view we advance which is not sure to be contradicted. Even if one says, "This is a hot day," another is sure to observe, "I don't agree with you. There was a nice breeze about three o'clock this morning; and if you had ever been at Stuffcote you would not call this hot." "Stuffcote! why I have been there—was there for years—and *I* call it one of the coolest stations in India." "What! in August?" "Yes; especially and most particularly in August. I have felt chilly in August, sir," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

Outside of Benares.—Allahabad: the fort.—A canvas wall.—The Governor-General's tent.—Lieut. P. Stewart.—A colonel of sepoys.—Poor Clarke!—Question and answer.—Railway terminus.—A short walk.—Gharrys for Cawnpore.—Sir Robert Garrett's tongue.—Hall at Futtehpoore.

February 9th.—Left Benares early, without seeing anything of it, except the long line of ghauts and temples, the outside of the college and of the church, the same of Dr. Ballantyne—whose name is identified with the former seat of learning, and whom I regretted I could not do more than shake for one moment by the hand—and the inside of Charles' Hotel. Our stout landlord, fertile-in-item-in-bill-compelling-resources, Saxonically and Bonifacically saw us off—a good easy man, who was happy in the belief that he kept rather a good hotel, and did good to all men thereby. The country outside the city is one great garden—fertile exceedingly; the road still thronged with cotton-carts, and pilgrims, and foot-passengers. On, on! all day, fast as we could go; but do what we could, daylight failed us ere the gharry reached the waste of sand which forms the uncovered bed of the Ganges, opposite Allahabad, and it was quite dark before we got on the bridge of boats which spans the now-diminished volume of the stream. Where to go, we knew not. The fort was closed at night-fall. The bungalow, when we reached it, was quite full; but we were told some tents were pitched on the esplanade in front

of the fort, by an enterprising person, who called them a hotel; and there, in fact, after driving about for an hour, we found shelter. Not only were there sleeping-tents in this welcome little camp, but a mess-tent, in which supper was ready, and to which the travellers did full justice. Each had a tent to sleep in, and each slept well in it, spite of the sniffing and howling of the jackals.

February 10th.—Is it not hot this morning? But is not this tub, and the great generous jars of cold water—is not this glorious ~~after~~ the smother and heat of the long journey! And the khitmutgar tells us there is grilled morghie, and eggs, and bacon, and tea, and beer, and jam for breakfast, and plenty of hot chupatties. It is true the flies make a stand-up fight with us for our meal; but we beat them in the end. The quartermaster-general of this camp is a livery-stable keeper as well, and so I hire a buggy from him, and drive over to the fort, within which the Governor-General's camp is pitched. This fort is worthy of the best days of the great Mahomedan conquerors and rulers of India. It came upon me like the vision of some distant land—like Ehrenbreitstein, or Edinburgh, or some great middle-age fortress. A massive face of rich red solid masonry, garnished with Saracenic loopholes, and embrasures, and peepholes, towered up solemnly from the waters of the Jumna and Ganges, which here mingle at the point of the rectangle on which the fort is placed. This melts away into certain ravelins and bastions, garnished with guns *en barbette*, and with embrasures. Then there is a fine broad glacis with a deep ditch, revetted on scarp and counterscarp—drawbridges, portcullis, all the materia

appearances of a great fortress are here. Strange, again, is it to think, that this city and those walls, which seem such essentials of our existence in India, were bestowed on us in times not beyond the memory of living man, by the ancestor of one who is now captive in our prisons. Excepting the rise of the United States, I know of nothing so rapid and so wonderful in the history of nations as the growth of our Indian empire. When Mandelslo, the attaché of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's envoy, whose travels, translated into English nearly 200 years ago, are well worth perusal now—when he, I say, visited India, he found the court of the Great Mogul in all its magnificence, and England was represented by a factory of merchants, at Ahmedabad, not remarkable for the purity of their lives or the cleanliness of their morals. How vast is now her empire in the East! how great her responsibilities! Had the gate through which I am now passing, been opened to the mutineers, who filled the station outside with murder and fire, it is not too much to say that, for the moment, the English empire in India was lost. All honour to the few who saved it! Had it been lost, there would have been scarce any one to blame. When Outram heard of our troubles, he wrote the most pressing and the most masterly state-paper respecting the paramount necessity of securing Allahabad. The necessity was admitted; the inability to meet it was deplored. Allahabad was saved by no act of Government, by no care of man; but by one of those extraordinary developments of accidental ability and energy in unlooked-for, and unexpected places, which are called interventions of Providence. Had such

things taken place at Meerut, or Cawnpore, we might now be revelling in false security. Now, all we can say is, with Agag, "Surely the bitterness of death is past!"

In a large *place d'armes*, into which I debouched from archway and port, I found a square wall of canvas, stiff and perpendicular, glistening in the sun. The place itself was a large green lawn, with avenues of trees, and walks leading to square blocks of buildings, crowded with soldiers. This wall was the screen which protected the Governor-General's camp from intrusion. Passing inside, by one of the portals—a chink in the canvas—I found myself in a spacious square with two rows of tents, pitched with great regularity, inside. Those on the right were large double tents, and before one floated the Governor-General's flag from a lofty staff.

After a short delay, I was told his Excellency would receive me, and I was introduced to one of those grand tents which would be a palace in the eyes of any field-marshal in Europe. A few servants, in the red and gold of the Viceroy's livery, were sitting under one of the spacious canvas eaves, where, indeed, the shade, even now, was not ungrateful. There were purdahs of fine matting, and doors, and flaps to pass, ere one could get inside. There soft Persian carpets received the feet in beds of flowers; the partitions of the tent, which was as large as a London saloon, were fitted with glass doors; but I was told afterwards, that Lord Canning had by no means carried tent-luxury to its fullest extent, and that, in fact, as Governor-General, he had rather curtailed the usual establishment. After a

moment's delay, the aide-de-camp in waiting told me his Excellency would see me, and I passed in through a partition into a tent where Lord Canning was sitting, surrounded by maps, and boxes, and papers, at a table covered with documents—just as I had first seen him. There was but little change in the situation. Just across the river, all Oude was in rebellion; and Lord Canning told me that the day before he distinctly heard the fire of the guns by which a petty rajah had announced his independence. Mr. Wingfield, at Goruckpore, was surrounded by enemies; but still he bravely held his own. (Remembering, now, the terms in which the Governor-General spoke of him, I am not surprised that, without favour, interest, or application, his Lordship appointed this gentleman, to his own surprise, Chief Commissioner of Oude.) He spoke to me of Maun-Sing, of the part he was playing, of the efforts he had made to save the lives of certain Englishmen; but as that chief is now high in favour, and is one of the props of our power in Oude, there would be no object in alluding to his Lordship's opinions of our ally. Again Lord Canning caused me to understand that he would in no way answer for Sir Colin Campbell's views in regard to my presence in his camp; but he was good enough to add, that, so far as he knew, there would be no objection to my being there, as it was of consequence that the operations which were about to take place should be made known to people at home. In order to facilitate my journey to Cawnpore, Lord Canning said he would introduce me to Lieutenant Patrick Stewart, the Deputy-Superintendent of the Indian Telegraphs,

whose name I had heard more than once from friends in Calcutta and elsewhere; he was also good enough to say, that any telegraphic despatches relating to the operations which I might wish to forward, could be sent next in order after important service messages. Of course, those facilities were given to the representative of a great English journal, the only one that had sent a representative to the seat of war; and I believe, that had any gentleman presented himself in a similar capacity to mine, he would have received the same reception and the same facilities.

After a long conversation, of which I have said quite enough, I went into one of the tents to present a letter of introduction to one of his Lordship's suite. A young slight active officer was sitting in a chair at a table, covered of course with papers, when I entered. That cheery genial voice, that bright look, full of intelligence and life, struck me at once. "L—— is not in just now; but I am a friend of his," quoth he; "and if I can be of any service, pray command me." When he knew my name and errand, he at once proposed to show me over the fort. I could not have had a more intelligent guide, and so we sauntered about the old lines of Akbar's engineers, and observed where his work was dovetailed into ours, and censured defects, and praised good points as long as we could stand the sun. As Stewart—for it was he—heard he was to accompany me to Cawnpore, we made arrangements for starting ere we parted. The rail, which once more makes a spasmodic effort to establish itself in India, here goes about halfway to Cawnpore. One is weary of thinking how much blood, disgrace, misery, and horror had been

saved to us if the rail had been but a little longer here, had been at all there, had been completed at another place. It has been a heavy mileage of neglect for which we have already paid dearly. But the bill is not yet settled in full.

Hereafter, and elsewhere, I will give some account of the mutiny at Allahabad. It was characterized by extreme blindness and want of foresight on our part; by the utmost cruelty and cowardice on the side of the mutineers. I was told, as a proof of the infatuated ignorance displayed by an officer, in reference to the feeling of their men, that the colonel of the sepoy regiment which committed the greatest excesses, having seen some statement in one of the Calcutta papers reflecting on the loyalty of his corps, wrote a very prompt denial, and further expressed the fullest reliance on the temper of his men, and their attachment to the service; that statement appeared in the same paper which contained in another column the announcement by telegraph of the mutiny of the regiment, and of the murder of the writer by his men! Had the mutineers attacked the few Europeans who, with a handful of Sikhs—themselves at times disorderly—composed the garrison of the fort, with vigour, they must have soon got possession of it; and with it in their hands, it would have been impossible for Havelock or Neill to have collected their columns, and to have proceeded to recover Cawnpore and secure the garrison of Lucknow. Every one felt that, if Allahabad had gone, it was scarcely possible to save India; that it did not fall was little short of a miracle, as we shall see hereafter. It was sad to see the walls of the roofless bungalows blackened by fire, the

pillars of the gateways prostrate, the wrecks of flower-gardens, where roses contended in vain with choking weeds; but I had seen worse at Balaklava, on the Katcha, and at Kertch. The outward features of war, mutiny, and wholesale murder are pretty much the same all over the world. Allahabad is destined to be the finest city in India, if the money can be found to make it so. So far as its situation is concerned, it has every requisite for an inland capital; but many years must elapse, and many thousands of pounds be spent, ere the full advantages of its position are developed.

February 11th.—Up early, preparing for our start, though the train does not go till 9.30. Met Lord Mark Kerr, who is in command of Her Majesty's 13th Regiment here, at the railway side, for there is no station, and had a slight inspection of the regiment, which marched past, with band playing, as a little mark of attention, I conceive, towards Sir Robert Garrett. Lord Mark, faithful to his peculiar vestimentary and sumptuary laws and customs, had his head uncovered and his hair cut short, the result of which was, that the sun had blistered his occiput severely. He wore his old Crimean blue stuff trowsers, and long untanned leather riding-boots. Like everyone else, Lord Mark was pining for active service; and having, as he says, as fine a regiment to march or fight as any Highlanders in the service, he is very anxious to be employed against Lucknow. In fact, if officers had their will, nobody would be in garrison at all; all would be in the front—a very fine feeling, but one which, without being unduly repressed, cannot be gratified to the detriment of the public service. Those

who know Lord Mark will be amused, and I am certain he will not be offended, at the repetition of the little incident at the railway station this morning. Among the passengers were a number of soldiers going back to their duty at Cawnpore, one of whom had yellow crossbelts, and seemed altogether, little as uniform is regarded in India, very oddly dressed. Lord Mark saw him, dashed down the bank at him, and came back in a few minutes in a terrible rage. "There! what do you think, General, of the discipline these fine fellows are kept in—one of your Highlanders, too! I asked that fellow who he was, and what regiment he belonged to. And what do you think was his answer—his answer to me, sir? Hang me, sir, but the fellow turned round, stared at me, and said, 'What the —— is that to you?' Did you ever hear such a thing?"

"Well, what did you say?"

"Say? Why I told him who I was; that I was Colonel of the 13th Regiment, and officer in command of the station; and then the fellow saluted, begged my pardon, and said, 'He never would have thought it!'"

Lord Mark did not mark the irony of the soldier, which was certainly so far founded on fact, that it would have been difficult for any one to have divined that the person who stood before him, dressed as I have described, with the addition of a ragged tunic of red calico, wadded with cotton, was a colonel in the army.

At last the train was ready, filled with soldiers, officers and their servants, and no passengers; for the Government has monopolized the train: and

only those who get tickets on service are permitted to go by it at présent. The carriages were old second-class invalids of English lines: but they were luxurious enough after the long journey in dust and sun. Stewart was ready to his time, and duly superintended by Captain Maxwell, the quartermaster-general, who acted as station-master, we started not more than one hour behind our time, which was not of any consequence, as there was no fear of collisions. How many of my fellow-passengers are gone to their account, or are disfigured by wounds, or enfeebled by the fevers and sicknesses, which in India leave their mark on a man for his lifetime! There is one, I see, before me now—a tall deep-chested fine young fellow—blue-eyed, tawny-maned—the old Scandinavian type, full of energy, “dying to see service,” hurrying up now to the front, with a wound, received in the first encounter he had with the enemy, not yet quite healed. Poor Clarke! The last time I saw him he was one of the most dreadful objects I ever beheld—burnt, black, and covered with blistered skin from head to foot, blown up by that horrid explosion of powder at Lucknow. But he was at peace, poor fellow! for ever; and great as his agony must have been, he carried none of it out of this world; for his face bore, at the moment of his death, as I was assured, a calm and peaceful expression. It is sad, indeed, to look back now in one’s mind, and to remember the conversation and the plans of those fellow-passengers who have since then gone on their long journey.

For some distance outside the station we passed through deserted villages, through lines of bungalows

devastated by fire; then we entered on a plain, burnt and dry, covered with bushes growing out of sand, the favourite resort of nyghy (blue cow), deer, and antelopes. Here and there were villages abandoned, and never very desirable. The stations, such as they were, seemed crude and incomplete. The bright hot sun lent no joyousness or pleasant life to those arboriferous wastes; and I was glad to arrive at the terminus of the line, which consisted of a cessation of the rails in the sand, at a place called Khaga, about sixty-five miles from Allahabad, at two o'clock. Under a grove of trees, filled with green parrots, and vultures, and buzzards, were pitched a few tents, which represented the station. The clerk and station-master was in one, sick with fever; the others were occupied by travellers waiting for daks, all of them connected with the public service. Those who were going towards Calcutta were invalids, some of them with their families. In griffinhood I admired the proportions of their establishments; but I could safely say, "*Haud equidem invideo, miror magis.*" A luxurious little baby was carried forth for a walk under the shade of the trees; it was borne in the arms of a fat ayah, beside whom walked a man, whose sole business it was gently to whisk away the flies which might venture to disturb baby's slumbers. Another man wheeled a small carriage, in which lay another little lord of the Indian creation, asleep, likewise with his human flapper by his side, whilst two ayahs followed the procession in rear; through the open door of the tent could be seen the lady-mother reading for her husband; a native servant fanned her with a hand-punkah; two little terriers, chained to a tree, were under the care of a separate

domestic. A cook was busy superintending several pots set upon fires in the open air, a second prepared the curry-paste, a third was busy with plates, knives, and forks. In the rear of the servants' tents, which were two in number—making, with the master's, four—were two small tents for the syces, grass-cutters, and camel-men, or doodwallahs, behind which were picketed three horses, three camels, and a pair of bullocks, and ere we left, another servant drove in a few goats, which were used for milking. I was curious to know who this millionaire could be, and was astonished to learn that it was only Captain Smith, of the Mekawattec Irregulars, who was travelling down country, with the usual train of domestics and animals required under the circumstances. The whole of this little camp did not contain more than eight or nine tents; but there were at least 150 domestics and a menagerie of animals connected with them. The tope was exceeding rich; the trees swarming with the common noisy green parrot, and with the ever-active squeaking squirrel.

As there were no gharrys ready for us, Stewart and I started off on a walk through the country—a short one—incited thereto by the possibility of putting up a deer, or slaying a jackal. The fields were covered with dall-crops—a tall pulse with deep green leaves, which grows to the height of seven or eight feet; narrow foot-paths led here and there through them, and appeared to form the boundaries of the fields. Whitish-grey mud walls, rising a foot or two above the level of the dall-fields, or visible through the topes, indicated the native villages, which seemed especially wretched, from the want of windows and the apparent absence of roofs to the houses. The natives we met

avoided us, skulking off by side-paths; and one or two women drawing water at a well, fled at our approach, as if we were demons. Their antipathy was shared by a herd, or drove, or flock of apes, which we encountered in one of the topes; a wilderness of young and old and middle-aged ladies and gentlemen, who chatted and grinned at us, from stumps and branches in endless variety of grimace and contortion. How is it that one is influenced by their offensive resemblance to humanity to abstain from shooting them? I am sure that a young quadrumane is by no means bad eating; but all are agreed that the sufferings of one wounded by the hunter are expressed in a manner so terribly human, as to cause great repugnance among those who have once killed an ape or monkey to fire at one afterwards. And yet they were very impudent indeed—scolding and abusing us as hard as they could chatter, whilst the matrons, in evident distrust, carried off their family to the remotest branches.

On our return we found gharrys waiting for us, and the whole of the party which had started from Allahabad set out for Cawnpore at five o'clock at night. As there was no advantage to be gained by arriving at the Cawnpore cantonments in the middle of the night, we halted on the road after half-an-hour's drive, and in the shade proceeded to make our dinner. Sir Robert Garrett had a preserved tongue in a tin case, like a huge red sugar-loaf, and a strong wish was expressed to investigate the interior, which would, it was supposed, form an agreeable addition to the resources of our banquet; but we had no means of opening it. It turned all the edges of our knives,

broke all their points, set forks and hunting-knives at defiance; at last, in a rage, we put it up on end against a tree, and I fired my revolver through the angle of the case, so as to make a hole in the tin. Having first made this lodgement in the salient, the rest of the work was easy, and the tongue almost answered our ardent expectations.

About seven we halted again at the bungalow, in a very decayed straggling old town, called Futtehpore. There were many sheds well-thatched, and substantial enough, in the court-yard, which had been erected for the soldiers on their march along the trunk-road; and again one read the old stereotyped inscriptions on the walls, which almost made me regret that writing was included in the branches of education taught to the soldier. Near us was encamped a small force—some infantry and guns. Sir Robert with Dallas set out to visit the camp, in order to see his old friend Colonel David Wood, who was in command, whilst Oxenden, Stewart, and myself managed to extricate a supper out of the Khansamah's very limited *repertoire*. At night the gharrys came round, and we rumbled along in peaceful sleep over the trunk-road by which Neill and Havelock had advanced to attack the Butcher of Cawnpore—a road, by the way, of which many of the trees had been hung with natives' bodies as the column under Neill and Renaud marched to open the way from Allahabad. I hear many stories, the truth of which I would doubt if I could. Our first spring was terrible; I fear our claws were indiscriminating.

CHAPTER XI.

Look at Cawnpore!—Its atrocities paralleled in History.—Azimoola Khan.—Strange curiosity in an Asiatic.—Barracks.—Miserable defensive position.—Camp of Sir Colin Campbell.—A compact.—The Highland bonnet.—Head-Quarters' staff-mess.—General Mansfield.—My tent and its attendants.—Dinner with the Commander-in-Chief.—The French General, Vinoy.

February 12th.—It 'was actually chilly last night! Dallas said he had never suffered so much from cold in all his life. It was 6·30 in the morning, when Stewart, who has the art of compressing himself into a very small compass, woke me up, "to look at Cawnpore." The scenes where great crimes have been perpetrated ever possess an interest, which I would not undertake to stigmatise as morbid; and surely among the sites rendered infamous for ever in the eyes of British posterity, Cawnpore will be pre-eminent as the magnitude of the atrocities with which it is connected. But, though pre-eminent among crimes, the massacre of Cawnpore is by no means alone in any of the circumstances which mark turpitude and profundity of guilt. We who suffered from it think that there never was such wickedness in the world, and the incessant efforts of a gang of forgers and utterers of base stories have surrounded it with horrors that have been vainly invented in the hope of adding to the indignation and burning desire for vengeance which the naked facts arouse. Helpless garrisons, surrendering under capitulation, have been massacred

ere now; men, women, and children have been ruthlessly butchered by the enemies of their race ere now; risings, such as that of the people of Pontus under Mithridates, of the Irish Roman Catholics against the Protestant settlers in 1641, of the actors in the Sicilian vespers, of the assassins who smote and spared none on the eve of St. Bartholomew, have been over and over again attended by inhuman cruelty, violation, and torture. The history of mediæval Europe affords many instances of crimes as great as those of Cawnpore; the history of more civilized periods could afford some parallel to them in more modern times, and amid most civilized nations. In fact, the peculiar aggravation of the Cawnpore massacres was this, that the deed was done by a subject race—by black men who dared to shed the blood of their masters, and that of poor helpless ladies and children. Here we had not only a servile war and a sort of Jacquerie combined, but we had a war of religion, a war of race, and a war of revenge, of hope, of some national promptings to shake off the yoke of a stranger, and to re-establish the full power of native chiefs, and the full sway of native religions. There is a kind of God's revenge against murder in the unsuccessful issue of all enterprises commenced in massacre, and founded on cruelty and bloodshed. Whatever the causes of the mutiny and the revolt, it is clear enough that one of the modes by which the leaders, as if by common instinct, determined to effect their end was, the destruction of every white man, woman, or child who fell into their hands—a design which the kindness of the people, or motives of policy, frustrated on many remarkable occasions. It must be remembered that

the punishments of the Hindoo are cruel, and whether he be mild or not, he certainly is not, any more than the Mussulman, distinguished for clemency towards his enemies. But philosophize and theorize as we may, Cawnpore will be a name ever heard by English ears with horror long after the present generation has passed away.

Whilst I am writing about it, I may as well relate an incident in connection with one of the Nana's chief advisers, which I mentioned to the Governor-General, who appeared much struck with it. After the repulse of the allies in their assault on Sebastopol, 18th June, an event closely followed by the death of Lord Raglan and a cessation of any operations, except such as were connected with a renewed assault upon the place, I went down for a few days to Constantinople, and, whilst stopping at Missirie's Hotel, saw, on several occasions, a handsome slim young man, of dark-olive complexion, dressed in an Oriental costume which was new to me, and covered with rings and finery. He spoke French and English, dined at the *table d'hôte*, and, as far as I could make out, was an Indian prince, who was on his way back from the prosecution of an unsuccessful claim against the East India Company in London. He had made the acquaintance of Mr. Doyne, who was going out to the Crimea as the superintendent of Sir Joseph Paxton's Army Works Corps, and by that gentleman he was introduced to me one fine summer's evening, as we were smoking on the roof of the hotel. I did not remember his name, but I recollect that he expressed great anxiety about a passage to the Crimea, "as," said he, "I want to see this famous city, and those great Roostums, the Russians, who have beaten

French and English together." Indeed, he added that he was going to Calcutta, when the news of the defeat of June 18th reached him at Malta, and he was so excited by it that he resolved to go to Constantinople, and endeavour thence to get a passage to Balaklava. In the course of conversation he boasted a good deal of his success in London society, and used the names of people of rank very freely, which, combined with the tone of his remarks, induced me to regard him with suspicion, mingled, I confess, with dislike. He not only mentioned his *bonnes fortunes*, but expressed a very decided opinion that unless women were restrained, as they were in the East, "like moths in candlelight, they will fly and get burned." I never saw or heard anything more of him till some weeks afterwards, when a gentleman rode up to my hut at Cathcart's Hill, and sent me in a note from Mr. Doyne, asking me to assist his friend Azimoola Khan in visiting the trenches, and on going out I recognized the Indian prince. I had his horse put up, and walked to the General's hut to get a pass for him. The sun was within an hour of setting, and the Russian batteries had just opened, as was their custom, to welcome our reliefs and working-parties, so that shot came bounding up towards the hill where our friend was standing, and a shell burst in the air at apparently near proximity to his post. Some delay took place ere I could get the pass, and when I went with it I found Azimoola had retreated inside the cemetery, and was looking with marked interest at the fire of the Russian guns. I told him what he was to do, and regretted my inability to accompany him, as I was going out to dinner at a mess in the

Light Division. "Oh," said he, "this is a beautiful place to see from; I can see everything, and, as it is late, I will ask you to come some other day, and will watch here till it is time to go home." He said, laughingly, "I think you will never take that strong place;" and in reply to me, when I asked him to come to dine with me at my friend's, where I was sure he would be welcome, he said, with a kind of sneer, "Thank you, but recollect I am a good Mahomedan!" "But," said I, "you dined at Missiric's?" "Oh, yes: I was joking. I am not such a fool as to believe in these foolish things. I am of no religion." When I came home that night I found he was asleep in my camp-bed, and my servant told me he had enjoyed my stores very freely. In the morning he was up and off, ere I was awake. On my table I found a piece of paper—"Azimoola Khan presents his compliments to Russell, Esquire, and begs to thank him most truly for his kind attentions, for which I am most obliged."

This fellow, as we all know, was the Nana's secretary, and chief adviser in the massacres at Cawnpore. Now, is it not curious enough that he should have felt such an interest to see, with his own eyes, how matters were going on in the Crimea? It would not be strange in a European to evince such curiosity; but in an Asiatic, of the non-military caste, it certainly is. He saw the British army in a state of some depression, and he formed, as I have since heard, a very unfavourable opinion of its *morale* and *physique*, in comparison with that of the French. Let us remember, that soon after his arrival in India he accompanied Nana Sahib to Lucknow, where they remained for some time, and are thought by those who recollect their tone and

demeanor, to have exhibited considerable insolence and *hauteur* towards the Europeans they met. Afterwards the worthy couple, on the pretence of a pilgrimage to the hills—a Hindoo and Mussulman joined in a holy excursion!—visited the military stations all along the main trunk-road, and went as far as Umballah. It has been suggested that their object in going to Simla was to tamper with the Goorkha regiment stationed in the hills; but that, finding on their arrival at Umballah, a portion of the regiment were in cantonments, they were able to effect their purpose with these men, and desisted from their proposed journey on the plea of the cold weather. That the Nana's demeanor towards us should have undergone a change at this time is not at all wonderful; for he had learned the irrevocable determination of the authorities to refuse what he—and, let me add, the majority of the millions of Hindoos who knew the circumstances—considered to be his just rights as adopted heir of the ex-Peishwa of the Mahrattas. When the great villany was planned is not now ascertainable; but it must be remarked, as a piece of evidence in some degree adverse to the supposition that Nana Sahib had successfully tampered with the troops at Cawnpore, that the latter did not evince any design of making him their leader, nor did they hold any communication with him on their revolt, and that they were all marching off for Delhi when he and his creatures went to their camp, and by his representations, promises, and actual disbursements, induced them to go back and assault Wheeler in his feeble entrenchments.

There, standing in the lightening morning, is their

melancholy outline in sharp relief against the sky ! At the first glance I was struck by the resemblance of those white walls, pierced in every direction with black shot-holes, shattered and rent and blackened with smoke, to the white buildings of Sebastopol, in rear of the Redan. But then, these before me are roofless, and stand in a large sandy plain away from any houses, except an échelonné line of sloping mud-walls, which once formed the sides of some native barracks, and which nearly join a deserted suburb of the station. A more miserable defensive position could scarcely be selected. The walls of the barracks show, that, instead of cover, they brought danger to the garrison. The low earth-work, hastily thrown up round the quadrangles, barely covered the head, and from their size must have been liable to be searched out by reverse and enfilading fire. "I will show you all over it by-and-by," quoth Stewart ; "and you will see what a place it was to select !" The dust and heat, for which Cawnpore is famous, made us rejoice to rush into the dilapidated building which served as an hotel—windows broken, and frames sometimes gone altogether, doors broken and unhinged, shot-holes through the walls, the only furniture a long table, some rickety chairs, and charpoys in the bed-rooms. But at least there was plenty of water, and there was something to stretch one's legs upon.

After breakfast, Stewart, who is charged to put the end of a telegraph wire into Sir Colin's hand wherever he goes, sets off to the camp, which is at some distance from the hotel, on a sandy elevated plain near the *tête-de-pont* which defends the bridge across the Ganges. The camp consists of the tents of the Head-Quarters'

Staff only, and is drawn in stiff precise lines, such as Indian quartermaster-generals delight in. Outside each tent hangs a little black board with the rank and title of the occupier described in white letters, thus : "Military Secretary," "Deputy Adjutant-General, Queen's Troops," "Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army," "Commissariat Office Head-Quarters," "Chief of the Staff," &c. The Commander-in-Chief's tent, undistinguished by aught else except its position, is marked by a union-jack pitched close to the adjacent mess-tent; and at the end of the street, a little in the rear, is the large tent of the Head-Quarters' Staff mess.

Whilst Stewart went off on his business, and to see his old friends, I made out Sir David Baird, senior Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief, and sent in my card. The flap of the little tent was raised immediately, and I made my bow to Sir Colin. He was "frank" and cordial. After a few remarks about the Crimea, his Excellency said, "Now, Mr. Russell, I'll be candid with you. We shall make a compact. You shall know everything that is going on. You shall see all my reports, and get every information that I have myself, on the condition that you do not mention it in camp, or let it be known in any way, except in your letters to England."

"I accept the condition, sir; and I promise you it shall be faithfully observed."

"You see," Sir Colin continued, "you will be among a set of young fellows here, surrounded, as all of us are, by natives who understand all that is going on better than we think. They talk about what is happening, or what is going to

take place; and all that gets to the ears of the enemy. So that our best plans may be frustrated. It is most essential for us to preserve secrecy in war, especially in a country like this." I could only assent to Sir Colin's remarks. As we were speaking, in came an officer with a number of despatches. "See," said Sir Colin, handing one to me, "we will begin our compact at once." (The despatch related to certain movements in the rebel force at Lucknow, and was of no great importance.) My interview was long and interesting—to me at least. Sir Colin seemed better, stronger, and more vigorous, than the last time I saw him, which was on his return to the Crimea. The first occasion that I can remember to have "laid eyes" on him was on the slope of the Alma, in rear of the Russian field-work, when he received Lord Raglan after the day was won, and when he made the request to be allowed to wear the Highland bonnet, of which so many absurd stories and versions were afloat at the time that are now precipitated into hard Scottish heads like pebbles fixed in concrete.

Three or four days afterwards, just as an odd little party were sitting in our much-relished room in Balaklava,—then fresh, vine-clad, grape-clustered,—in came Sir Colin, Highland bonnet on head, full of life and spirits. The "we" were Macdonald (93rd, the Provost Marshal); Romaine (Judge Advocate); Kingslake (Eöthen), who had come out to see the landing of the expedition; Layard (Nineveh), who had just come from on board the *Agamemnon*; Dr. Fowle Smith, and your humble servant. The reunion was broken up by a false alarm that the Russians were

coming down to attack us!—Ere I left to-day, he gave me some information with regard to his plans, and showed me the necessity imposed on one in his position to act with such caution that success must be the certain concomitant of every step. The delay, at which some people were affecting ill-bestowed wonder, resulted, he said, from two causes: the one was the necessity of completing his arrangements and securing every gun and man that could be had ere he marched against Lucknow; the other, his desire to be assured of the safety of the women and children who were travelling down the main trunk-road from Agra, where they had been in a state of *quasi* siege, and of constant alarm in the fort. They were strongly escorted, but the relief of Lucknow would have met with a heavy counterpoise if any accident had happened to these ladies: and it must be remembered that, as they travel down the road, they have an enemy on their left flank across the Ganges, that Calpee is occupied by another enemy on their right, and that numerous bands of rebels, strong enough in numbers to be considered as separate corps, are scouring the country not yet held by our troops. Ere I left, Sir Colin was good enough to invite me to his table; but as he gave me the option of joining the Head-Quarters' Staff-mess, I preferred availing myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of subscribing to the expense of maintenance, at the same time that I felt very sensibly the kindness of his Excellency.

Those who have experienced the difficulty of living on one's private resources at this time in India, well know how great was the accommodation afforded to me in joining the Staff-mess, over which my excellent

friend, Captain Goldsworthy, was now presiding as caterer. I was further enjoined by Sir Colin to make application to Captain Metcalfe for whatever I might require for the use of my tent, and I had at once to acknowledge the promptitude and courtesy of both the gentlemen I have named, in doing all they could to make me comfortable. I next paid my respects to General Mansfield, the Chief of the Staff, whom I had been acquainted with at Therapia. Like Sir Colin, he was surrounded by papers, plans, maps, and despatches; but the General is one remarkable for a *lucidus ordo* in head and in external matters. The faculties of observation, of deep thought, of self-command, of application, of firmness, and the possession of sagacity and penetration are chiselled on brow, forehead, and face, sharply and unmistakably. From over-work, perhaps—for the General is yet a very young man in regard to his rank, and does not look more than forty-two or forty-three years of age—his eyes, which are *per se* clear enough, have become impaired in vision, and he is obliged to wear glasses or spectacles, the use of which, combined with the cut of his lips, the *pose* of the head, which is thrown back with the chin forwards, gives General Mansfield an air of *hauteur*—some people say superciliousness—which is not found in him by those who are brought in contact with him, though it is unquestionably attributed to him by strangers who have merely judged by his looks. We had some conversation respecting what had been done and what was to be done; and, taking up a large map of India, the Chief of the Staff pointed out with clearness and sequence, the operations and their results, and the work before

us : exhibiting, as he did so, very remarkable powers of memory in respect to the position and strength of regiments, and complete mastery of the combinations by which the reduction of Lucknow and of Oude, and the restoration of our power in Rohilcund and in Central India were to be effected. I learned to-day, for the first time, that Sir Colin, when he marched up from Cawnpore to Futtehghur, after routing the Gwalior people, intended to have crossed into Rohilcund and to have swept it clear of the enemy ; but that Lord Canning conceived the political effect of leaving Lucknow in the hands of the rebels would be so mischievous that the city should be taken ere Rohilcund was invaded. Hence the delay at Futtehghur ; because, in order to besiege Lucknow, it was necessary to get a siege-train from Agra and elsewhere ; and all preparations were kept as secret as possible, and in order to deceive the enemy a bridge was prepared at Futtehghur, whilst our guns were being slowly massed together, and the material for the siege collected. There were dreadful cries of distress from Calcutta all this time ; but Sir Colin could not afford to appease them by revealing his plans to all the world.

When I left the General, I found that my tent was already struggling into life at the corner of the street, opposite the Chief's. " Who is coming here now ? " asked Colonel Pakenham, who was passing by at the time. " I have seen a great many distinguished people take up their abode here for a short time." In fact, the site was that given to *généraux passagers*, and others, and it had, as I learned from the adjutant-general's remark, witnessed many changes of fortune. But what a tent it was ! True, only a simple single

pole ; but then it was on the Indian establishment. I thought of the miserable little shell of rotten calico, under which I braved the Bulgarian sun, or the ill-shaped tottering Turkish tent in which Collingwood, Dickson, and I had suffered from insects, robbers, and ghosts, not to mention hunger, in the onion bed at Gallipoli ; of the poor fabric that went to the winds on the 14th November before Sebastopol ; of the clumsy Danish extinguisher-shaped affair under which I once lived, and was so nearly "put out," and then I turned round and round in my new edifice in ever-renewed admiration. The pole is a veritable pillar, varnished or painted yellow, with a fine brass socket in the centre ; from the top spreads out the sloping roof to the square side walls. The inside is curiously lined with buff calico with a dark pattern, and beneath one's feet a carpet of striped blue and buff laid over the soft sand is truly Persian in its yielding softness. There is no furniture. "We must send down to the bazaar," says Stewart, "and get tables, chairs, and charpoys (bedsteads), and whatever else we want, such as resais, or quilted cotton bedclothes, which serve as sheets, blankets, and mattresses, all in one." "But how on earth am I to carry all those things?" "Make your mind quite easy about that ; you have only to make a requisition on the commissariat and they'll provide animals enough to carry all Cawnpore, with you, if you are ready to pay for it." Not unused to campaigning, I confess this fertility of resource was surprising to me ; and there was still more novelty attached to my position when on going out of my tent I found myself the centre of a small levée, whilst Simon, acting as a general master of the ceremonies, introduced to

my notice the two kelassies, or tent-pitchers, and a sprite in attendance, the bheesty, or water-carrier, the mehter, or sweeper, all attached to the tent; and then, a host of candidates for various imaginary employments whom I dismissed instantaneously. All these gentlemen salaamed and hit their foreheads in great subjection, and then retired under the projecting eaves of the tent, where they smoked, talked, ate, and slept. To each tent there is generally attached a small pall, or low ridge-pole tent, for the servants; and another little canvas structure placed in the rear; but as yet there were no palls issued, and the servants slept out in the open air, and under the eaves of the tent.

The camp is on a high sandy slab, which forms, in fact, the level of the plain above the river. Some forty tents, dispersed in one long street with an open square in the centre—a camp, all of officers, and no soldiers. I dined with the Commander-in-Chief in the evening. The head of the table was occupied by Captain Metcalfe, Commandant at Head-Quarters, and Interpreter to his Excellency. Opposite to him sat Colonel Sterling, the Military Secretary; Sir David Baird, Captain Alison, and Captain Forster, Aides-de-Camp, and one or two invited officers, completed the party. There can be no more genial host or pleasant company than Sir Colin. His anecdotes of the old war, of his French friends—made friends in the vicissitudes of field-service—are vigorous and racy; but when you think of the dates, you are rather puzzled to imagine how the gentleman who sits beside you, looking so hardy and active, can have participated in the scenes which occurred so many years before, and mingled with people who have so long ago departed from the

world. He is no dull *laudator temporis acti*, but gives to the present all its due. There is no parade or display at his table, but everything is very comfortable and very good. I was able to tell Sir Colin some news of his old friend in the Crimea, General Vinoy, with whom I had travelled to Paris, and who was loud in his praise of "*Mon bon ami, Ser Colan*," and of the famous revolver he had received of him as a *gage d'amitié*, that did good service on the memorable day of the capture of the Malakhoff. Their friendship is not interrupted; for his Excellency told me he had received a long interesting letter from General Vinoy, in which he exhibited great interest in the progress of our arms in India, and expressed a strong opinion against the infliction of indiscriminate punishment; adding, that in his experience of war, *les représailles sont toujours inutiles*. As I had not been able to get horses, Sir Colin was kind enough to say that I might have the use of his stud till I had succeeded in procuring some sort of quadruped—a favour which the difficulty of walking about the station made me appreciate all the more.

CHAPTER XII.

Wheeler's intrenchment.—Windham's position.—The two parts of an Indian station.—An imaginary review.—The Cutchery.—A Bedouin of the Press.—Generals cannot "do the graphic."—Bottled beer.—Members of our mess.—School of dialectics.—Improved life of Europeans.—Want of sympathy for natives.—Up-country life and Calcutta life.—Sir Hugh Wheeler's ayah.—Sir Archdale Wilson.—Captain Peel and his blue jackets.—Cawnpore dust.—"A shave of old Smith's."—Cawnpore in its palmy days.—Beggars and wigwam villages.

February 13th.—The tent-equipage not being quite complete, went down to the hotel after dinner last night. Early this morning, drove over in a hired buggy, with Stewart, to Wheeler's intrenchment. To describe it would be to repeat my letter written at the time. The difficulty, in my mind, was to believe that it could ever have been defended at all. Make every allowance for the effects of weather, for circumstances, it is still the most wretched defensive position that could be imagined. Honour to those who defended it! Pity for their fate! Above all, pity for the lot of those whom those strong arms and brave hearts had failed to save from the unknown dangers of foul treachery! It was a horrible spot! Inside the shattered rooms, which had been the scene of such devotion and suffering, are heaps of rubbish and filth. The intrenchment is used as a *cloaca maxima* by the natives, camp-followers, coolies, and others who bivouac in the sandy plains around it. The smells are revolting. Rows of gorged vultures sit with outspread wings on the mouldering parapets,

or perch in clusters on the two or three leafless trees at the angle of the works by which we enter. I shot one with my revolver; and as the revolting creature disgorged its meal, twisting its bare black snake-like neck to and fro, I made a vow I would never incur such a disgusting sight again.

From this spot we made our way over to Windham's position, on the second day of his engagement with the Gwalior force, swelled by many thousands of armed natives and by fugitives from Oude. In the Appendix, will be found all I have to say on this matter. Thence we returned through part of the native city, which is like the worst part of Gallipoli; narrow tortuous streets of tumble-down houses, which must have been built of the materials of some city that perished from rottenness. Still it teems with life, and there is far more noise, bustle, and business in those crowded thoroughfares than in our Turkish town. Again I am struck by the scowling, hostile look of the people. The bunniahs bow with their necks, and salaam with their hands, but not with their eyes. There is not a European to be seen, for there are few soldiers near Cawnpore. They are away over beyond that sandy shore at the other side of the Ganges. You see the green trees rising above that belt of sand, and the level strip of cultivated land? Our soldiers are massed there, along the road which leads in a straight line from Cawnpore to Lucknow by this bridge of boats just below us. The line of earthworks from which the bridge springs constitutes the *tête-de-pont* left in Windham's charge, now greatly strengthened. Hundreds of coolies, men, women, and children are working, as you see, at it now. Clouds of dust are

shovelled up by their feet as they move backwards and forwards with little baskets full of earth to deepen the parapet.

You find by degrees, that an Indian station consists of two parts : the cantonments of the Europeans, the native city and bazaar. The west and the east end are far apart, separated by a waste common, or by fields, or gardens. Belgravia is not so much removed from Houndsditch in *feeling*, modes of life, and thought, as our western station from our eastern bazaar. There is no bond of union between the two, in language, or faith, or nationality. The west rules, collects taxes, gives balls, drives carriages, attends races, goes to church, improves its roads, builds its theatres, forms its masonic lodges, holds cutchery, and drinks its pale ale. The east pays taxes in the shape of what it eats grown on taxed land, grumbles, propagates, squabbles, sits in its decaying temples, haunts its rotting shrines, washes in its failing tanks, and drinks its semi-putrid water. Between the two there is a great gulf fixed : to bridge it over is the work reserved for him who shall come to stabilitate our empire in the East, if ever he comes at all. The European station is laid out in large rectangles formed by wide roads. The native city is an aggregate of houses perforated by tortuous paths, so that a plan of it would resemble a section of worm-eaten wood. The Europeans live in detached houses, each surrounded by walls enclosing large gardens, lawns, out-offices. The natives live packed in squeezed-up tenements, kept from falling to pieces by mutual pressure. The handful of Europeans occupy four times the space of the city which contains tens of thousands of Hindoos and Mussul-

men. The sole mark of the rule of the former which exists in the latter, is apparently a large native house, from the top of which floats a flag, and in front of which is a group of natives in blue cotton tunics, with red piping and tulwars by their sides. They are the police, and the house is the kotwalee, or residence and office of the native mayor, or kotwal. The Russianized air of our stations particularly strikes me; and from what I can hear of the Muscovite cantonments in Georgia, they must in actual form, and in their social relations, be very like our own in India. But there is this great dissimilarity in the latter and in the former case, that the Georgians are Christianized and Russianized this many a long year.

"Whose buggy is that, preceded by two native troopers, and followed by five or six armed natives running on foot?" "That is the magistrate and collector." "What does he do?" "He sits in cutchery to settle civil cases, and collects the revenue, and adjusts matters connected with the civil administration of the province—for it is one—confided to his control. He is the burra sahib, or big man, of the station."

"Who is that in the smart gharry, with servants in livery?" "That is the chaplain of the station, who marries, and baptizes, and performs service for the Europeans." "Does he go among the natives?" "Not he; he leaves that to the missionaries, of whom there are lots here; but he has a school, which children may attend or not, as they please; and he is a very good chaplain, and very much liked and respected."

"Well: and who comes next along the drive, in that very smart buggy, with the bay mare?" "That

is the doctor of the station. He attends the sick Europeans. He also gets, under certain circumstances, head-money for every native soldier in garrison." "Does he attend them?" "I should think not! Why, how on earth could he attend a lot of niggers?" "But why is he paid for them?" "Ah, that is another matter. You must understand our system a little better before you can comprehend things of this sort."

"Who is this jolly-looking fellow on the grey arab?" "That is the judge of the station: a very good fellow; all judges are rather slow coaches, you know. They do the criminal business, and it is not much matter if they make mistakes, as they don't meddle with Europeans. When they can do nothing else with a fellow, in the civil service, they make him a judge." And so, in review, there passed before us the chiefs of an imaginary station, deputy collectors, assistants, *et hoc genus omne*—a wonderful genus! a race of prætors, ædiles, proconsuls, and consuls, more than worthy of Rome, and fully worthy of England, or of the civilization she inherits. Some I had met that day; for, in the course of our drive, we came upon a bungalow surrounded with natives in array, with brass badges on their breasts and swords by their sides, and some with shouldered firelocks. "This is the catchery, and nearly all the civilians live together and have a little mess." So we called; nearly every one was out, as we have seen, but there was a wounded officer in one room, and a sick one in another, and the servants looked as if they expected we were coming to live there, as a matter of course, and suggested to us several drinks as an initiatory

process. When we returned to the hotel, we found that General Garrett was still there with his aides, as it had been communicated to him that the trunk-road was not safe, and there was not an escort ready for him. At the hotel were many officers waiting for an opportunity to join their regiments.

February 14th.—Sunday. All is ready in my tent, and I move up to the camp and begin once more this life under canvas, which makes us all feel that there is a Bedouin drop in our blood that only requires a little play to make it dangerous to civilised life. We are waiting here for some days, and there is little use in transcribing the daily details of an imperfect diary. I do not know whether a Bedouin of the press, being a sort of pariah, is not a wilder creature than the more orthodox members of the Rechabite order. Our life was, however, a simple one. Just as the sun began to throw up a light lemon-coloured semicircle into the broad shield of the blue night, a stifled sort of life woke up with it in camp. The servants came with tea to their masters; the syces brought round horses to the front, and out went the early Indians for a gallop or canter before breakfast. I confess that the dust at Cawnpore always repelled me from those morning rides. One got hot, stuffy, and powdered all over with impalpable, but visible leg-bones, and skulls, and mud, and nastiness, which the bath could scarcely clear away. And so I waited in general till seven o'clock; then had a bath, and at nine walked over to the mess-tent, where breakfast was ready as we entered. Each man's servant brought over from the tent his chair, knives

and forks, plates, salt and pepper castors, and placed them properly at the mess-table. The breakfasts were not to be despised. Tea or coffee, goats' milk, butter, bread, chuppaties, fish, mutton-chops, or, grills, and curries. Then came a long slice of the day devoted to business. I hunted about for news from tent to tent, or heard what was doing from Sir Colin, who came over to me with papers, and explained the daily position of affairs; and I learned—not to the detriment of the public service; not to the diminution of my self-respect; not to the deterioration of the relations between the Commander-in-Chief and the person whom he thus permitted to know his councils—that which it was of advantage for the people of England to know.

Generals cannot write long despatches; they cannot “do the graphic;” they cannot always tell all the truth. Without saying that long despatches are always instructive; that the graphic is always agreeable or desirable in the horrors of war, or that the truth is always pleasant, it cannot be denied that the people of England like them all and all together. And here let me say, that I do sincerely believe, if gentlemen in the capacity in which I presented myself, had come out to Sir Colin Campbell, properly accredited, they would have received the same courtesies, facilities, and kindnesses which I shall ever acknowledge, though I quite dissociate them from my person, and attach them unreservedly to the mission on which I was sent, and which to the best of my ability I endeavoured to fulfil. I received no instructions or suggestions, as I had no prejudices to justify or destroy, or views to

support or demolish ; so, if in the end I had no violent theories to defend, I hope I had no great antipathies to conciliate.

This Cawnpore life was an old friend with a new face. If the face had not been quite so hot, so muddy, and so dusty, I am fain to admit I should have liked it the better. At two o'clock, there came the great ordeal of lunch, or tiffin, in the mess-tent—more curries and chops, and cold meat and pickles, and pale ale. You knew it was very wrong, but it was also very nice ; and whatever a man's liver says next day, it is a remarkably complicitous witness, and its evidence is very *ex post facto*. Surely the Strasbourg goose would die pleasantly if he could but share the fate of his Indian-influenced brother. Where in the world does *foie gras* present itself to the ultimate victim of its aggrandizement in so attractive a form ? where is pale ale so like the finest ideal of nectar—bright, clear, Rabelaisian—a cool Niagara of wit and pleasure, rushing, with insouciant glee, down into the great abyss, in a foam of sick-certificates and abscesses ? A bottle of beer !—Why, it is nothing. I know men who take three at tiffin. I know men who declare they know men who take a dozen bottles of beer in the day, and that they—the takers—are all the better for it.

Just as the sun is setting, round come the nags to each tent-door, and there is a rush out into the dust, until the darkness is felt. Then there is a helter-skelter home, and a hasty bath, and dinner. The tent-table is spread with a clean cloth, and lights, numerous if not dazzling. As at breakfast, each

member has his own fork, knife, spoons, plates, and other paraphernalia. The soup is served, as it only can be had in India—hot as the sun, thick with bones and meat—a veritable warm jelly. Then comes the fish—roach, or some cognate Cyprinus, hateful to me as Ganges-fed; then joints of gram-fed mutton, commissariat beef, curries of fish, fowl, and mutton, stews, and ragouts, sweets of an intensely saccharine character, with sherry, beer, and soda-water, and now and then a pop of Simpkin, or champagne. Our mess usually consists of Colonel Pakenham, Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Queen's Forces; Major Norman, Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army; Major Stewart, Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General; Captain Allgood, Deputy Quartermaster-General; Major Apthorp, Postmaster; Captain Johnson, Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General; Captain Tombs, Paymaster of the Force; Colonel Young, Judge-Advocate; Captain Robertson, Deputy Judge-Advocate; Captain Fitzgerald, Chief of the Commissariat; Lieutenant Goldsworthy, President and Commissariat officer of Head-Quarters' Camp; Mr. Clifford, 9th Lancers, Surgeon to the Chief and Head-Quarters; to whom were subsequently added Dr. McAndrew, Principal Medical Officer; Dr. Tice; Colonel McPherson, Quartermaster-General; Captain Seymour (Her Majesty's 84th), Assistant Adjutant-General. One of the mess had an exterior which I find thus described: "figure, lean and angular; narrow round shoulders; big splay feet; hair fiery-red, dishevelled, and matted in snaky masses; beard and whiskers, if possible, more red and fierce than the hair; forehead low and receding, but broad and bumpy over the

brows, which are two elongated white knobs, from which spring a few red hairs; eyes feline; nose large, coarse, aquiline; mouth huge and coarse, covered as to the upper lip with red hairs, growing wildly in carrot-coloured spikes and garnished with a few massive fangs, the intervals between which are filled up with small metal spikes, on which teeth had once been fixed by dentistic art." But this queer outside belonged to a man of ability, though his mortal structure was unquestionably of an unusual sort. He had read a good deal, and had mastered the outward works of the Aristotelian logic. He always commenced at first principles, and set argument on a right basis, by questioning every statement made, in the most general and uncontroversial spirit. Of course this failing was a source of much quiet amusement to us. Suppose one said at table, "I think the Zemindars are against us," there was one voice heard at once, "Why do you think so? I think the contrary. I call on you for proofs:"—or that it was remarked, "Jones nearly rode over a boy this morning close to the church," our friend would remark, "Nearly is a relative adverb in reference to time or space; and, from what I heard Jones say, I believe it was several hundred yards from the church; nor is it established that it *was* a boy." Of course there was a school of dialectics thus established, in which there were many pupils for the fun of the thing. But, on the whole, our life was placid, peaceable, and animal in those early Rechabite times.

The good old hookah days are past; cheroots and pipes have now usurped the place of the aristocratic silver bowl, the cut-glass goblets, and the twisted

glistening snake with silver or amber mouth-piece. It was somewhat expensive, as it had special attendants attached to it. It seems as if the facility of communication with England deorientalizes men—they acquire less of the habits of the country and retain more of those of their own. They spend less money; for they look forward to enjoying themselves on a lengthened leave in England, or in accumulating comfortable additions to their pensions. The race of Eurasians is not so freely supplied with recruits. It is now very rare and shameful for an officer, civil or military, to live in a state which was normal last generation. The mode of building bungalows has altered. There is now no beebie's house—a sort of European zenana. But yesterday, in again visiting the slaughter-house at Cawnpore, the friend who was with me said he thought it had been a portion of the house of some officer or official, and that the compound had been the residence of some native woman. There are now European rivals to those ladies at some stations. It was the topic of conversation the other day at mess, that the colonel of a regiment had thought it right to prohibit one of his officers from appearing publicly with an unauthorized companion at the band parade; and the general opinion was that he had no right to interfere. But the society of the station does interfere in such cases, and though it does not mind beebies or their friends, it rightly taboos him who entertains their white rivals. European equipages have been substituted for palanquins and their numerous attendants. Instead of inclining to settle in India, the European looks more to home than ever he did; and

the number of those who fix themselves for the rest of their days in some pleasant "sunny" angle of Bengal is diminishing.

Next to my griffinish wonder at the want of white faces, has been my regret to perceive the utter absence of any friendly relations between the white and the black faces when they are together. Here comes a trooper—a tall fine old fellow, with face as fair as that of many a sunburnt soldier from England—he carries a despatch for the Lord Sahib—he has ridden with it fifty miles through a country full of rebels. The old Sikh asks for the tent of the Chief; he dismounts, sticks his lance in the ground, fastens his panting horse to it, and stalks in his long leather boots—his heels, perhaps, stuck up in a crease of the leather six inches above the sole—through the camp. It is ten to one if a soul notices him, and if he goes to a wrong tent he is saluted with an adjuration, and a request to go to a place far beyond the limits of the camp, by the angry young gentleman who has been disturbed in his "Pendennis," or in the contemplation of a fine "ash." The old soldier will follow his own sahib to the last; but for strange sahibs he has not much regard, and he thinks it's their nature to be rough and rude, and so he shuffles forth on his cruise, looking hopelessly about for the dera, till some kind mortal compassionates his distress. What is the old trooper's revenge? Why, he sticks in our service, saving up money and remitting it to his family—retires on his pension, and then, when his last hour is near, his last act is to try and get his name "scratched," so that he may not *die* in the service of the stranger.

Of course there are many exceptions, or rather

these cases of discourtesy were the large exceptions to the rule in dealing with the natives. Some of our officers appear to possess their confidence to a most extraordinary extent. I say appear, because, after what has happened, few can be sure of the feelings of these men. Look at the domestic servants in camp; the tones in which they are spoken to have rarely one note of kindness, often many of anger in them. Look at the boxwallahs, who come round with all kinds of nick-nacks, stationery, perfumery, and such things, and see how hard it is to bear the cruel and unmeaning practical jokes to which they are exposed, by men who have ceased many years ago to be school-boys. Our camp is full of significant, if small, indications of a mocking and unsympathizing spirit which, no doubt, the native reciprocates. There is no such enemy to a black skin as your Anglo-Saxon who has done so much for liberty. In his hands, slavery, which the Spaniard, the Portuguese, and even the Frenchman, made compatible with some degree of friendly feeling of intercourse and of mutual good-will, became so hard and dreadful, that his own love of freedom revolted at the results of his involuntary prejudices. We see the exercise of those antipathies developed in the anti-slave-States of the Union, as well as the Carolinas; whilst in South America, as I am told, the relation between master and slave is like that which prevails in Russia between proprietor and artizan serfs. It may be that the native is more to blame for the gulf between us than we are; for his religion digs it deep. He will walk with us, talk with us; but, like Shylock, he will not eat with us, drink with us, or pray with us. Still there is no

Curtius' spirit among us to leap into the chasm. How unlike all this up-country life is to Calcutta, where I was asked to dine with a large party at a rajah's, and where the wealth of the natives, and the long denationalization of the Europeans, smooth the way to larger and more liberal relations between them. But again : how utterly unfit to rule, or legislate for, or comprehend India, or anything Indian but Calcutta, must the Calcutta European be !

For several days I have nothing to put down of any consequence. The Ava has sunk, and with her my first letter from India. The second was merely leaves of my note-book, and some loose pages written to save a mail, on my arrival in Cawnpore. I have been very anxious to find out all particulars about the Cawnpore massacre ; but as yet all is obscure. The excellent chaplain of the station, Mr. Moore, brought up an old woman who was ayah in Sir Hugh Wheeler's household, and was present at the massacre at the boats ; but she gave a very confused and incoherent account of all that passed, and at last burst into tears, which put an end to her story. One fact is clearly established ; that the writing behind the door, on the walls of the slaughter-house, on which so much stress was laid in Calcutta, did not exist when Havelock entered the place, and therefore was not the work of any of the poor victims. It has excited many men to fury—the cry has gone all over India. It has been scratched on the wall of Wheeler's intrenchment, and on the walls of many bungalows. God knows the horrors and atrocity of the pitiless slaughter needed no aggravation. Soldiers

in the heat of action need little excitement to vengeance.

I had almost forgotten, so very little is his presence remarked in camp, that Sir Archdale Wilson of Delhi is here in charge of the artillery. He has a little mess of his own, consisting of Major Johnson, Colonel Hogge and Biddulph ; and he is rarely seen except in the evening, when he walks about with his cheroot in his mouth. I hear now, that much of the kudos he received was undeserved, and rather that it belonged to his subordinates. He is said to have been vacillating, undecided, and desponding, and at the supreme moment he was overcome, and unable to give any orders—so Delhi men tell me. As an artillery officer, he was for continual hammering, and doing everything by artillery. He is a tall soldierly-looking man, with a small brow, quick eye, and large, feeble mouth. But whatever his demerits or virtues, he was commander of the army before Delhi when the place fell, and his honours are due to him, and to his position.

Captain Peel and his blue jackets, with their heavy guns, are in advance on the road to Lucknow ; but I see him often in camp. He rides over to confer with Sir Colin, and perhaps to “chide each dull delay” by his impetuous gallant spirit. His white trousers unstrapped, a pair of hunting-spurs on his shoes, a blue undress frock coat, with the post-captain’s three gold bands on the cuff, and a cap with a white cover—his invariable rig—mark him as a sailor. There is apparently nothing doing here ; but, besides the duty imposed on the Chief of waiting for Jung Bahadoor to

enter Oude and to see the Agra convoy safe, there is something yet to be done in the way of getting up matériel. Thousands of coolies, and of men, women, and children-labourers are busy on the works of the *tête-de-pont*, or rather are lazy on them. The dust of the whole neighbourhood for miles round, as these people go to and return from their labour, is distressing. All the country about Cawnpore is covered with the finest powdered dust, two or three inches deep, which rises into the air on the smallest provocation. It is composed of sand, pulverized earth, and the brick powder and mortar of the dilapidated houses; whatever, in fact, can turn into dust. As the natives shuffle along, their pointed slippers fling up suffocating clouds of this unpleasant compound, and when these slippers are multiplied by thousands, the air is filled with a floating stratum of it, fifteen or eighteen feet high, and extending over the whole of the station. Even in the old days, when the roads were watered, the station of Cawnpore had a bad notoriety for dust. What an earthquake to shake to pieces, what a volcano to smother with lava and ashes, has this mutiny been! Not alone cities, but confidence and trust have gone, never more to be restored!

Among those heaps of dust and ashes, those arid mounds of brick, those new-made trenches, I try in vain to realize what was once this station of Cawnpore. The solemn etiquette, the visits to the Brigadier and the General *en grande tenue*, the invitations to dinner, the white kid-gloves, the balls, the liveries, the affectation of the *plus haut ton des hauts tons*, the millinery anxieties of the ladies, the ices, and champagne, and supper, the golden-robed Nana Sahib, moving about

amid haughty stares and ill-concealed dislike. "What the deuce does the General ask that nigger here for?" The little and big flirtations, the drives on the road—a dull, ceremonious pleasure—the faded fun of the private theatricals, the exotic absurdities of the masonic revels, the marryings and givings in marriage, the little bills done by the rich bunneahs, the small and great pecuniary relations between the station and the bazaar, the sense of security—and then on all this exaggerated relief of an English garrison-town and watering-place, the deep gloom of apprehension—at first "a shave of old Smith's," than a well-authenticated report, then a certainty of disaffection—rolling like thunder-clouds, and darkening the glassy surface of the gay society till it burst on it in stormy and cruel reality. But I cannot.

"Ah! you should have seen Cawnpore in its palmy days, when there were two cavalry regiments here, a lot of artillery, and three regiments of infantry in the cantonments. Chock full of pretty women! The private theatricals every week; balls, and picnics, and dinners every evening. By Jove! it's too horrible to look at it now!" And so, indeed, it was. But one is tempted to ask if there is not some lesson and some warning given to our race in reference to India by the tremendous catastrophe of Cawnpore? How are we to prevent its recurrence? I am deeply impressed by the difficulty of ruling India, as it is now governed by force, exercised by a few who are obliged to employ natives as the instruments of coercion. That force is the base of our rule I have no doubt; for I see nothing else but force employed in our relations with the governed. The efforts to improve the condition of the

people are made by bodies or individuals who have no connection with the Government. The action of the Government in matters of improvement is only excited by considerations of revenue. Does it, as the great instructor of the people, the exponent of our superior morality and civilization—does it observe treaties, show itself moderate, and just, and regardless of gain? Are not our courts of law condemned by ourselves? Are they not admitted to be a curse and a blight upon the country? In effect, the grave, unhappy doubt which settles on my mind is, whether India is the better for our rule, so far as regards the social condition of the great mass of the people. We have put down widow-burning, we have sought to check infanticide; but I have travelled hundreds of miles through a country peopled with beggars and covered with wigwam villages.

CHAPTER XIII.

Action at Meeangunj.—Sir Colin Campbell and Jung Bahadoor.—Hindoo temples mined.—Moonlight walk with Sir Colin.—Notes on the birds.—A bad day for quadrupeds.—Fishing in the Ganges.—Morning devotions.—Our first haul.—Plan of attack on Lucknow.—General notion of our plan of attack.—Astonishment of an old Sikh.—Scene of the Cawnpore tragedy. Divine service in the ruined church.—A distant cannonade.—Reports of spies.—The enemy in immense force.—The Adjutant-General.—A near approach to ubiquity.—Camp of the Agra convoy.—Rotting corpses.

February 18th.—Norman came over to me with an account of a little action at Meeangunj, over in Oude, —a sanguinary affair for the enemy. It was an attack on an old walled town in which were some mutineers and rebels. The place was gallantly attacked; but the men gave way to some license, and Hope Grant had to punish the criminals of Her Majesty's gallant 53rd pretty sharply. The cavalry charged the run-aways, among whom were many townspeople, and cut them down indiscriminately. "Indeed, how could they discriminate?"

After breakfast Colonel Sterling showed me some interesting papers relating to the relief of Lucknow. It seems that the necessities of the garrison had from time to time been greatly exaggerated, and that Have-lock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell have all in turn been deceived with respect to the quantity of supplies in the Residency, and the period for which the besieged could be fed. Had Sir Colin Campbell known the real state of the case, he could have waited some

time longer, and have collected such a force as would have enabled him to have occupied Lucknow, instead of retiring from it with the women and garrison, and giving it up to the enemy. Recollecting the statements in the papers just before I sailed, I was much surprised when I found that Sir Colin had only 4000 men to relieve the Residency. When he announced his intention to retire, Outram asked if he had the authority of the Governor-General in Council to do so. Sir Colin telegraphed at once, and received Lord Canning's permission to act according to the best of his judgment. Meantime, he had fixed on Alumbagh for the site of the post of observation, to be left under Outram, as a kind of intimation to the Lucknow people that the British were not losing sight of them, and were coming back again.

Sir Colin paid me a visit in my tent in order to let me see some news from Jung Bahadoor's force. He chafes at the delays of the Goorkhas; but McGregor's despatches showed that there was no *arrière-pensée* in the ally's procrastination; that, in his opinion, it was really caused by bad organization and want of everything that the army should have, such as transport, food, and ammunition. Lord Canning strongly urges on Sir Colin not to move without the Goorkhas. He points out that Jung Bahadoor is dying for military distinction, and that if we were to operate against Lucknow before he came up, we might give him offence and drive him back to his mountains in a huff. Is the power of the man, of his State, or the aid of his troops so great, that we should hold our hands for fear of offending him? I see that Sir Colin, who is accused of dilatoriness, is really

annoyed at all those impediments. He has telegraphed to know positively when Jung will cross over into Oude. Our relations with those gentlemen are rather more difficult in these days than in the less prudish times of Clive. Jung Bahadoor is not over nice in his morals, and is 'notorious, even among Hindoo princes, for his sensuality. *Eh bien!* He has taken our Commissioner, Colonel McGregor, so completely into his confidence, that he agonizes that excellent Presbyterian and Christian by affecting to consult him as to his domestic affairs. One would like to know what advice our worthy Commissioner gives on these delicate matters.

Met Macdonald, 93rd, our old Provost-Marshal at Balaklava, who told me there was a rumour at Oonao that Her Majesty's 53rd had been attacked by the enemy, and lost men, on their march. As soon as the sun had set into the bank of dust, which rises about 10° above the horizon, I rode out with Stewart to the Hindoo temples over the river, which the engineers are blowing up, as they cover the fire of the guns in the *tête-de-pont*, and, indeed, served to protect the guns which the Gwalior Contingent brought to play against the bridge of boats before Sir Colin crossed over. They are of brick, covered with chunam, and are rather effective in the distance, but on nearer approach turn out to be squalid enough, though massive and strong. Hundreds of coolies were at work pulling down the walls and clearing away heaps of the rubbish; dirty fakeers sat Marius-like amid the ruins, but no one seemed to care at the desecration of the holy places; and the horrid little gods, three-headed monsters of mud stuffed with straw, were

lying about under our feet in mutilated overthrow, without exciting the horror or any other emotion, as far as I could see, of their worshippers; nay, some of them threw a four-headed image into the river, and laughed as it sank in the water. What did they laugh at? The mines will soon be tamped, and the whole nest of temples will leap into the air amid fire and thunder. Only one thing proves the people don't like our proceedings; they steal away at night, and it is difficult to procure labourers for the works.

At dusk, groped through clouds of dust to the Rifle Camp, and dined with Newdegate at the mess, where I found some old friends, but very many young and new faces. It was late when we broke up, for our friends had much to say of the old Crimean days; but the moon was shining brightly, and only the road separated the grove, in which the Rifle Camp was pitched, from the sandy plain, in which stood the Head-Quarters' tents: not a soul was visible on road or plain. The tents shone like cones of snow in the light; no sentry challenged as I approached the main street; not a voice could be heard—but on looking towards the end, I saw one solitary figure pacing up and down in silent thought. As I got nearer, I recognized the well-known and peculiar light soldierly step and figure of Sir Colin, who was perhaps, pursuing the same train of thought that Shakespeare attributes to Henry before the day of St. Crispin. We had a long and interesting conversation. He laid the greatest stress on the all-importance of handling soldiers judiciously when they are taken under fire for the first time. "It may take years to make infantry, which has once received a severe check, feel

confidence in itself again; indeed, it will never be done, perhaps, except by most careful handling. It is still longer before cavalry, once beaten, recover the dash and enterprise which constitute so much of their merit." I understood him to allude to the conduct of some of the regiments under Windham at Cawnpore, which had been engaged in two unsuccessful assaults against the Redan. The variety of illustration, the keenness and excellence of reasoning, which distinguish Sir Colin's remarks on military matters, render his conversation very instructive and delightful. So eager is he when once engaged in a demonstration, that he cares not for time or place. So, to-night he took me into his tent to show me some papers, late as it was; but he could not find them, and I bowed myself to bed.

February 19th.—A light shower pattered on our tents this morning; but the thirsty earth drank it all up, and in a moment after the last drop fell, the canvas had smoked itself dry, the stones were all blanched again, and the mud flew into dust, the earth, like a half-satisfied drunkard, only craving the more for drink. Ere breakfast I went down to the end of the camp, which is just over the river, and made notes on the birds, which, however, were by no means numerous, though we had our usual whirling clouds of swifts, buzzards, kites, vultures and crows. Some pretty metallic fly-catchers in the shrubs over the stream—great adjutants stalking by the filthy banks—a squalid island covered with human bones—and over, in Oude, a dancing hazy sandbank, topped with trees, were all that met the eye, save a long and lofty column of dust on the left, which marked the road of

the convoys out to our camps, on the road to Lucknow. At breakfast prophecies of heat, and certain indications of tough mutton. There are no horses to be had—a universal complaint. To-day I was fain to buy a spiteful, half-broken, country-bred mare, for between 30*l.* and 40*l.*, about three times her ordinary value. When I went out to ride this evening Stewart borrowed her, and I took Sir Colin's fine white charger, a very large, powerful horse, up to anything except making friends with elephants or camels. I visited the old mosques again. On my way back, passing the assembly-rooms, I turned in to hear the band play, and to talk to some of the Rifle Brigade and the 88th, whom I recognized in the distance. I dismounted, and an artilleryman held the horse for about half an hour. What he did to him I don't know; but as I was remounting him, ere I got well into the saddle, he reared violently, and stood straight on his hind legs. An attempt to start him only brought on another tremendous rear, which made me feel as if he was coming right over on me, and so I slipped, with more agility than grace, out of the pig-skin, and slid over his shoulders to the ground, where I was received by hard gravel and the congratulations of my friends. The inexplicable thing is, that on mounting the horse again, he went with the greatest quietness, and showed no inclination to rear. Visited the temples again, and found that Stewart had lamed my new purchase—a nail in the hoof. A bad day for quadrupeds. No news from Jung Bahadoor yet. Our preparations are incessant. "Over the river" seems a gulf into which streams of grain, hay, cattle, men, horses, carts, camels, and elephants disappear

never to return. Watched otters feeding along the banks this evening. They certainly make fine feasting on the nasty Hindoo-fed fish. One otter made a bold rush at a kind of sea-eagle, which came cruising about after a large fish he had captured and carried up on the bank.

February 20th.—Those otters so fascinated me that I went out this morning early to fish; Pat. Stewart and Baird went with me, and we had chuprassies, with guns, &c., to coerce the faithful. The Ganges has eaten away the bank on the right side, below Cawnpore, so that it forms a steep wall of earth, some thirty feet high; at the Oude side, the waters roll over sandy shelving slopes, which melt gradually into the green fields. There were plenty of boats, large open flat-bottomed craft, like a light Thames barge, and we soon selected one near some nets which were drying on the strip of sand between the course of the stream and the bottom of the bank. The river is here about seven hundred yards broad, and its current is divided by large beds of bare sand, on which were heaps of human bones. These are accumulated from the bodies which come floating down the river, and are arrested by the banks till they are quite decomposed. As one of the islands is opposite the ghaut where the boat massacre took place, I could not help imagining that some of those bones might be those of our poor murdered countrymen, and felt a desire to have them interred, but there were no means of doing so.

Our fishing threatened to be frustrated; for though we had boat and nets, we had no fishermen. However, one of the chuprassies started off to rout out the inhabitants of a few poor cottages near at

hand, and we sat down in the shade of a boat on some balks of timber. Presently a lean old man came down to the river near us, and began his devotions, or poojah, for the morning. He unwound his turban and uncovered his head, which was shaved clean at the top in a furrow from the forehead to the back of the poll, so that he looked very much like a clown with two stiff ruffs of hair at each side of his head. Taking his loto, or brass pot, in his hand, he walked into the stream, which is as foul as the Thames at low tide, and having rinsed his mouth with the sacred waters, proceeded to pour out libations on his crown and chest, rubbing himself all the time with one hand, and squinting with satisfaction. Then he squatted down till the waters came up to his neck, and began a low prayer, which lasted for a few moments; after which he returned to the shore, washed his turban-cloth, and laid it out to dry in the sun. Then he began a most extraordinary series of evolutions, saying a prayer on one leg, with the big toe of the other foot crooked round his ankle, then on the other; taking up the mud and smearing it on his forehead; next saying a prayer on his belly, and kissing the earth repeatedly; then slowly turning round and ducking his forehead to the ground at each point of the compass, and then reciting in a loud voice a long invocation to "Ram," with his eyes turned up to heaven, and his hands clasped as if in supplication. He then decently washed his dotie, or loin-cloth, put on his turban, again rinsed his mouth, and walked away with the mud hardening, on his forehead, his shoulders, and arms, into a thick yellowish paste. He never took the least notice of us

till, in reply to a "chaffing" question, he made a short answer, not ill-humouredly, and left us. Whilst he was praying, several bloated bodies, covered with crows and vultures, came floating down the river close to us, poisoning the air and water, but he took not the least notice of them.

Our fishermen had now come up in custody of the chuprassie, and we rowed out to one of the islands, whilst the net was spread in a wide curve from the shore, the fishermen wading and beating the stream with long sticks, to drive the fish towards it. Our first haul was quite enough for me. It brought up a number of very hideous fish, a little longer than herrings, with long bodies, large silver scales, with light yellow bellies, large black eyes, and very long pectoral fins, provided with sharp spines, with which they hopped actively on the ground. Another sort, a little larger, were fish covered with a slimy skin, greasy and pustulous, with mouths like that of a shark, from which projected long worm-like feelers. A third sort had very sharp spines at the gill and back fins, and made a croaking noise like a frog when taken out of the water; but, worse than all, the net brought up parts of human skeletons, some with flesh upon them. A few *coups de filet* were quite enough for me, and we went back to breakfast. Our fish were cooked; but they were to me a forbidden dainty. Others, more philosophical and less nice, who declared that whatever fish ate became fish, and partook of our spoils, said they were exceedingly rich and good. I have resolved never to eat fish whilst I remain in India. I almost forgot to say, that at one draw a fish, which seemed to be three feet long,

dashed right through the net and made across the bank *with one of the fishermen* after him: but the fish swam faster than the Hindoo could run, and got off triumphantly. Attempted to write, but found the heat very great. The perspiration, dropping from my forehead, blotted the letters, and my hand steamed literally as if I had just come out of a Turkish bath.

Saw the Chief, and got a general notion of our plan of attack. We seize on the Dilkoosha, a palace with large enclosed park, on the Goomtee, at the south-east of the city, and thence proceed against the works which the enemy have thrown up, enclosing the city from the Goomtee by the line of an old canal up to the bridge which Havelock and Outram crossed on their advance into the city. The great mass of the city—a wilderness of lanes and narrow tortuous streets, nearly as large as Paris—lies to the north and west of this bridge, from which a road leads to the Residency. Sir Colin is determined to have no street fighting. He will batter down their mud walls and shell the palaces, which form the strongholds and centre of the enemy's position. They are on the east side of the city, and extend almost in a line parallel with the route to the Residency, north and south from the suburbs to the river Goomtee. The line on which Sir Colin advances is familiar to him, for it is that which he took on going to the relief of the garrison. It seems that all the reports we heard in England of the strength of the force under Sir Colin on that occasion were absurd exaggerations. This comes of the Venetian secrecy of the Indian Government. Misapprehensions, which may often give rise to serious inconvenience, are thus caused at home; for the public are

obliged to rely on the misinformation of the Calcutta press. When Sir Colin advanced on Lucknow—I saw the figures and returns this very day—he had a force of 5,536 infantry and cavalry, (946 horses,) of which nearly 1,000 men were left in the Dilkoosha, when he advanced to fight his way to the Residency: Windham had 2,402 men left with him at Cawnpore; Outram had 2,683 men and 527 horses when Havelock and he forced their way to the Residency. It was very fortunate that the Chief did not delay at Lucknow; for if all I hear be true, the garrison of the *tête-de-pont* at Cawnpore was in a demoralized state when he reached the other side of the river. The Rev. Mr. Moore, with whom I had some very interesting conversation to-day, said that the men got quite out of hand after their retreat. They broke open the stores, took the wine provided for the sick, smashed open the officers' boxes—many of them were incbricated. This is a sad picture! An old Sikh, who was standing at the gate of the work, lifted up his hands in wonder when he saw the men running past in disorder, and said aloud, "You are not brothers of the men who beat the Khalsa!" He patted some of them on the back and said, "Don't be afraid; there's nothing to hurt you." The fact is, that the men—young soldiers, many of them half-drilled, belonging to a great number of regiments, were seized with a panic when the retreat became necessary. They were crushed by the heavy fire of the enemy's artillery. They were—but who is to tell all the truth? Some men and some regiments fought as well as the best on the best of our fields. Others appear to have recollected only the bad handling of the 18th June and 8th Septem-

ber, 1855. The first thing Colonel Napier saw when he got into the entrenchment was one of his boxes, which had contained all the records of his long services, lying broken open, and some of the papers scattered all over the place. The others were lost, never to be recovered. Nothing more to say to-day, except that just as we were going to blow up the principal mosque on the river, it was discovered it belonged to a well-disposed native, and Sir Colin gave orders that it should be spared.

February 21st. Quadragesima Sunday.—Ere the sun got hot, took a walk to the ghaut where Wheeler's garrison was attacked on embarking, and was cruelly slaughtered, with the exception of the unhappy ladies. It is a place of horrid memory, well-suited, by its position, for the atrocious stratagem. Had our soldiers not been taken by surprise, they would, no doubt, have carried the guns, swept the assassins out of their lurking-places, cleared the beach, and covered the embarkation effectually. The road by which the procession marched to the boats goes past our camp; I followed it, past ruined bungalows, till I came to a bridge over a dry watercourse, by the side of which a path, deeply indented in the earth, struck off to the left, down to the river. The nullah expanded as it neared the stream, and its naked sides assumed an appearance of verdure at its junction with the Ganges. A temple (I have called the Hindoo pagodas "mosques" several times, owing to old Turkish associations) stood on the high ground over the river, embedded in trees, thick groves fringe the slope of the banks, and hide the few native cottages which overlook the current. Here the guns were

masked, and the ambush was planted. My imagination completed the details of the dreadful picture: the waters flowed red with blood—the air was filled with the smoke of musketry—the thick white puffs, through which rustle flights of deadly grape, roll from the trees—the despairing screams of women rise above the hellish tumult of the murderers and their victims—streams of black smoke rise from the burning boats! I turned and left the spot with every vein boiling, and it was long ere I could still the beatings of my heart.

Divine service in the church, which is all in ruins. Where is the memorial church of Cawnpore? It seems to me almost a mistake to re-establish our station here. We could easily move it a few miles away, and let the city perish altogether; but the railway station will determine that point. The lesson for the day seemed to me, in the state of mind in which I was, to have peculiar significance, though, perhaps, it was not more applicable to Cawnpore than to any place wherein it was read to-day—"We will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord."

February 22nd.—Went once more to the ghaut, and thence returning, went to the Rev. Mr. Moore's bungalow (in ruins) and breakfasted. Found there Maxwell, 88th Regiment, and Mr. Dangerfield; Maxwell has an Arab for 100*l.*, but it is too light for me. This evening bade good-bye to Mansfield, who is going home wounded, and to Alison, who has lost his arm. The latter did his best to stay; but his wound is in a very bad state. He is well-informed, well-read, and clever, and Sir Colin will feel his loss.

The old ayah whom Mr. Wheeler sent for, told me Sir H. Wheeler's head was struck off as he leaned out of his dooly, at the ghaut; but she does not seem to be a very good authority. In spite of the heat, I managed to write a good deal to-day, and sent off my letters before the evening.

February 23rd. — Camp hours are invasions of civilized life. Long ere dawn, lights shine in our tents, horses are brought round, and cups of tea, held under one's nose, stimulate us to meet the cold mus-sack. Just as I was out of bed, Sir Colin was good enough to visit me with some papers relating to that terrible impedimentum, Jung Bahadoor, who is evidently the present *bête noir* of our General's life. Sir Colin has at last prevailed on Lord Canning to permit him to move without waiting for the Goorkhas; but the permission is given in very vague terms. He then went off to view D'Aguilar's troop. One of his favourite themes, in regard to Horse Artillery, is the neglect of the Royals to carry a proper quantity of ammunition; and the fact that Maude's troop had only twenty-four rounds a gun, on the memorable 25th October, at Balaklava, has evidently made a lasting impression on his mind. Walpole's brigade came in this morning, and occupied the ground of the regiments which crossed into Oude, and we also received cavalry reinforcements, which bring up our strength here to 1,300 sabres. Just as we were lighting che-roots and pipes in the mess-tent, after breakfast, I heard, as I thought, the dull beat of a heavy gun far away; I listened, and in a moment more three or four reports followed in quick succession. "Listen to the firing!" "Where?" "Don't you hear it?" "No:

it's only a nigger knocking against the tent." But I was positive; and in half-an-hour the sounds were heard by all in camp, and lasted till mid-day. There is nothing to rouse one like the sound of a cannonade: it's a tremendous electrifier, and the oldest soldier pricks up his ears at it.

It is strange that surprises now seem more common than in ancient warfare; for the tumult of musketry and guns sets every one on his feet in an instant, and in old times a general might move an army, almost without a sound, close to his enemy. It is probable that outposts were further advanced, and that the duty of vedettes and picquets was very carefully performed. Surprises could not, however, have been as serious as they are now, when guns can be brought into play, and a heavy fire opened, with destructive effect, on unprepared men. I take it the old mercenaries could be scarcely taken unprepared. Each man had his arms at hand; now, guns have to be limbered up, horses harnessed, ammunition served out, &c., &c. The firing is at Alumbagh, some forty odd miles away.

Went over to the Commander-in-Chief's tent, and found him busily engaged with Colonel Napier (not one of the Napiers; but as good a soldier as ever lived), looking over plans and maps of Lucknow, and referring, now and then, to the reports of the spies from the city. How feeble these were—a very small quantity of bread to an immense outpouring of watery sack. "Abdoola Khan is in charge of a moorcha (battery) at the Roomee Duwarza, with 4 guns, 1,000 sepoy, and 3,000 nujeebs (irregulars). The Begum is greatly pleased with Mummoo Khan,

and says he is the only man who fights the infidels; but she reproaches Ram Buksh, and says his heart is of water; last night there was a great sermon by a holy man from Mecca; a magazine blew up, but I don't know where, though I believe it was done by a man to whom I offered a reward,"—and so on.

It is quite evident the enemy are in immense force, and that the works around Lucknow are really formidable; but Sir Colin relies on his artillery, and will not waste life in street fighting. It becomes a question now, whether he or the Governor-General was right in their respective plans of campaign. Here are both Rohilcund and Oude in the hands of the enemy; whereas, if the General's plans had been followed, we should have only Lucknow to deal with, though, no doubt, the Rohilcund people would have flocked to augment the garrison. I heard to-day, for the first time, from the lips of the General, that "the Governor-General of India has absolute control over, and command of, the army in the field, so far as the direction of the campaign and the points of operation are concerned." Having had a sight of the plans, I was glad to get back to my tent. Whew! how hot it gets at noon now. The silence is oppressive, almost; nothing but the neighing of horses, and the screams of the kites and buzzards; the slow guggle of the natives' hubble-bubbles, and now and then a native orderly inquiring for the "Lord Sahib ka dera" (the Commander-in-Chief's tent), breaks the lazy repose in the street; but inside the tents nearly all are busy, for there are few drones, except the aides, whose lives alternate between spasmodic excitement, activity

of the most energetic character, and intervals of novel-reading. The heads of departments are always busy. No one near General Mansfield has a sinecure. Norman, the Adjutant-General of the army, is a sort of steam-engine, made of bones, flesh (very little of that), blood, and brains; and his tent, to any one but himself, might bear the inscription of the Inferno. Colonel Pakenham pours out his soul over schedules all day long, and may be seen wandering, now and then, in the precincts of the Sahib ka dera, in the hope of securing a few moments' consideration of those important, but rather sawdusty, documents. Colonel Pakenham was, for a long time, head of the Adjutant-General's department in the Crimea, and it is certain that in that department there was little to blame, for if not always *suave*, he is certainly indefatigable in office work, and endowed with a quaint humour often found in combination with a correct, if hard, judgment, and with serviceable sagacity; now, by the fortune of war, he finds himself, as it were, playing second fiddle to a lieutenant in the 31st Bengal Native Infantry, who is Adjutant-General to the whole army—Queen's troops and Company's—though Colonel Pakenham is the official organ for the former. As to little George Allgood, no nearer approach can be made to ubiquity than, by the aid of thorough-bred Arabs, hard-riding, and incessant work and exertion, he manages to effect daily. If you look for him in his tent, he is there; take a hard gallop in ten minutes after, and you see a not over tall youngster, with a heavy blond beard, tremendous solar topee, and long riding-boots, which recall that lucent original in which pussy gazed delightedly at her reflected visage, taking angles and bearings

in some remote field, and then scampering across country, straight as an arrow, to some other point of stratification. He is the Quartermaster-General; lays out the camp, makes plans, procures information. Then there are the doctors and the officers of the Commissariat, whose life is one long report. No wonder, as the sun turns into a great red-hot cannon-ball, sinking rapidly to rest through a haze of vapour, they all rush gasping to their horses, and take a canter, in clouds of smoke-like dust, till darkness and dinner-hour arrive.

This evening, Stewart, Lord Seymour, and I, rode over to the camp of the Agra convoy, which is pitched on the plain near Wheeler's entrenchment. It was a wonderful sight! The tents, of all shapes and sizes, were barricaded by gharrys, buggys, gigs, palkees, and the air was shrill with the voices of women and children; ladies in hats and bonnets, once the envy of up-country stations, flitted across the canvas streets, and fair children, borne by black-faced ayahs, or escorted by their bearers, prattled on all sides. I hear that there is, in this little canvas city, as nice an observance of the rules of society, and as fine gradations of social position, as in the oldest cathedral-town, or the newest watering-place. "The women had such jolly rows all the way down from Agra," quoth a merry little sub., but a very ungallant one; and I'm sure he must have maligned the ladies. Some of the officers had been present when Greathed permitted his "avenging column" to be surprised. They assured me he did not even post picquets; and that the enemy's cavalry were in on them before they dreamed of an attack. The women, children, and civilians had been shut up in the fort

of Agra for months ; but the rebels never ventured within range of the guns. All the country, they said, was disaffected ; but the Indian agricultural population do not join in the conflicts of the armed classes, and accept the rule of the conquerors passively. A rifle officer told me, that in their recent patrol, they came upon several topes full of rotting corpses, which indicated the places where the Special Commissioners had been executing justice—an *in rei memoriam* not apt to be speedily forgotten

CHAPTER XIV.

The army massing itself.—A living *corpus delicti*.—Sir J. Outram attacked.—Buy a gharry, a horse, and coachman.—Our army on the move.—Destruction of Hindoo temples.—Reply to a priest's intercession.—War, and no quarter given.—Indiscriminate executions.—Striking tents.—Camels and their burdens.—A welcome invitation.—Cross the Ganges into Oude.—An apparently illimitable procession.—A notion of Old World times.—“Master's mess buckree.”—Ruined villages.—Orders for marching.

February 24th.—The enemy are becoming very uneasy at our gradual, workmanlike, and, as it were, mechanical advance ; the army is massing itself all along the road from this to Bunnee—a column marches from Cawnpore to Oonao, the troops at Oonao move on one march nearer to the front—the regiment in that station goes on to Bunnee,—and so the movement progresses like that of a snake, gathering up fold after fold, till he is ready for his spring. What fine active young fellows are all around us ! Sir Colin evidently likes young officers, but keeps them well in hand—not a move is permitted without precise orders—every march is regulated by Mansfield, and the effect of almost every step is weighed by him and the Chief. Invited to dine at the mess of the civilians to-day—they have a big bungalow to themselves, and mess together in consideration of the hard times. Formerly, each man would, of course, have had his separate establishment on a large scale. There were at dinner Sherer, magistrate and collector ; Batten, judge ; Power, assistant judge ; the doctor ;

Willock, civilian ; Glyn, of the Rifle Brigade ; some anonymous "uncovenanted ;" a travelling gent. ; and an officer who had just returned from a Jack-Ketch expedition, in which he had great and deserved success. A very pleasant evening, with much discussion of Indian matters, which might have been very instructive to a griffin, were it not that all the authorities differed from each other on every one point. I perceived that the stupid men were sanguinary, shall I say in direct ratio to their stupidity ? One story told of a magistrate, not very far off, was amusing enough. A woman was brought before him charged with the murder of her little daughter, by throwing her into the Ganges : the culprit confessed the crime, alleging that she could not maintain the child, and wished to save her from shame. Sentence of death was passed, and as justice hereabouts is rapid in all its movements, the woman was next day taken forth and hanged with a full company. As the magistrate sat in his cutchery that morning, lo ! there came before him a little child, who demanded of the sahib, what he had done with her mother ! It was a perplexing question ; for the woman had been executed. It turned out, that the child had been carried down by the current and had been picked up by a fisherman, who kept her till she was sufficiently recovered to walk to the station to find her mother. Maxims of law are not disregarded with impunity ; and here was a living *corpus delicti* in a most unpleasant form. What became of the girl I know not ; and I suppose the judge, a very well-meaning, excellent man, took to reading Blackstone.

February 25th.—Distant cannonading — a tele-

gram from Sir James Outram to say he was attacked by a large force from Lucknow. The result, of course, excites not the smallest conjecture, for it is certain and invariable. Again: an outburst of firing at mid-day—said to be from Russoolabad, in Oude—which Hope Grant was expected to attack. The Meeangunj affair has struck terror into the outlying rebels. The news from Sir Hugh Rose is not very hopeful. He is obliged to halt from sheer want of supplies. The authorities knew, months before, that he was about to make this march. It shows either that they were apathetic, that the country is hostile, or that it is barren. Sir Hugh has a fine force, is full of work, and is accompanied by Sir Robert Hamilton, and we hope to hear that he will clear all before him when he does move, though it will require hard fighting to do so, as the enemy are strongly posted at Jhansi and at Calpec, the country is exceedingly difficult, the people wild, fierce, and barbarous.

Bought for 60*l.* a gharry, a horse and coachman from an Agra refugee. Well, the coachman is an exaggeration; but he came quite naturally with the horse, and squatted himself down, with his wife and three children, in the rear of my tent, as a matter of course, and just looked as if he were part of the bargain. He belongs to the horse, and the horse belongs to the man who owns the gharry. My next proceeding was to send my white mare *to be broken*; for it appeared that little preliminary had been neglected in early education. Dined with General Mansfield, where there was a small party—no “shop,” and very agreeable conversation: the chief not well pleased at the mention of two officers’ names as being the first in

at the attack on Meeangunj, for he thinks this race after the Victoria Cross is destructive to discipline, and is determined to discountenance it. However, all these things will be forgotten for the moment. We are on the verge of the great move—another forty-eight hours, and hurrah for the Oude campaign!

February 26th.—Busy writing and preparing for the march. Since dawn, a long cloud of dust, rising from the sandy plain across the Ganges, and the roll and tramp of endless wheels, and feet, and hoofs on the bridge, show our army is on the move. Simon's legs are quivering with anxiety and packing up; but there are no cares for carriage, no trouble about transport. See! There are elephants, camels, and oxen at call! Make requisition on that inexhaustible Commissariat! and if the rupees are in your purse, there will be no difficulty about *impedimenta*. In the evening went up to the Ghauts, where the Engineers are, positively this time, about to blow up Siva and her shrines. These latter present a front to the river about as long as that of the Temple Gardens, but they stand at a far greater elevation, being forty or fifty feet above the stream, which is approached by broad flights of white steps. The little nests of temples, which look so fine in the aggregate, are mean enough in the abstract; massive low domes rising from dumpy walls, and covered all over with lotus leaves—dark foul chambers, full of withered flowers, hideous idols, and lignam altars: that which was, perhaps, refined and elegant in Greece, is horrible in Hindostan; but it is not indecent. Last night there was an Engineer "sell" on a great scale; indeed, they are great practical humorists all over the world—nothing

diverts them so much as getting together a great crowd to see something blown up, and then not doing it—the docks, or houses of Sebastopol, mines at Chatham, or temples on the Ganges—it's all the same. Last night we had all our trouble for nothing; and indeed I should be sorry to say how often it was the same case before. This evening one old temple obstinately refused to be blown up. Its companions were, however, less resolute, and two of them gave a kick, as it were, upwards in the midst of a column of dust and smoke, and, with a grumble which shook the ground, collapsed into heaps of brick, white plaster, and earth. None of the natives came to look at it, except the coolies engaged in the works and a few fakirs, who looked as if they thought the lightning from heaven would blast us. It must have been a great triumph for them when the stubborn old temple had its own way. And why not? The Russians showed me a gate of the Kremlin which was split by French gunpowder just up to the edge of a picture of the Virgin—*there* the force of the explosion was arrested.

Two of the mines were fired ingeniously by Pat Stewart this evening. He had some Jacob's shells for his rifle, and, standing quite out of danger, he fired one at some loose powder on a stone, whereon the end of the fuse was lying. The shell exploded, fired the powder, and ignited the fuse, and, after a second or two, the temples, spitting fire and smoke out of their mouth-like gateways, were seized with sudden convulsions and dropped to pieces. Alas! dirty fakirs and Brahmins, your triumph was but short. Like the mediæval miracles which saved the lives of

holy men many times only to let them become martyrs at last, so Siva's interposition is transitory, and her temple is doomed. Some of those priests interceded for the safety of their shrines: "Now listen to me," Robert Napier made reply. "You were all here when our women and children were murdered. You were at those shrines and temples which we are about to destroy, not for vengeance, as you know well, but on account of military considerations connected with the safety of the bridge. If any one of you can show he did an act of kindness to a Christian man, woman, or child—nay, if he can prove that he uttered one word of intercession for the life of any one of them, I will promise you, and pledge myself, the temple where he worshipped shall be spared." Well said, brave Robert Napier! There was no reply, and the temples were destroyed. On our return to dinner, found the general orders had been fulminated at last, as I suspected they would yesterday. The Headquarters' camp marches to-morrow at day-break for Oonao; but, as the chief wishes to set all things straight at Cawnpore ere he leaves, and to sweep the army before him, Sir Colin, and Mansfield, and their immediates, wait here till we have arrived within a march of Lucknow. In pursuance of his usual policy, Sir Colin had not permitted any one to know his intentions till the orders were out, but it was surmised by the natives several days ago, and the Commissariat gomashtras, from signs in their sky, known only to themselves, had predicted the movement to a moment. Very annoying to the General, but almost unavoidable.

The animation of our dinner to-night is remarkable—great clatter of tongues, and I think more popping

of corks and clatter of knife and fork than usual. Our luxuries are not many, for the sherry is pronounced to be queer, the port is groggy, and our drink is beer, claret being reduced to a short supply of *ordinaire*. The soup still maintains its gelatinous robustness; our curries are leathery as ever; and our great resources are mutton, and ineffable pastry. To-night, the great mess-tent, which will be borne by four camels and an elephant, will be packed up, with our apparatus of tables, plate, crockery, bitter beer, and provisions, and the army of servants which belong to it; and we take the field, very much as his majesty, Louis the Great would depart from Versailles, for the theatre of war. As for myself, I am delighted at the prospect of escaping from this monotonous dreary dusty Cawnpore, and the very hum and no drum sort of life I have been leading. Oude is, they say, the garden of India; here everything is blighted, burnt, and ruined. There are no courts to see, no schools, no intercourse between the people and the authorities, except such as spies conduct, or the ruder relations of justice and punishment, which are surely very unedifying. I shall see beside, though in a cruel, exterminating form, in which no quarter is given on either side, all the pomp of eastern warfare, which, if now it has no glory, has at least circumstance enough. It is horrible to be engaged in such a war. Wherever the rebels meet a Christian, or a white man, they at once slay him pitilessly. The natives who conceal these do so at their peril. Wherever we meet a rebel in arms, or any man on whom suspicion rests, we kill him with equal celerity, and without any greater show of pity. Foreign nations are watching us as closely

as they can; but there is a long space of land and sea to cross, and little or nothing is known at Calcutta, where there are, it is said, some correspondents of a few French journals. A French general, in a letter to Sir Colin, expressed his regret at certain violences attributed to some of our officers in cold blood—I presume alluding to Hodson shooting the princes at Delhi, and things of that sort; but he should know that here there is no cold blood at the sight of a rebel. His military apophthegm "*que les reprisailles sont toujours inutiles*," would be applicable in a state of war; but we consider ourselves engaged in suppressing a rebellion and a mutiny in which the actors have perpetrated great crimes. When Neill marched from Allahabad, his executions were so numerous and so indiscriminate, that one of the officers attached to his column had to remonstrate with him on the ground that if he depopulated the country he could get no supplies for the men. Sir Colin is utterly opposed to such extreme and reckless severity, though he is the last man in the world to spare mutinous soldiers with arms in their hands.

February 27th.—When I entered my tent last night I found all my things packed up, sword cleaned, pistols laid out, and everything ready, according to my servant's notion, for a dreadful campaign full of personal encounters. But the commencement, at all events, was to be made in peaceful guise. All things considered, Stewart and I thought it was best to proceed into Oude triumphantly in our gharry. Many things induce us to take this resolve—the heat of a late march, the dust, and our wish to stay in camp as late as possible. About an hour after mid-

night, the camp, which is usually profoundly quiet till the first signs of dawn, was disturbed by a strange noise which at first sounded like the clatter of many horses' hoofs on a hard plain; but as it neither advanced nor receded, it became quite necessary to find some other solution, and on getting up and putting my head out into the moonlight I saw all the Kelasies in a state of unprecedented activity, hammering away at the numerous tent-pegs with billets of wood, to loosen them in the ground that they might be readily pulled up when the tent is to be struck. No one but a very old Indian warrior could sleep in such a noise. Besides that, the scene was so novel that it fixed my attention at once. In a bright blue sky, wherein a cloudless moon sailed serenely through the twinkling stars, there rose up, far and wide, innumerable columns of smoke, now white in the light, or black in shade, from the camp-fires, around which the camp-followers were warming themselves, in the keen pure night air. Far as the eye could reach across the plain—whereon stood, like skeletons and gallows, the leafless and branchless stumps of trees—the fires wavered and sparkled, each a Phœbus to a world of black spirits all clad in white, and worshipping the rays of their luminary. In the remote distance, rose in front, the ruins of bungalows, the shells of the church and Assembly Rooms and Masonic Hall, and the ragged low outline of the native city. Behind the camp, the Ganges, for once picturesque, rolled and gurgled in a broad twirling sheet of silver, between us and the Oude horizon, now blackened into a coarse framework of forest. The bridge of boats which spanned it looked like the trunk of a giant tree; but the hum of voices and the

creaking of cart-wheels directed the eye to its outline, and then one could make out, against the silvery course of the stream, an incessant dark jagged thread, which moved onwards and across into Oude.—The camp-followers and the bazaars were already moving towards the next camp. As I watched, a wonderful ingredient was added to the tumult, which had been waxing higher every moment, in the camp. This was an aggregate of prolonged angry grumbling grunts, swelling by degrees into a storm of furious sound, which raged far and wide over the camp. I had never heard the like before; but the cause was not doubtful. In the rear of each tent were couched three or four camels, which had been brought up noiselessly from their own part of the world, and were now expressing their resentment at present and their apprehensions of future wrongs. The moment the dood-wallah pulls the string, which is attached to a piece of wood passed through the cartilage of the animal's nostril, the camel opens its huge mouth, garnished with hideous blackened tusks, projecting like *chevaux-de-frise* from its lips, and from the depths of its inner consciousness and of its wonderful hydraulic apparatus, gets up groans and roarings full of plaintive anger, the force of which can only be realized by actual audience. When solicited by the jerking of their noses, they condescend to kneel down and tuck their legs under them; they are prevented rising by a rope which is passed under the fore-knee and round their necks. All this time their complaints wax furious as the pile grows upon their backs, and do not cease till long after they have risen and stalked off with their loads in endless file, the nose rope of

one being fastened to the tail of another, and so on $n + 1$. I do not remember any traveller who mentions this riotous conduct on the part of the camel, though there are some who have done full justice to their unpleasant odours. I was so interested in the scene that I remained out till the sky began to warm up in the east. Long before that time, some twenty tents of our little city had tottered to their fall, and others were fast collapsing, or were being made up in detached round cylindrical rolls to fit on the camel's back. Their tenants, fortified with an early cup of tea and a cigar, had ridden away for the bridge; and when I turned in there were only some five or six tents standing in isolation on the ground: the rest had vanished, and left no trace behind.

The sun was high and hot when I awoke. My camels were waiting for their load; and in two or three minutes my habitation lay prostrate, and was being dissected into separate members by the Kelasies. Whilst Stewart and I were preparing for our start, the chief came out of his tent and asked us to breakfast with him—a very welcome invitation. He seems quite pleased at getting off at last; and if the work is to be done, it were best done quickly.

Major Herbert Bruce, who is employed in the Intelligence Department and has done good service, came in whilst we were at breakfast, and gave some interesting accounts of Hope Grant's flying column and of the Mecangunj affair. He says they very nearly captured the Nana in an expedition they made to a fort in Oude, opposite Bithoor. The stories about his crossing the Ganges and the main trunk-road are false. It was a relative of his who got away, it

is supposed, to raise disturbances in the Calpee and Etawah districts. The native policemen who were stationed near the ford, at which the rebels crossed, have been seized, and several of them have been hanged by Captain Bradford, the police-officer. It is suspected they allowed the rebels to cross without giving an alarm. At all events, there is no doubt of their punishment. Bruce says all the Oude people are against us; but he thinks we shall catch Nana Sahib as soon as Lucknow falls. The whole thing will be over then.

At one o'clock, having sent off all our traps, Stewart and I took refuge from the heat of the sun, which is becoming daily stronger and less bearable, in my gharry; and in a scene of dire confusion and tumult, proceeded over the bridge of boats across the Ganges into Oude. It was in the Crimea I first heard of the annexation of Oude, which was represented not only as an act of the highest political wisdom, but also as a political necessity. Now, near the spot, I hear wise men doubt the wisdom—and see them shake their heads when one talks of the necessity—of the annexation. The ex-king, who is in captivity at Calcutta, has acted with a firmness which one could not have expected from a mere sensualist, as he was said to be, half-idiotic and entirely base. I am told that his conduct at the time of the annexation astonished our officers; that it was characterized by dignity and propriety. Up to the present moment, he has neither consented to his deposition nor taken one farthing of the annuity which the Company settled on him, nor has he given the least ground for believing that he has participated in the mutiny and

rebellion. But empires never make restitution; they have no consciences. The Chancellor of their Exchequer never has to acknowledge the receipt of conscience-money. Oude is British as long as England holds India.

Our road lay in a straight broad line of elevated causeway, just over the sands of the river-bed, now at its lowest; and thence through a country as level as the sea, bearing the marks of high cultivation, and diversified by numerous tops or large clumps of trees, so numerous, indeed, as to hem in the horizon all around, with a framework of rich green foliage. As soon as we had advanced a few miles from the Ganges, not only the broad road, but the broad track at each side of it, was thronged by an immense and apparently illimitable procession of oxen, hackeries, horses, ponies, camels, camp-followers on foot or riding, trains of stores, elephants, all plodding steadily along in the burning sun under the umbrella of dense clouds of white dust. The road, cut up by the passage of *matériel* of ammunition and guns, is broken frequently into deep ruts full of fine dust from the "kunkur," or the limestone nodules, which, hardened into a sort of concrete, rolled down and watered, formed the usual macadamization of Indian highways, and are, when new, the finest metalling in the world. The pathways are in a condition equally favourable for the formation of the veil, which rises like the smoke from endless batteries. What an infinite variety of sights and sounds! What a multitude of novel objects on every side! What combinations of colour, of form, and of sound! As we jogged along, half-choked and baked, in our

inglorious chariot, with a syce, running as *avant-courier*, shouting all kinds of mendacious assertions as to our rank and position, as a sort of moral wedge to open the way for us—I, for one, looked with ever-growing wonder on the vast tributary of the tide of war, which was surging around and before me. All these men, women, and children, with high delight, were pouring towards Lucknow to aid the Feringhee to overcome their brethren. From India, wider than the regions which the Romans regarded as the world, come the representatives of hundreds of dark-faced tribes, whose speech is a symbol of conquest and of a life in camps—the camps of the conqueror; but that speech is almost their sole bond of union. The sight gave me a notion of the old world times, when nomad tribes came from east and north to overrun and conquer. These people carried all their household wealth with them. Their houses were their tents; their streets, the camp-bazaar; their ruler, the bazaar-kotwal; their politics, the rise and fall of rice, and such commodities; their fate, that of the host they adhere to, like mussels on the sides of a ship. The old men, perhaps, had been with Lake, or had followed Scindia, or Holkar; the young men could talk of the Punjab or Scinde: the children were taking up their trade with the campaign of Oude. Bred in camps, but unwarlike—for ever behind guns, and never before them—the aptitude of myriads of the natives of Hindostan for this strange life is indicative of their origin, or, at all events, of the history of their country for ages. Most of those people are Hindoos from Bengal or the north-west provinces. Some are from Central India.



There are not many Mussulmans, except as domestic servants; the huge-limbed Affghan, with his enormous turban and fair complexion, toils alongside his camel, which is laden with dried fruits; the Sikh, whose whiskers are turned up and tied in a knot on the top of his head, protects the precious hairs from the contamination of the dust by tying a handkerchief under his jaws, and is marching with a light cat-like tread on his long thin sinewy legs to join his comrades; the fat bunneah hurries on in his bamboo-car to see his store-tent pitched, leaving his dependants to make the best of their way after him; the wives of the binneahs who sit straddle-legged on the tiniest of donkeys, with their toes almost touching the ground, several children in their arms and across their loins, and such a heap of bags and baggage, that all which may be seen of the creatures that carry them, is a disconsolate face, long ears, a ragged mangy tail, and four little black hoofs, bent outwards, with fetlocks quivering at every step; the shrewd-looking, slender Madrassee, in a turban of the grandest dimensions, and a suit of fine muslin or of gaudy stuff, sits grinning and laughing with a select circle of his own set-on “Master’s elfent” (or hathee); whole regiments of sinewy, hollow-thighed, lanky coolies, shuffle along under loads of chairs, tables, hampers of beer and wine, bazaar stores, or boxes slung from bamboo poles across their shoulders. Now comes a drove of milch-goats and sheep, which your servant announces as “Master’s mess buckree.” A flock of turkeys is destined to fatten for her Majesty’s — regiment; and this long line of camels presents side-views of many boxes of beer, pickles, potted meats, and soda-water, for the use of the officers of another equally fortunate

corps. Monkeys, held captive on the backs of camels or ponies, chatter their despair or fear at every jolt. Parrots scream from recondite and undiscoverable corners of hackeries or elephants. Tame deer pant and halt in their ungenial march; and kennels of pariahs precede, accompany, and follow the march, which presents also some exemplars of their more favoured domesticated compeers, each with a domestic attached to him.

The crops are cut, and there is little to destroy; but intrepid foragers penetrate into the distant villages within sight of the column, and carry off even sticks for firewood, or cut down branches of trees to feed their camels and elephants. None of these villages were inhabited; possibly the people had fled on the first advance of Havelock, and had not returned since. The houses are built of mud; and as the roofs are gone, the villages have an exceedingly miserable aspect. Here and there the walls of some old scrai shine as brightly as decaying white-wash can make them; or a pagoda just lifts its domed summit above the tops of the trees. The villages are placed by the sides of muddy tanks or large ponds, surrounded by ragged banks of brown earth baked as hard as bricks, and the friendly shade of a grove is generally close at hand. Some of them have been surrounded by walls of mud, the ruins of which are visible here and there; and sometimes an old crenelated bastion shows that the inhabitants were not always on good terms with their neighbours. At one of those villages, a few miles from the river, the enemy had made a stand against Havelock, but he took them by a flank movement, carried their position, and captured their guns. The name is illegible in my diary, and I have

no books to refer to. I walked round the old mud-wall and the embrasures which commanded the road with interest. The only traces of the fight were on the parapets, which were still blackened by the fire of the guns. Where the dead were buried, no one knew.

The heat was great, the dust suffocating; ears, nose, mouth, eyes, and clothes filled and covered with white powder. It was about 5 o'clock P.M., when a wheeling multitude of kites and vultures soaring above the dust, announced that we were near an encampment, and very soon the joyful sight of a plain full of tents met our eyes. The large distinctive flags, hoisted by the bazaars of each regiment, for some time confused our little party, which was in search of the Lord Sahib's camp; but at last the well-known Jack caught our eyes in the midst of a fine street of tents; and as we drove over a plain profusely strewn with bleached beef and mutton bones, and charred by camp-fires, and ragged with tulas or native cooking places, our servants came out to meet us, and I alighted at my tent-door, which seemed as if it had never moved from Cawnpore. On entering everything was in its place just as I left it. Our mess-dinner was precisely the same as at Cawnpore; and it was hard to believe we were in an enemy's country. As we were at dinner, the orders were brought in. "The Head Quarters, with the following troops, will march to-morrow; first bugle at 2 A.M.; the troops to march off the ground, at 3 A.M. precisely, in the following order," &c., &c. There was small time for rest, and at 9 o'clock, we were all in bed; not a sound to be heard save the chatter of the natives, or the gurgle of their pipes outside the tents.

CHAPTER XV.

The first bugle.—The head of the column.—Sunrise.—Bullocks, camels, and elephants.—The white mare.—Sinking down into a gulf.—“Are you kilt, sir?”—A fast-trotting camel.—False alarm.—Camp grass-cutters.—Sir William Peel and his heavy guns.—Left behind.—Kavanagh.—A joyful surprise.—Orders to march.

February 28th.—The camels and the Kelassees began their abominable noises soon after midnight. At the first bugle Simon was at my bedside with a cup of tea, and by the aid of a feeble candle, I got into long boots and a great-coat, for it was too cold to face a mussack at that early hour, and the water did not smell very sweetly. On looking out of the tent, I was glad to find the moon shining brightly. Whilst my back was turned my charpoy was taken out and fastened on a camel's back, bed-clothes and all: the tent was cleared out, and in a few minutes more fell flop to the ground, and was stowed away. The sight around us was most picturesque; Salvator would have had years of work in fixing on his canvas the wonderful groups of black wild faces, which contending rays of moonlight and blazing camp-fires lighted up in the sombre shadow of the trees. The plain was studded with innumerable fires; and the incessant yells of the natives, as they called for lost friends or relations, made a perfect pandemonium, arched over by a roof of smoke, through which the moon forced its light with difficulty. My own little bit

of Wouvermans stood before me, in the shape of the vicious white mare, which was kicking and plunging to get away from the syce, and evincing the wildest antipathy to camels and elephants.

How to find one's way was no easy matter. The ground looked pitch-black, and was covered with cooking-places, and my horse went plunging from one to another, and dancing amid red-hot ashes in a most unseemly manner. My friend Stewart, mounted on a camel, came to guide me to the head of the column, which we reached, after wandering through a wilderness of bazaars and natives for nearly an hour. We got out on the road; where, in silence and order, the Rifle Brigade was plunging with steady tramp through the dust. As the moon sank in the heavens, the line of our march became more like some dream of the other world, or some recollections of a great scene at a theatre than anything else. The horizontal rays just touched the gleaming arms and the heads of the men, lighted up the upper portions of the camels and the elephants, which resembled islands in an opaque sea, whilst the plain looked like an inky waste, dotted with star-like fires. The sun soon began to make his approach visible, and an arc of greyish red appeared in the east, spreading, but not deepening, till the Far-darter himself rose like a ball of fire in the hazy sky. The band of the Rifles struck one of the old familiar steps, and as the light increased, I was able to make out some of my old friends—Ross, Fraser, Reid, and others—and jogged on, side-by-side, as well as the white mare would let me. Her dislike to camels increased every moment, and the approach of one

was the signal for a rearing-match. Pleasant beast for a march! Here, for the first time, I observed the significant attendants on our march—the doolys in the rear of the regiments—a long train of covered litters hung from bamboo-poles, and carried by coolies, who, with their reliefs, form a large portion of the column.

The sun was just beginning to make himself disagreeable, when, after several halts, we caught sight of some tents partly hidden in trees. "Thank goodness! there's our camp. Canter over, and get some breakfast." And there, sure enough, was our mess-tent pitched; the tables covered with snow-white cloths, our plates, chairs, knives and forks, all ready—the curries smoking, and the array of servants standing with folded arms waiting for their masters.

After breakfast each man repairs to his tent, and is not loath to make up by a stretch on his charpoy for the brief repose of last night. For myself, I wrote; and then after some hours' work strolled out to the camp of the Rifles, but was glad to get back again from the sun. I particularly admire the picturesque scenes in the bazaar; but they lose their charm on near inspection, and the annoyance of other senses effectually counterbalances the gratification of the eye. The splendid bullocks, which draw the guns and a large portion of our baggage, are special favourites of mine. I have never seen eyes so soft and beautiful, and I would willingly save the poor willing brutes from the cruelties of their present mode of yoke. They are driven by means of rope-reins passed through the cartilage of the nose, and the yoke is a triangle of wood placed behind the

hump, or boss, on the neck, which is frequently galled by the friction. The camels are led by the same means as the bullocks; and my favourites of all, the dear, unwieldy, cunning-eyed old elephants, are compelled, I regret to say, by a stout bar of iron sharpened into a spike at the end, with a hook like an ancient partizan, which is unmercifully dug into the base of the creature's ears, from which it sometimes returns with bits of fat and blood upon it. Dinner was very welcome after to-day's work; and the charpoy most welcome of all, for we march at the usual hour to-morrow morning.

March 1st.—Marched from Oonao to Nuwabgunj by moonlight early this morning. After we had been an hour on the road, there closed over us a storm of thunder and lightning (the cart is always put before the horse), which, as it rolled over the march in the mingled light of the moon and of the early dawn, was inexpressibly grand. In the midst of it, however, I had a little adventure, which very nearly put an end to my Diary and the writer. The white mare had been unusually fidgety and vicious all the night, rearing, plunging, and kicking; and having in vain tried to overcome her repugnance to camels and elephants by coaxing her up alongside them in the dark, I took the opportunity afforded by what looked like a fine open plain in the early dawn, to give her a rattling gallop, and take the game out of her in a burst alongside the column. Giving her a touch of Maxwell's best, I set off across the open. The beast gave a little whimper of pain and anger, lashed her heels in the air, and set off at a rate which I considered my weight would have rendered impossible.

She flew past elephants and camels now, bucked over every rut in the plain, and for two or three miles went as straight as an arrow. Then I tried to get a pull on her; but I might as well have attempted to hold a steam-frigate. She had got the bit in her teeth, or had dipped her mouth in iron, and all I could do was to keep her head straight, and saw at her till my arms were sore. Suddenly a low black line appeared right before us: what it was I knew not. I hoped it might be a wall, and not a watercourse. As I neared the line it grew higher and blacker. In vain I tried to turn the mare right or left, or to pull her up. The black line now seemed a huge wall, with the shadow from the moonlight falling at its base. It was within six feet of me. I sat firm, gave the mare one sharp prick of the spurs, let her have her head, and her own way, and in an instant felt myself sinking down into a gulf which seemed bottomless. My shoulder struck against a hard bank, the mare sank from under me, her hind heels were silvered by the moonlight as my head fell between their furious lash out, and for a minute I lay stunned in the bottom of the watercourse, full twelve feet deep; though I can remember now the neigh of the poor beast as she scrambled to her legs and rushed along the bottom of the course towards the column. "Are you kilt, sir?" was the next thing I heard, as two soldiers dragged me up the bank. I was so sorely shaken, I could scarcely answer; and I felt my bones in perfect wonder. Not one broken! only a tremendous shock which made head and eyes swim.

My good friend Stewart, on his fast-trotting shootee sowar camel, had seen the mare run away, and had followed me as fast as he could. He was a good deal

astonished when we disappeared, and more when he found me seated on the bank of the tank which the watercourse led to. The Wouvermans had gone, saddle, bridle, pistols, and all. We were still six miles from our next halting-place at Bunnee bridge. Alas! poor dood, down with you on your knees! At the word of command, the sowar forces his beast to kneel. I mount up on the pad, Stewart clings behind me; the sowar gets upon some undefined space between the neck and the pad, and so we proceed, at a long sling-trot, to regain our position. *Ah, le maudit!* how I suffered! Though it was not my first trot on a camel, it was my first essay in long riding-boots. My legs oscillated violently to and fro, and at each rub the boot made a fair progress in raising a blister, and as I was unable to hold myself quite upright, owing to my bruises and shaking, my head was knocked about like a shot in slings.

Thus we proceeded to the bridge at Bunnee, where a small but deep stream runs under a hump-backed bridge, which had been partly broken by the enemy, but is now repaired. This is defended by a sort of field-work and a *tête-de-pont*, which is occupied by a detachment of Madras Infantry, with field-guns and a body of native police. Our good friends, the Madrassesees, are slighter and smaller men than the up-country fellows, but they are quite as tall as our average infantry. Their head-dress, for it cannot be called a shako, is like some gigantic vegetable—a monster bulb, with another growing out of it; but their attachment to it is so great that any attempt to interfere with it might cause a mutiny, like that at

Vellore. The use of the top is popularly supposed to be that the men may carry their extra provisions and loot in it. The officers, of whom the number seemed small, were collected, with those of the police, at the roadside to see us pass, and to one of the latter we gave some particulars of the missing horse, which had vanished in the darkness and been seen no more. He shook his head; "but," said he, "perhaps we may hear of it, if it does not fall into the hands of the budmashes" (the evil-livers, blackguards, rebels). The police, who were under an officer named Carnegie, were wild budmashy-looking fellows themselves, armed with swords, shields, and various fire-arms, dressed in quilted cotton tunics, large turbans, and jack-boots. A few miles beyond this station is Buntheerah, where our camp was pitched, under a fine tope of trees, near a mosque, or pagoda, and a small deserted village.

We have now closed upon the main body of our force. The plain is covered with their tents. Peel's blue-jackets are close at hand, and I hear the skirl of the bagpipes which announces that we are not far from the Highlanders. (The details of our force will be found in the Appendix.) The mess-tent is open to receive us. Breakfast over, and a little quiet gossip over a cheroot disposed of, I retired to my tent to write my daily record, and was just nibbling my second pen and listening placidly to the great monotonous "thudding" through the trees of the big guns from Outram's fort at Alumbagh, when suddenly a tumult breaks out in camp, cries of alarm, and a tramp of feet. I start to the tent-door, and there I see natives of all kinds, grass-cutters, syces, and

servants, and bazaar people, streaming across from the front in the wildest terror. In hot haste the Staff were running out; but Sir Colin has just galloped past alone. What on earth can it all mean? There is no firing. Stewart comes up with a smile on his face. "We are going to be attacked," said he; "the grass-cutters have been driven in by the enemy's cavalry."

"Really! and which side are they?"

"Oh! I think it will turn out to be a sham; I don't mean to stir."

"But if they sweep round into the camp, how the deuce is one to know them from our own natives?"

"Shoot every fellow in white that you see. You may be quite sure, if he's on horseback and has a sword, he's a sowar of the enemy."

I had no horse to get ready; and Stewart and I could scarcely have gone forth to battle on our camel; besides, all the Staff, except the aides-de-camp, were taking it quietly; and as we discussed the matter, the stream of fugitives diminished and at last dried up.

In about half-an-hour, Sir Colin came past, with a look which told one his temper had been tried. You must know, that when the camp is pitched, the grass-cutters at once spread themselves all over the neighbouring country to cut grass for the horses—a process which they effect with a tool something like a shoemaker's cutter, by cutting the roots of the grass quite below the surface of the ground. Some of these people either got into an altercation with the villagers, or really came across a party of sowars. At all events they fled towards one of our

pickets, commanded by a young officer not very well acquainted with his duty, who at once mounted his horse, rode into the camp, dashed up to the Chief's tent, and reported that "the enemy are upon us!" Sir Colin at once galloped away, turned out the cavalry, got the troops under arms, and made a reconnaissance, which proved it was a false alarm. We had great fun, laughing at McNeil's imitation of the alarmist: "They come! they come! The foe! the foe are upon us!" Sir Colin took occasion to give all the officers he came upon some energetic lessons respecting their duty when in face of an enemy. In fact it was quite practicable for the enemy's horse to have swept round out of Lucknow, and to have cut in upon a careless camp; but the sowars have not got any qualification of good cavalry; they have no dash, no enterprise, and are only efficient in guarding themselves against surprise.

The rest of the day passed quietly; revolvers were put away and swords hung up. In the evening I went over to see Peel exercising his sailors with the heavy guns. Sir Colin was over there also. Peel was in high spirits, for the news had come that he was Sir William; but he would scarce believe it as it was only known by a vague telegram. It was worth while to make a long journey to see the wonderful way in which he had trained his men. To the tap of the drum, or by word of command, they laid hold of the rope-traces of the huge battering guns, and roused them along as if they were toys, wheeled, took them into action, yoked them on again, and rattled off, "with a stamp and go," so lightly that one could not credit the weight of the guns till he saw their broad wheels

had cut deep into the hard earth. Thence I walked across to the Highlanders and visited Cameron, in command of the 42nd, Taylor, of the 79th, and some of the 93rd, whom I found on parade, not looking the worse for Secunderabagh. On my return with Col. Cameron to the sailors' camp, I found Sir Colin was still there. He rode over and told us he was "going with part of the troops early to-morrow morning to look out for ground for a camp near the Dilkoosha. The orders will be issued this evening." To my great disappointment, he added, "I think you had better stay here. I shall leave all the Head-Quarters' departments behind, and I am merely going to pick out a place for our camp where we shall be out of range." Of course I must obey; but I cannot, for the life of me, understand why I cannot go, or what reason there is for including me among "the departments."

March 2nd.—This morning, ere full day, Sir Colin, taking with him a force of field-guns, cavalry, and infantry (see Appendix), marched off for Lucknow. I saw them start, and only that it would have looked like begging for a horse, I would have begged to be let go with them. About 6 o'clock we hear a few heavy reports, which become more frequent at 9, but they are more in the direction of Alumbagh than in that of the column which has passed to the east and south of that position. The sky darkens, and a thunder-storm, attended with a heavy fall of rain, falls on the camp. No one is pleased at being left behind. Our ears are straining for noises all day. Patience! to-morrow we too shall be before Lucknow. I sit and write all day. The pools of rain are soon

dried up—the heat becomes intense. Cruel old Indians tell us, “This is nothing! Wait till we get a good warm day in May, with a hot wind blowing.” I hope I may be able to wait. I write with a pad of blotting paper under my hand. How I envy those lean, lank, red-faced fellows who gulp down the Commissariat ale with impunity! It is true they carry pepper-castors full of carbonate of soda, and dust their pottles therewith till a mighty effervescence arises; but they declare “it’s delicious!”

As I sat in the shade of my tent purdah a party of the Rifle Brigade marched past, covered with dust, under Glyn (Richard) and Thynne. How well the fellows looked! Brown as berries; and Thynne, from a slight, tall, handsome lad, grown into a powerful handsomer young man. We had a brief shake-hands and a halt for a few minutes; but the storm was coming on, and they had yet to pitch their tents. They have come up behind us with a convoy from Lucknow. Ere their tents can be set up the rain is down upon them, and the dust is turned into mud. Soon after, there comes into camp Kavanagh, of the Civil Service (uncovenanted—a “covenanted” might have hesitated), who has gained an undying name for the courage and devotion with which he volunteered to go out of the Residency, disguised as a native, through the swarming city, full of cruel enemies, and communicate with Sir Colin Campbell, who was then some miles outside, at the Martinière. How he could ever have made himself look like a native I know not. He is a square-shouldered, large-limbed, muscular man, a good deal over the middle height, with decided European features; a

large head, covered with hair of—a reddish auburn, shall I say?—moustaches and beard still lighter, and features and eyes such as no native that ever I saw possessed. He was dressed in some sort of blue uniform tunic—that of the Volunteer Cavalry, I believe—white cords, and jack-boots, and felt helmet, and was well armed—heavy sabre and pistols. He is open, frank, and free in manner; and I believe those grand covenanted gentlemen who did not mention his name in any of their Lucknow reports, regard him as “not one of us.” But Mr. Kavanagh may console himself. He has made himself famous by an act of remarkable courage—not in the heat of battle, or in a moment of impulse or excitement, but performed after deliberation, and sustained continuously through a long trial. If the Victoria Cross were open to civilians (and why should it not be?) there is no one who deserves it better than this gentleman. And, indeed, I believe, from his conversation to-day, that the hope of wearing it was one of the main-springs of his devotion. He left wife and children in the garrison, and went out on his desperate errand, which, even to the sanguine, seemed hopeless.

A joyful surprise! This evening comes a native trooper into camp with a chitty for “Russell Sahib Bahadoor,” and with what was more important still, a certain white mare, saddle, bridle, and all, which had been found near Bunnee grazing, yesterday, and was sent over to me by Captain Carnegie. The saddle alone was worth its weight in gold.

At dinner, orders are ready for us to march at day-break to-morrow. Wilkin, of the 7th Hussars, who is dining with me, is summoned to fall in with his

regiment soon after midnight. As we get near the place, we hear great reports of the enemy's strength. There are, it is said, at least 60,000 regulars of all sorts, and about 70,000 nujeebs, militia, and matchlockmen. All the great chiefs of Oude, Mussulman and Hindoo, are there, and have sworn to fight for their young king, Birjies Kuddr, to the last. Their cavalry is numerous, the city is filled with people, the works are continually strengthened. All Oude is in the hands of the enemy, and we only hold the ground we cover with our bayonets.

CHAPTER XVI.

March for Lucknow.—A vision.—Jellalabad.—Sepoy skeletons.—An old Sikh officer.—Sergeant Gillespie.—Site of our new camp.—The Martinière.—The Dilkoosha.—A breach of etiquette.—View from the roof of the Dilkoosha.—The enemy's trenches.—A round shot.—Striking beauty of Lucknow.—A young langour.—Visitors and guests.

March 3rd.—With heavy guns, Highlanders and Head-Quarters' departments marched from Buntheerah for Lucknow this blessed fresh morning. How pleasant it is to get free! I recalled the sensations of our first reconnaissance in the Crimea, when we got out of the mud and into the sweet grass and fresh flowers. Mr. Kavanagh had my white mare; and I succeeded in borrowing a less lively creature, at which I was much rejoiced, when I saw Mr. Kavanagh now rushing furiously past the column, now performing the more intricate manœuvres of the manège unwittingly, and as full of anxiety for his seat as a member with an election petition against him. * * * *

A VISION.

As I think of it now, it seems a vision—a waking dream! For some days I wrote no entries in my diary; and all that I could write was sent to “another place,” and so I can only trust to memory for that morning march. First, a sea-like plain of sandy soil,

which looks much as the ocean does, when seen from the deck of a ship under a dark grey sky. In a right line across this plain, a stream of infantry, cavalry, and cannon, guarded by sailors, and drawn by many oxen, stretches away to a black point on the horizon, which is just fretted by a border of trees. Then patches of tall sugar-cane, towards which our flankers, looking like dots on the surface, ride exploringly; then groves of trees like islands; beyond, by the side of a large lake, a solitary fort, with crumbling bastions, on which, however, glance the bayonets of our sentries. This is Jellalabad; the extreme point held by the garrison of Alumbagh. The engineers have filled it with their stores. More than once the enemy have assailed it; their scaling-ladders lie about in the brushwood. See: there is a skeleton in the remnants of a sepoy's uniform. Why does that officer ride his horse over the bones? Brave men do not war with the dead. Thence we come to thick woods, through which our road winds out to more open country. Far away, above a field of wide-spread cane, we see a white tower. That is part of the Alumbagh. We pass under the walls of Jellalabad, and through more woods; once more we come upon a plain where skeletons are lying with red rags sticking round them—sepoys killed by Outram's cavalry in some skirmish between his post and Jellalabad. Then the column halts and closes up, and the camp-followers creep close in to us. Amid the high grass and under the trees on our left, we see white figures moving; they are the enemy's sowars.

Stewart and I push on the front, and find the head of our column halted at a narrow wooded lane, close

to which there is one of the enemy's field-works to cover a couple of guns, which Sir Colin probably disposed of yesterday. The lane opens on a plain, which is skirted on the left by woods and sugar-cane cates. It is quite uncultivated, full of deep dry watercourses and nullahs cut in the stony surface. No one knows where the chief is: not a soul is to be seen. We must be close to Lucknow, and still closer to the Lord Sahib's camp; but the extreme end of the plain in front of us is a rise which conceals everything from our view. Presently a clump of lances appears on the brow, and a small body of cavalry appear on the ridge, and makes over towards us, led by two officers. As they approach I recognized Johnson, who was coming to look for the heavy guns, and to guide the column. "The chief's camp is about a mile ahead. I will give you my sowars; make the best of your way across the open ground, for the enemy have horse and foot in the cates and woods on your left." Stewart and I at once started off at a sling trot, followed by an old Sikh officer and some dozen of lancers, and as we went along, the old Sikh, stroking his beard, which flowed almost down to his saddle, told us tremendous fibs—"How the Lord Sahib had taken the Dilkoocha, the Martinière, and was half-way into Lucknow. How the Sikhs and Artillery had slaughtered many hundreds of the budmashes and taken all their guns; and how he and his men had swept their sowars to Hades." He was a noble-looking old economist of the truth; and his men were the wildest, finest-looking fellows possible—part of Probyn's detachment of Punjaabee Irregulars (Watson's?).

Now and then we looked to the left, but not a sowar showed himself, though once or twice it seemed to me the sugar-canes had white tops to them. The ground was very hard, broken, and, as a friend of mine says, "ravinous;" but as we got to the top of the ridge, we saw an old rubble wall, evidently guarding a large enclosure of trees, running in front of us, with many dry nullahs intervening. Down one of those we rode, and on turning a corner, I heard a voice from above, in a broad Scotch accent, "Save us! is that you, Mr. Russell? Well, sir, I never did think of seeing you here; but indeed I'm glad to see you." The speaker was an honest non-commissioned officer of the 93rd, Sergeant Gillespie, who was for a long time Provost-Sergeant of the Head-Quarters' camp in the Crimea, and in charge of the Russian prisoners. The camp, he said, was just inside the wall, "a bittock away. We weren't in the Martinière yet, but we'd soon be, whenever Sir Colin liked to say the word." And so we parted.

A little further on met David Wood, commanding all our Horse-Artillery, and his aide-de-camp, and he volunteered very kindly to lead us the right way. It was a long one; but at last we turned an angle in the old wall, came into a fine open wood, and before us were the tents of the Highlanders. It was now breakfast-time—past it; a long fast since dawn; a hot ride. Welcome was the voice that cried out "Hadh't you two better stop and have some breakfast?" And not one, but two, and many voices, for every one knew Pat Stewart, who hailed from north of the Tweed, and not a few of the 42nd knew his companion. We did wisely, under the circum-

stances; first we went to one tent, and sat outside, consuming at the little table all the breakfast of Cockburn, whilst Colonel Cameron's servant was preparing another meal for us. The regiment was turning out; there was great buttoning of white gaiters and filling of flasks, so that our hosts had to leave us, and saved our blushes. Breakfast No. 2 was announced—rashers of cow-beef, tea, and bread; but there was no milk, as the honest Scot announced to us, "The gates (goats) were as dree as a stane;" yet, wonderful to relate, we nevertheless exhausted his banquet, and then set off for our tents, which were in an adjoining enclosure.

The site selected by the Chief was in a series of magnificently-wooded parks, attached to several palaces, or country houses, of the royal family of Oude, south of the Dilkoosha. The trees were of great age and extreme beauty, affording us a fine shade and cover to innumerable langours, or black-faced long-tailed monkeys with white hair and whiskers. Some deer which were captured also lived here. When we arrived, the tents were just being pitched. The precision with which this is done in India is admirable. I recollected our first attempts in Bulgaria, and thought there was one part of military life, at all events, which our Royal officers might learn from the Company's. It is in this wise: take Head-Quarters, for instance, there is a tindal, or overseer of Kelassees, whose business it is to keep up with the Quartermaster-General's officer charged to pitch the camp. His men carry the Commander-in-Chief's standard, and small flags affixed to short iron spears, which vary in colour according to the regiment or department, and rackets of cord. On

arriving at the ground, the Quartermaster-General fixes on the best site for the Lord Sahib's tent; the standard is at once planted and displayed, showing all within view where the Commander-in-Chief's camp is. Then each tent is marked off; the cords are fixed in parallel lines; the boundaries of the tent-spaces being distinguished by the flags which are fixed in the ground; the coolies set to work to level all inequalities, to cut down shrubs or grass, to fill up trenches; the train of camels approaches; each Kelassee sees the place marked off for his master's tent; the camels and elephants kneel down, are unloaded; are led off to feed; and then cone after cone of canvas rises rapidly, till the city is complete, the two principal buildings being the Chief's mess-tent and that of the Head-Quarters' Staff. We were pitched in the park of the Bibiapore, and just outside that wall is the Dilkoosha. It is occupied by our men, who also hold some walls in front of it, within musketry-fire of the trenches and rifle-pits of the enemy in front of the Martinière. "No one is to go to the Dilkoosha unless on duty there." An order settles that matter.—"Head-Quarters, Bibiapore, March 3rd. By order of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, the bearer of this pass, Mr. Russell, is permitted to enter the Dilkoosha, to visit the outposts, and to go to and fro as he pleases. (Signed) W. H. Norman, Adjutant-General."

Stewart, who is on duty, for he is to work up the telegraph to the Dilkoosha, starts with me. We walk under an avenue of mighty trees, bordering a drive which leads to a gateway in the wall, arched over, and ornamented by pilasters. There is a slight irre-

gular fire of musketry going on outside. On emerging from the gateway there extends a wide, broad plain, right, front, and left, which contains some remarkable objects; on our right, at the end of the park from which we have just emerged, is a walled garden filled with cypresses, summer-houses, plaster statues, with kiosks, and pleasant walks 'mid orange trees. Beneath it flows the Goomtee, about 500 yards from us, coming down with many a curve from the city of Lucknow. Beyond it, on the right, is an expanse of meadow and corn-fields, bounded, as usual, by wood. One small hamlet and a few cottages are all the signs of habitation we can see here, but in a break in the trees far away we can make out an arched bridge, which is the viaduct of the road from Lucknow to Fyzabad, over the Kokraal stream and nullah. Directly in front of us is about 1200 yards of broken ground, intersected by two ruinous old walls, which run down to the river, and seem to have been parts of an outer enclosure of the Bibiapore. Above those walls there rises the most curious structure I ever saw. At first glance one exclaims, "How beautiful! what a splendid building;" at the second, "Why it must have been built by a madman!" At the distance of more than half a mile we can make out the eccentric array of statues, the huge lions' heads, the incongruous columns, arches, pillars, windows, and flights of stairs leading to nothing, which are the distinguishing features of the Martinière. The centre of the building is the most grotesque; the wide sweep of the wings and their curve inwards from the triad stairs leading to the entrance has a fine effect. But the statues! they

are perched on every angle, drawn up as close as they can stand all along the roof, fixed on the pinnacles, and corners, and pillars, in all directions. In front of the whole building (rising from a sheet of water in shape of a letter T) there is a tall pillar, not unlike the monument to the Duke of York.

At the proper left corner of the Martinière, there is just visible the embrasure of a low earthwork. On the proper right of the Martinière, there are a few one-storied white houses, a wall which stretches a long way to the right, inside which there is a park full of dense trees, which completely screens the city and the line of the enemy's works from where we stand. Bounding the landscape, about 400 yards away, on our left, is the Dilkoosha, which is nothing more nor less than a good specimen of a French château of the beginning of the last century, improved by an Italian artist. Where is the city of Lucknow? Somewhere over there beyond the Dilkoosha, and thence stretching behind the park of the Martinière.

There is a group of officers standing under a tree to our right on a little mound: we join them, and look placidly at the line of our men just in front, who are firing, through the wall they have loopholed, at the enemy's trenches, from which comes an irregular dropping fire. "Those fellows have sent one or two round-shot from the angle of the Martinière towards our camp," quoth one. I was looking through my glass at the time, and I distinctly saw the gunners laying the piece for our humble selves just as he finished speaking. It is an unpleasant thing to look down the muzzle of a hostile gun with a glass. "I think," said I, modestly, "they are

going to fire at us." As I spoke, pluff came a spirt of smoke with red tongue in it—a second of suspense, and whi-s-s-s-h, right for us came the round-shot within a foot of our heads, plumped into the ground, with a storm of dust and small stones, beyond us, and then rising rushed over the wall into the Chief's camp.

It's not etiquette, strictly speaking, to bow to a round-shot on duty; but we were not on duty, and we all "bobbed," gently, pleasantly, and unconcernedly, as it were. Each man smiled as he looked at his neighbour. "Begad, that was a near shave for some of us; we'd better get from this tree—we're only drawing fire." A sensible remark, and each man stalked away, very savage with the enemy, and affecting great indifference. Just some twelve inches lower, and where had been the brains of some of us, or the subtler part. Of all horrid sights, I know none so bad as seeing a man's brains dashed out like froth by a cannon-ball! One would never feel it one's self—for the time is come, when brains are out, that men will die. "My telegraph wires will be exposed to fire," said Stewart; and so we sauntered on to the Dilkoosha, which was filled with Highlanders. No one asked for our passes—we crossed the court-yard, ascended the flight of steps to the hall, and thence, through heaps of ruin, broken mirror-frames, crystals of chandeliers, tapestries, pictures, beds of furniture, mounted to the flat roof. A vision, indeed!

A vision of palaces, minars, domes azure and golden, cupolas, colonnade, long façades of fair perspective in pillar and column, terraced roofs—all rising up amid a calm still ocean of the brightest verdure. Look for miles and miles away, and still the ocean spreads,

and the towers of the fairy-city gleam in its midst. Spires of gold glitter in the sun. Turrets and gilded spheres shine like constellations. There is nothing mean or squalid to be seen. There is a city more vast than Paris, as it seems, and more brilliant, lying before us. Is this a city in Oude? Is this the capital of a semi-barbarous race, erected by a corrupt, effete, and degraded dynasty? I confess I felt inclined to rub my eyes again and again. But let us analyse. On our right is the Martinière. Behind it is a high parapet of earth, which, beginning at the Goomtec, sweeps away to the left till it is lost in the foliage of the trees. This is the great outer line of works, which the enemy have raised with such trouble, and (for them) such energy. Here there is a raised redoubt, which we call the Cavalier; there is a battery; further on there is a gun *en barbette*; and on the left there seems to be a strong work in front of a large, two-storied, high-peaked house, called "Banks' Bungalow." Behind this parapet and the trees, which seem to run through the streets of the city, is the wilderness of fair architecture which renders the place a marvel to us. Near us is the Begum's Kothie, on the proper left of Banks' bungalow; beyond is the little Imambarra—a mass of minarets, flat roofs, and long, ornamented frontage; then the Mess-House; on the right the angles of the racket courts. On the left, in a blaze of gilding, spires, cupolas, domes, stretches the vast Kaisar-bagh. Then beyond are the Tara Kothie on the right; the Residency on the left; the Chuttur Munsil, the Mohtee Mahul, the great Imambarra: the Badshah-bagh in a park at the other side of the river; the race-stand, a wide suburb, and the Kokraal viaduct.

Close below us we look into the enemy's trenches and rifle-pits, extending on the right of the Martinière down by the park wall. They are filled with men in white, and, here and there, a few red-coated *sepoys*, or *telungas*. These trenches are wonderfully extensive, and are for the most part mere covered ways, intended for approaches to rifle-pits, or rather sunken pits, for musket and matchlockmen. As we look, a great commotion takes place among them in the pits—little waves of men are seen flowing from under the park wall into the various trenches, and presently a large zigzag fire of musketry goes twitteringly along the lines of the trenches, like a long train of gunpowder. This fire is directed at the *Dilkoosha*—the balls hum over us now and then, or flatten here and there against the roof, but the greater part of the fire is wasted, and the ground in front of us, marked by puffs of dust, shows where the bullets strike. "*Grace à Dieu!*" the enemy have only "*Brown Bess.*" A few years more, not one of us could have stood here, for all our good friends in the trenches had been armed with the *Enfield*, or some other rifled musket. "Sergeant, just let a few men fire at those fellows under that tree!" From the west door of the *Dilkoosha* a road ran straight away towards *Banks'* bungalow, and about half-way down the enemy seemed to have made a cut across it, for we could see men's heads moving to and fro, and some six or seven fellows got out on the road, and under cover of a large tree, were firing towards us. "I think," said the sergeant, "that ye'd best mak it seven hundred yards, *Macalister.*" "I'll just tree them at sax hundred and fafty." Ping went bullet! Our friends at once ducked their heads, and

bolted for the trench. One of them, as he gained the top, threw his arms into the air, and fell into his haven of refuge. "I thocht I nicked am that time," quoth the sergeant, ramming down another cartridge.

The contagion of the fusillade had spread. From all the windows of the palace, as well as from the roof and its queer turrets, a sharp fire was kept up by our men, before which the smoke from the hostile trenches melted away as though it were in a strong breeze. Do what they would, the sepoys effected nothing more formidable than hitting the walls with a falling bullet, whilst the tops of their pits were pelted, as it were, with constant puffs of dust where the conical balls whizzed sharply through the sand. Presently, however, a thick puff of smoke rose from behind the trees on the right of the Martinière, and a round-shot rushed over the turret on which I was standing. At the same moment another gun opened from Banks' bungalow, and the shot, ricochetting three times, rolled at the last bound up to the door of the Dilkoosha, and dispersed a crowd of idlers. The gun from the left angle of the Martinière was all this time firing about ten or twelve shots an hour, and the balls rushed past us on the right towards the Chief's camp. Suddenly, our firing, which was exciting enough, ceased in the lower story. A subaltern appeared on our flat. "The Commander-in-Chief has sent orders that there is to be no fire from the Dilkoosha, except by orders, or in case of actual attack." Indeed, it was useless expenditure of ammunition, and drew fire upon us from artillery. Only one of our men was wounded—a bullet flew through a window, and had still force enough to break the bone of his arm.

As we were looking at the city in quiet—for the evening's renewed fire was too contemptible to notice—Sir Colin, Mansfield, and Lugard, with some of the staff, came upon the roof, and Sir Colin, going into one of the turrets, proceeded to discuss a large map with Colonel Napier. Although the heat in the sun was very great, I was so interested that I bore it all, in order to get the picture into my head as well as I could. It is there, never to be effaced as long as the canvas lasts; but I find, alas! I cannot make copies, therefore I cannot give them to others. Not Rome, not Athens, not Constantinople, not any city I have ever seen, appears to me so striking and beautiful as this; and the more I gaze, the more its beauties grow upon me. The city is said to contain about a million of people, and 150,000 armed men at the very least. It is thirty miles round. We have, however, only to gain the south-east angle, and all falls to our hands. The spies report great preparations for its defence—three inner lines of works—many cannon in position. But there are dissensions in the city. The presiding genius of the defence is Huzrut Mahul, Begum of Lucknow, whose son, a boy of fourteen years of age, is the puppet-king of Oude. The Begum has a favourite, one Mummoo Khan. The opposition is led by a Moulvie, or Mahomedan priest, who is said to be a vigorous fanatic.

Of the result of the siege no one doubts. We have a very powerful first-class siege-train; plenty of eight-inch guns, ten-inch guns, and mortars; a compact, well-disciplined army; a very cautious, skilful soldier at their head, aided by lieutenants of ability and intelligence. As an ingredient in our calculations I

may mention that Jung Bahadoor is at last marching as fast as he can towards Lucknow, and may be expected here in a few days more.

Sir Colin takes long looks through his glass; he says he is surprised at the size of the works. They look, indeed, like heavy railway embankments. From the top of the Dilkoosha, I went down to the wall in front of it, through which about thirty file were firing, their comrades lying under such shade as they could make with their greatcoats, whilst their native cook-boys were dressing their dinners. A very pretty scene; none of the horrors of war in sight. One man only hit in the leg, and gone off in a dooly. Now and then a round-shot, making a very remarkable noise in the air, which showed it was *not* round, went over towards camp. The Martinière full of people passing to and fro. Some finely-dressed rascals, in gay silks and shawls, visible through the glass. The fire of the place is very weak; if they had good guns and plenty of them, they could pound us out of the Dilkoosha, and force us to open regular trenches.

Towards evening, walked through our gateway into our camp. Simon informed me, "Much cannon-ball come here, sar"; and in effect we learn that several round-shot have cut the trees overhead and plunged into the ground among the tents; but lately the enemy have knocked off their unpleasant practice. The men, busy in hunting the poor langours, which had a very hard time of it. One of my servants got hold of a young one; it looked the picture of sorrow, and I would have let it go, were I not sure that it would receive cruel lapidations, and perhaps a death-

blow. It was tied by a string to my gharry. Our first interview to-day was distant; when I approached to shake hands, it made an ugly face, chattered, and caught me by the whisker, which it pulled very viciously. Repeated advances on my part, aided by demonstrations of roasted Indian corn, at length established a friendly feeling between us, and ere long it had learned to take my hand and look into it for food.

Dinner passed just the same as usual. We were all talking of heavy guns, battering, and storming, for half-an-hour, and then dropped into our usual quasi-controversial conversation. Our condensation increases the number of our visitors and guests, and the mess has as many as five or six-and-twenty covers laid; plates of all patterns, flanked by fifty or more little salt and pepper turrets; a silver Lucknow on a waste of table cloth. To-night some guns are to be sent up to the ridge, behind the wall, on the right front of the Dilkoosha, to open on the angle of the Martinière to-morrow morning. Sir Colin and the chief of the staff are in constant intercourse. Bruce is busy with spies, Napier with plans. We have no politicals in camp.

CHAPTER XVII.

A narrow escape.—Under fire.—A kind of club-meeting.—Horsford and the yellow eunuch.—*Personnel* of our officers.—Reconnoitring.—A prettily-adjusted brass shell.—Sepoys' courage.—The yellow eunuch again.—Floating bridge across the Goomtee.—Habitual use of a telescope.—Advance of the enemy.—A brisk cannonade.—Brijeis Kuddr.—Daily Avocations.—General order from Bahadoor Khan.—Fly-fishing.—A dignified retreat.

March 4th.—This morning had very nearly seen the last of my penmanship, and put an end to a member—very humble, indeed—of that republic which young Prince Esterhazy assured me, at Moscow, was worse than the Rouge—the “proletariat of letters.” I had sauntered out with my glass under my arm, and went down to the garden which I previously mentioned. It must have been a very pretty spot—opening on the river by a flight of steps, with alcoves, covered walks, orange-trees, kiosks, abundant statuary in plaster, a platform for dancing, an orchestra, the ornamented roofs covered with gilded bosses and spires—tall cypresses and tamarinds bordered the orange-plantations, and a wilderness of flowers sprang up in their neglected beds. Everything was fast going to decay; the irrigation-canals were choked up, the fountains were dry, the statues falling to pieces, the lattices in the kiosks broken. Walking out of the garden, I went down to the broken ground close to the river, and proceeded to take a good view of the Martinière, which seemed quite close at hand. On my left front was our wall, with two guns and two howitzers in

position behind it, and the red-coats firing through the loopholes. About one hundred yards behind me was a small tree, under which some officers were sitting and standing. A stout, round, little gentleman, *en bourgeois*, whom I have remarked lately about Headquarters, rode out of the Bibiapore park on a white pony, and joined the group. I was looking at the Martinière through my glass, soon after, and observed a fellow from behind the wall of it stretch out a coal at the end of a stick, or long pincers, to the gun, little dreaming that it was laid right for me, but in a second I heard the rush of the ball coming straight at me, and the wind of the shot made me *wink*. I turned instantly to see where it was going, and in the place where the group under the tree had been, I saw but a pillar of dust and earth. As it cleared away, the white pony appeared describing veritable scenes in the circle, with our stout friend on his back; but his *entourage* had dissolved. The shot had struck right under the horse's belly; and it is no imputation on the chief clerk of the Adjutant-General's Department to say, that he moved slowly away from ground which the enemy had so accurately measured. The wind of a shot has no physical effect except creating a current of air; its moral effects differ according to one's nervous or mental constitution.

The moment the enemy fired, bang! bang! bang! bang! went our two guns and two big howitzers at the angle of the Martinière. Large blocks of the plaster and brick tumbled down where the shot struck; the shells burst, in two balls of smoke and fire, right over the embrasure of their gun; but in three minutes another round-shot from the corner flew into our

camp. Again our guns went at it. This lasted all day; the corner of the Martinière suffered, but the gun was not touched. After breakfast, which I enjoyed all the better for having a head on my shoulders, went to the top of the Dilkoosha, where I spent the day, hot as it was. The advantages of the site, as a look-out, made it a general rendezvous. Sir Colin came up about eleven o'clock, and spent half-an-hour on the roof examining the place and talking to us. Lugard has occupied some of the lower rooms as quarters for himself and staff (a round-shot passed through his breakfast-room this morning). I was glad to be away from camp, as it has to be moved to-day. The enemy find they annoy us, and have learned from their spies, the Lord Sahib is there. I should not be surprised if they mistook Mr. Hogan, on his white pony, this morning, for the Commander-in-Chief on his white horse. This morning a round-shot pitched close to our mess-tent, at breakfast-time. A little later, as I was in my tent, preparing to go out, another rushed through the crashing branches close to me, and I thought some of us must suffer. There was a short and a slight commotion among the natives; on going out, I found the shot had gone through the tent of Sir David Baird's servant, and had broken *his pipe*; but had done no other damage. Nothing makes people so uneasy as being shelled or under fire in their camp. The oldest soldiers can't stand it. No one knows when or where a shot may come. Sir Colin had, in fact, put us too near, as we were only a couple of hundred yards from the Dilkoosha. There were some casualties from the fire in the Highlanders' camp. The sepoy give their guns

a great elevation, don't mind the strain on carriages, and fire away.

There was a kind of club-meeting on the top of the Dilkoosha all day. I met Colonel Eveleigh, of the 20th—an old neighbour in the camp near Cathcart's Hill—a gallant and excellent officer. He looks browned, hale, and hearty. Macdonell and Horsford, of the Rifle Brigade, were also there. The latter engaged in a duel with a rascal in the Martinière, who was dressed very conspicuously in rich yellow robes. He sat in a window, and now and then took a rifle from his servants and fired it at us. From the blackness of his face, and the richness of his dress, it was imagined he was one of the African eunuchs of the palace, whose skill, as marksmen, had caused us great loss during the siege of the Residency, and to one of whom Neill's death is attributed. After the second or third shot, Horsford's rival disappeared. Napier, of the Engineers, also came up and surveyed the place. His manner is charming, kindly, quiet, and free, and his eyes have a serene, *good* expression, which invites confidence and demands respect.

I could not but be struck with the admirable *personnel* of our officers as they stood chatting in groups to-day. Sir Colin, spite of a slight stoop, is every inch a soldier in look and bearing—sparse, muscular, well-poised on small, well-made feet, to which some utilitarian boot-maker has done scant justice, and given plenty of leather; one arm held straight down by the side, with clenched fist, the other used with easy gesture; his figure shows little trace of fifty years of the hardest and most varied service beyond that which a vigorous age must carry with it; the face is marked, indeed, with

many a seam across the brow, but the mouth, surmounted by a trimmed, short moustache, is clean-cut and firm, showing a perfect set of teeth as he speaks; the jaw, smooth and broad, is full of decision; the eye of the most piercing intelligence, full of light and shrewdness. General Mansfield, taller than his chief, well made and broad-chested, gives some indications of his extraordinary attention to the labours of the desk and study in a "scholar's slope" about the shoulders. His face is handsome—a fine oval with a vigorous jaw; compressed, arched lips, full of power; a well-formed nose, and a brow laden with thought; his sight is not good, and he is obliged to wear glasses or spectacles, which he holds rather aloft, giving himself the air of our friend at the banquet of Nasidienus, "*omnia suspendens naso*." It is this, probably, which has made some people think the general is supercilious: but I am satisfied no one will find him so who has to approach him on business. Horsford is the *beau idéal* of an English officer. Look at all these men, and you will find there are not above two who have the least "swagger," or swash-buckler air, whilst they all look like soldiers.

Pat. Stewart introduced me to some of the Bengal Engineers—Taylor, Brownlow, Greathead, &c., men of remarkable intelligence, and distinguished by past services, though they are yet quite young. Probably each of them has seen, in a year, more active service than Lieutenant-Colonel Harness, of the Royal Engineers, who commands them as senior; though I don't quite understand how he is placed with regard to Napier. He is most active and zealous, and now, towards the close of his life, he is realizing in service what before

were but scientific dreams or the theories of the lecture-room. His aide-de-camp, Beaumont, who is noted for mechanical skill, has probably seen more service than his chief. It was amusing to see Peel, to-day, picking out ground for his guns. He walked about in front of the Dilkoosha, and away towards Mahomed Bagh, as if he were taking stock of a new farm. The enemy caught sight of him, and blazed away from all their rifle-pits; but their balls fell short, for the most part, and he went on squinting through his pet naval glass, unheeding their polite attentions. Presently he came up to the top of the Dilkoosha, and I said, "I think that some of those fellows must have gone very near you." "Pooh!" said he, laughing; "they can't shoot straight; besides, I was 500 yards away from the nearest of them, and these matchlocks won't carry more than 400 yards, as I have proved to my perfect satisfaction." However, their fire against his guns, close to us, became so sharp towards the afternoon, that he sent up to the Engineers to say he wanted a breast-work thrown up to protect his gunners.

After Peel had made his *reconnaissance*—which, by the bye, drew some dozens of the enemy to sneak across the road towards the Mahomed Bagh, in order to get a pot-shot at him—we saw a horseman emerge out of the wood near the Martinière, and ride at a walk along our left point, a proceeding which the enemy resented by an incessant fusillade; it turned out to be Kavanagh, who was doing a little reconnoitring on his own account. Scarcely had he slowly retired from the scene, when out came Colonel Harness, with two or three other officers; but by this time, orders had been sent to stop those little expeditions, and to our infinite

amusement we saw an officer running after the chief of the Royal Engineers, to prevent his doing what he was specially bound to do.

The enemy, by this time, had got perfectly savage at our insulting promenades upon the open. Just as the colonel and his little party were regaining the cover of the Dilkoosha, a heavy gun was fired from Banks' bungalow, or near it, and once again the sepoy showed how well we had trained our Native Artillery, for the shot struck so close to the group that it covered them with earth and dust. As yet, Peel is not satisfied with his ground, and our fire this evening had not done more than make holes in the Martinière, bite away the angle of the wall, and frighten the statuary. Just as we were leaving this evening, the enemy, who had sent two shots into the building this morning, and plenty over and short of it, fired a very prettily-adjusted brass-shell, which burst with a "smack" over our heads, within a yard or so, and sent a hatful of fragments whirring through the men in the courtyard, with no more serious result than wounding a sutler's pony.

When we got back to camp, found we were in new ground in a park at the back of Bibiapore, which has a fine French château-like house in it. Here Sir Colin and his staff have taken up their quarters. Norman and the department have also found shelter there for their offices; but the chief sleeps in his tent. Had a large party at mess, many of whom had been in recent "dours," and I heard a good deal of "potting pandies," and "polishing-off niggers." It seems quite settled, that the enemy never fight well unless when they are in a position in which a civilised

enemy would not fight at all. It is amusing to see the old Indians waxing angry at attacks on the courage of their sepoys; "*olim tam dilecti*," in which they find taunts secretly directed at themselves, and yet, in their anger, obliged to admit that the pandies do not fight as they used to do, now that they are faithless to their salt.

Sir Colin and Mansfield declare they always had the same opinion of the sepoys that they have now. "God forgive me, it was the only time I ever wilfully lent myself to an untruth in my life, when I expressed myself satisfied with their conduct." Why did our officers lend themselves to such deceit? It is a long answer to an embarrassing question. It was "the mode;"—more than that, an officer would be persecuted, hunted down and ruined, who dared to tell the truth. I am assured, in the old days, a Queen's officer who ventured to express an opinion that the discipline of a sepoy regiment was not perfect, would be insulted till he was forced to fight, and then had a host of enemies ready to put him under the sod with a bullet, or to stab him with their pens in the Indian press, which was quite dependent on the services, with few exceptions, of volunteer writers and correspondents.

March 5th.—To get through my work in a profitable way, I took up writing materials, and luncheon of salt beef and rum-and-water, to the top of the Dilkoosha to-day, but it was not quite a good place for study or composition. In the first place, Peel had got four heavy guns into position on the left, close to the house, which, with the two guns and two howitzers on the right, augmented now by two more guns,

keep up a constant fire on the Martinière and on the suburb near it, as well as on the enemy's rifle-pits. To this the pandies are replying from their old gun at the Martinière, reinforced by another piece, apparently a nine-pounder, and by guns placed in various holes and corners along their works, so that the cannonade shakes the château, and the balls in reply, screaming and roaring overhead and alongside, disturb one's attention. Again the enemy have got the range of our camp, and our tents are to be once more removed and pitched further back. Great escapes and some wounds from lobbing round-shot already. It is fortunate and comfortable that the enemy have not got mortars or iron shell, or, if they have, don't use them. Just imagine a thirteen-incher, or a "whistling dick," coming into our mess-tent; or, worse, into one of the hospital tents!

Our friend, the yellow eunuch, showed to-day at the Martinière; but he and his friends bowed and retired when a ten-inch shell popped into their gallery and paid them a flying visit.

Dined at the Engineer mess this evening, which is in possession of a very large tent. The long tables were completely filled by some twenty-five or thirty members of the mess—Royals and Bengals, and their friends. Astonishing bills of fare; considering latitude and longitude, reflected great credit on the khansamah, or the superintendent, and the preparation was highly creditable to the cooks; claret, champagne, and military wines in abundance. Whilst we are feasting, the fanatics in Lucknow are listening to their Spurgeon, who has come from Mecca, and is to preach a great sermon to

them this night before the Kaiserbagh! But the mass of the enemy in Lucknow will, I suspect, be fiddling or being fiddled to, for as yet our movements have caused them no greater uneasiness than to increase the animosities of their party fights, and to acuminate the Court intrigues. Let us see what a start they will get in the morning.

As we were sitting over pipes and cigars, after dinner, a disconsolate young artillery officer and an aide-de camp come in to us from the adjoining Head-Quarters camp, and ask "Where the bridge is?" They have to bring down some guns to the river, and cannot find their way. Thus the secret is known. The engineers are at work on the Goomtee, throwing a floating bridge across, and these guns are going down to defend it. The night is fine, clear moonlight. Who will come and have a look at the bridge? It is near 10 o'clock—late for camp, and so only some four or five of us start off with the artillery. It is not very easy to find the way, for the wood is thick, and the moonlight falls fitfully and uncertainly through the dense branches, but at last we emerge on the meadows, which lie between Bibiapore and the river, and we see its waters like a strip of mirror in one bend, as it whirls through the dark plain. At one place there is a black, ant-heap-like body, which resolves itself, as we approach close, into a body of sappers, some carts laden with empty porter casks, and native drivers and coolies. They are close to the river, which is here about forty yards broad, with deep banks on both sides. Not a very silent party, for there is a row of voices and creaking of cart-wheels, which could be heard a mile away. Already the men

have cut down the bank and made a rough roadway to the water's edge, and the first raft of casks is in the stream.

Nicholson, who is in command of the engineers, and is charged with the execution of the bridge, is an old acquaintance, since the days when he was wont to spend his energies in the preparations for blowing up the docks at Sebastopol. He thinks the bridge will be ready to-morrow. It is to be practicable for heavy guns. All this means that Sir Colin has devised a very masterly plan of turning the enemy's line, of taking them *en enfilade*, and even in reverse by throwing a strong corps across the Goomtee. There is not a soul on the enemy's side of the river. A few riflemen or infantry, in the long grass at the top of the bank, could have impeded the operation immensely. The native drivers would have run away, and we should have had to wait till morning. After an hour spent very pleasantly in watching the progress of the bridge, and seeing the practical application of the lessons taught at Chatham, I walked back to camp and turned into bed. Late as it was, General Mansfield was at work in his tent as I passed.

March 6th.—At dawn was up, and went down with Stewart and some others to see what progress had been made with the bridges. One floating raft was completed from bank to bank, and a party of the 38th under Hume, were across the stream as a covering party. The second bridge was not ready, and so some of us sat down and watched the progress of the men, and others enjoyed their morning smoke and a dish of gossip with their friends. It was a pretty sight—the red coats and white cap covers dotting

the little mounds in our front, the earnest sappers rolling casks, pulling planks, cording, belaying, and floating off the portions of the bridge; the smooth stream; on our left the Martinière and the line of the enemy's works rising above the long, level line of meadow, and on our right a wide expanse of corn-fields rolling away against a shore of deep rich green mangoe topes. Now, if there is one thing more than another which I have learned in my odd campaigning career, it is the use of a telescope, and a constant habit of using it. Many, many a dreary hour have I beguiled with my Troughton and Sims in the dreary winter days at Cathcart's Hill, by resolving the dull outline over the Tchernaya into groups of Russians, and huts, and men on the march, and long convoys of provisions. I was now at my old work once more, and was busily searching the mangoe topes, when my eye was attracted by a white flickering line, just visible in the space between the top of the corn-fields and the branches of the trees. I looked more intently. There could be no doubt of it! A body of horse was moving down on our right flank. See, there are the heads of some bullocks! "What do you see?" "Oh, you'll find out soon enough! Here are the enemy coming down on us with guns and cavalry." Every eye was now directed to the wood. Our artillerymen, in charge of four pieces on the other side of the river, jumped up and stood by their guns. Presently, from the wood in front of us, emerged the head of the body of cavalry, a magnificent "swell," as he was called, in yellow shawls, with a green turban, mounted on a white arab, leading them. He was followed by a sort of staff, and then came a body of sowars in white, riding

in threes, and carrying lances, who were at once recognized as belonging to one of the revolted cavalry regiments. "The infernal scoundrels!" growled an Indian officer near me. "They murdered their colonel, and they are the d——t cowards unhung." On they wound in a fair show, edging towards our right, till they were within 600 or 650 yards of where we stood. The bravado was too much for some of our young soldiers. Instead of waiting till the sowars had come within 300 or 400 yards, the picket on the right rose, and began to fire at haphazard. Never was there such a rapid change as came over those gallant cavaliers. They had been curvetting, prancing, and bahadooring with their swords in the air, till the first bullet, whizzing in front of the leader's horse, knocked up a light puff of dust. Down went his sword at once, in went his heels, and off went the arab in a cloud of dust, followed by the whole ruck of horsemen, who never drew rein till they were a good mile away. "I'm sure I saw a gun with them," said I.

"Pooh, Correspondent! You are giving us a false alarm."

"But I do see two. One under that tope in front, unlimbered, and the other—— There! Here it comes!" A column of smoke rushed out of the tope, and a round-shot, fired at the picket close at hand, touched the top of the mound in their front, and, rising, went right into our camp among a crowd of natives. Another and a heavier gun opened on our left front, and the ball dashed up the water of the river near the bridge. It was evident at last that the enemy had opened their eyes, and were trying, too late, to stop the work. "Clear the ground in front of

our guns" was passed across the river. And, with a joyous humming cry, away went a 24-shell from a howitzer to the enemy's first gun, and a 9-pounder ball skimmed smoothly away, and covered the front of No. 2 with dust at the second ricochet. The enemy stuck to their pieces, however, and made very good practice, hiding their actual position behind the trees, so that our young gunners and their officers could not dismount or silence them. The sepoys also brought up another gun to the angle of the Martinière, and by giving it and their famous old ordnance, which had lasted under all our fire, very great elevation, threw shot up to the bridge. Soon, however, two big guns came trundling along from our park, and were placed on the banks of the river, between the garden and the bridge. The cannonade became brisk, and the smoke obscured our view, so we went back to breakfast with a running accompaniment of round-shot flying before us into our camp. Some natives and some bullocks and camels had been killed and wounded among the tents, and there is talk of shifting our ground again if the fire continues.

It will be observed that this is no siege. So far it is a disappointment, because it seems as if we shall be obliged eventually to make an assault on some part or other of this big city, and drive the enemy through streets and houses, in which we are certain to suffer loss. Sir Colin will avoid this if possible. The size of Lucknow puts an investment out of the question. The enemy have chosen one side to defend, as it is that which we are likely to attack, and they have drawn up a great railway-looking embankment from the Goomtee on their left to the Charbagh on the

right, using the line of an old canal, or water-cut, deeply indented towards the Charbagh as a wet ditch and rampart. Inside this is another line of defence, including Begum's palace, barracks, and mess-house, and sweeping round to the old palaces on the river and the Residency; and inside this, again, is the fortified palace of the Kaiserbagh and its dependencies. There is no regular work to attack—no battery to silence—no wall to breach. Therefore we have no trenches, and the engineers' work is not of a scientific character. The principal strength of the enemy is in their great numbers, and in the possession of a huge and populous city, in which all our troops could be easily lost. My impression is, that they are very weak in artillery. They have shown no heavy guns, their shells are brass, and the outer works in front of us are armed with only five guns, as far as I can make out. If they had heavy guns well served they could make the Dilkoosha untenable. The Russians would have battered it down in twelve hours, and covered the ruins with a rain of shells. The great bulk of the sepoy army is supposed to be inside Lucknow, but they will not fight as well as the matchlockmen of Oude, who have followed the chiefs to maintain the cause of their young king, Brijjis Kudr (*i. e.* "Dignified or exalted as the planet Mercury"), and who may fairly be regarded as engaged in a patriot war for their country and their sovereign. The sepoys, during the siege of the Residency, never came on as boldly as the zemindarree levies and nujeebs. This Begum exhibits great energy and ability. She has excited all Oude to take up the interests of her son, and the chiefs have sworn to be faithful to him. We affect to disbelieve his legitimacy, but the

zemindars, who ought to be better judges of the facts, accept Brijeis Kuddr without hesitation. Will Government treat these men as rebels or as honourable enemies? The Begum declares undying war against us; and in the circumstances of the annexation of the kingdom, the concealment of the suppression of the treaty, the apparent ingratitude to the family for money lent, and aid given at most critical times, has many grounds for her indignant rhetoric. Mummoo Khan, her guide, philosopher, and friend, is said to be a poor creature. It appears from the energetic character of these Rances and Begums, that they acquire, in their zenanas and harems, a considerable amount of actual mental power, and, at all events, become able *intriguanes*. Their contests for ascendancy over the minds of the men give vigour and acuteness to their intellect.

As I am transcribing these bits from my diary, I find a note which shows the nature of my daily avocations; it is a loose slip from my memorandum-book referring to some weeks past, and consists of a series of questions with which I sallied forth on the unfortunate heads of department, and attacked General Mansfield or the Chief in their morning or evening walks. It runs thus: the questions, which are in ink, being followed by answers in pencil. "Walpole's column, where?" "Kunouj." "Jung Bahadoor, when last heard of?" "Bustec." "Franks' column?" "Singarmow." "Rose?" "No intelligence. He is delayed by want of supplies and transport." "Where is the convoy?" "At Mynpoorie." "Where is the Madras column?" "It is very slow, but is supposed to be near Jubbulpore," and so on. I begin to suspect I and my note-

book must be nuisances at times. Up to the last accounts, Rose was exhibiting great activity. He had taken Garrakota, without firing a shot, a fort which had, in 1818, defied 11,000 of our men; and was moving, at the rate of three marches in two days, through Bundelcund, which is described as a sort of Switzerland, and directing his column against Jhansi, where the Ranee is determined to hold out to the last.

Sir Colin showed me a sort of general order emanating from old Khan Bahadoor Khan, of Bareilly, in Rohilcund, which bears marks of sagacity, and points out the most formidable war we could encounter—a genuine guerilla. He says: “Do not attempt to meet the regular columns of the infidels, because they are superior to you in discipline and bunderbust, and have big guns; but watch their movements, guard all the ghauts on the rivers, intercept their communications, stop their supplies, cut up their dâks and posts, and keep constantly hanging about their camps; give them no rest.”

As there was nothing to see or to do, I resolved to take out my rod and try for a fish in the Goomtec, in which we were assured that many marseer, and other fly-taking fish, abounded. I went back to camp, and, preparing tackle and flies, started with Stewart for the river, and attended by my man Simon. Found the river full of people bathing—camp followers, horses, camels, and elephants—so we moved further down to a place where a bend in the river took us nearer to the town. I was fishing away assiduously, with no success, when Stewart’s servant cried out, “Deko! Sahib! deko! Budmash hai!” (Look, sir, look, there is a blackguard!)—pointing with his

finger to some high corn growing on the opposite side of the river. Stewart was bathing—his clothes were on the bank—I seized them up, and allowed him to come out after me, as I knew, if he stopped, and the budmashes really were so close to us, he would most likely be “potted” on the spot. There was no doubt the corn was agitated, and so, with as much dignity as was consistent with a proper retreat, we retired from the bank just in time to avoid the fire of four or five sneaking scoundrels who had crept down to pot us, and who were not aware we had got off till they came close to the river banks, when they stood up and fired an impotent volley, which hit the ground about us, but made no indenture in our body corporate. It appeared as if we excited some attention, for a whole string of long-legged rascals were trooping down towards us, and we were amused by witnessing a duel which took place between one of them and an officer on our side, at the distance of two or three hundred yards, without any serious consequences to any one. I was consoled for the termination to my fishing by knowing there were no fish to rise. I recollect being once molested by some vagabond Cossacks, just in the same manner, when fishing in the stream near Baidar, and being obliged to retreat precipitately, with my flies streaming in the air, or catching in the grass, but I bore off my rod in triumph.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir Colin Campbell's plan of operations.—A beautiful sight.—Unjust estimate of men's actions.—The enemy swarm.—The Bays, the Artillery, and the Rifles.—The day's work done.—Outram's camp.—The enemy active and unhappy.—Little Miss Orr.—Preparations for Outram's advance.—Kite-flying.—Warfare and cruelty. Native milk-women.—Outram's advance.—My Caubulee pony.—A terrible game of cricket.—The storming party.—"Pandy" and "Smith."—Assault of the Martinière.—A canter to the newly-gained post.—Butler, of the Bengal Fusiliers.—Pandy's deserted trenches.—Sikh Barbarity.—The Begum still undaunted.

March 7th.—Yesterday, which commenced with a little excitement, has set my diary all out of order. After writing for an hour or so, I went to the top of the Dilkoosha, where Sir Colin soon came up; and, taking me into one of the little turrets out of the sun, he was good enough to explain, map in hand, what was his plan of operations, which up to that moment was a dead secret. "Outram, with a complete corps of infantry, cavalry, and guns, crosses the floating bridges, or rafts, across the Goomtee, and marches straight for the road which leads over the Kokraal viaduct that you see there beyond the Martinière. This road leads, in a line nearly parallel to the course of the Goomtee, to the Iron and Stone bridges—and now, mind that this is kept quiet. Outram will be placed so as to command the rear of the enemy's line, and to take their works in flank and reverse, whilst our attack is pressed with vigour from this side against the Begum's kothie and Banks' bungalow as soon as the Martinière is taken—a movement

being made against it the moment Outram's success is developed." As Sir Colin was talking to me, I was amused by a little incident. A round-shot, passing by the turret, plunged with a great squash into the front of the courtyard below us, which was full of men, and involuntarily I said, "That's done harm, I fear!" Sir Colin never raised his head apparently from the plan he was showing me, and merely interpolated the words "none whatever" in the structure of exposition which he was raising for me, and went on; all the time our guns kept up a furious fire on the Martinière, and on the whole line of the enemy's works.

See, there is, indeed, a beautiful sight! The head of a column of British troops is emerging from the woods which surround our camp, and is marching upon the bridge. The bright scarlet of the Bays shines brightly in the sun. What a storm of lightning points—flashes of bright steel—bursts through the cloud of dust. There go the artillery—thirty guns. There go the Rifles—the dear old brigade. Will the column never cease? Hour after hour it has been passing over, and all the time we are in the hot sun and blinding dust on the top of the Dilkoosha. What swarms of camp followers! What a mighty *impedimentum* of baggage, deserts of camels, wildernesses of elephants, all pouring along towards the river, and then following in parallel lines the folds of the serpent-like column which is winding away through the corn-fields till it disappears in the woods on the horizon. The column and its dependencies were four hours crossing over; as to the baggage, it was not clear of the bridge even at night.

The enemy began to swarm out of the city long ere

the appearance of the column gave the construction of the bridge its true significance. It was curious to watch them through the glass; far as the eye could see, were men singly, in twos, or threes, or fours, without any formation, walking, as they listed, along the road to the Kokraal and in the fields alongside, till they were hid by the trees which border the very road along which Outram is to advance, and amid which lies the famous village of Chinhut. How unjust the world is in its estimate of men's actions! Or is it just to apply to them success as the sole rule and the only criterion? Sir Henry Lawrence, persecuted by the "war party" in the Residency, went out to disperse the rebels at Chinhut. The native troops and gunners defected, he was obliged to make a painful and disastrous retreat. The world exclaims "What a foolish expedition to Chinhut!" Had he beaten the enemy, the world would be *almost* equally ready to exclaim, "What a glorious expedition to Chinhut!" So with Windham at Cawnpore. Had he beaten the Gwalior people on the second day as he had done on the first, he would have been cried up as the greatest of generals and of soldiers as of fighters. We should not have heard one word of disobedience of orders, of rashness, ignorance, imprudence, &c., &c. On the other hand, had he let himself be shut up in the *tête-de-pont*—had he given up the city to plunder—had he permitted the enemy to bombard the entrenchments—to cannonade, and possibly destroy, the bridge—what should we not have heard said of him? These remarks come to my mind as I think of what the world would say if Outram there fell into an ambuscade, or got terribly

mauled by an overwhelming body of the enemy. How Sir Colin would be decried for "acting in opposition to the principles of war." How the Club strategists would point out "the absurdity, by Jove, sir! of any man dividing his army—small enough in itself—in the face of a powerful enemy, and putting one part of it out of reach beyond an unfordable river, by gad, sir, as if he wanted them cut to pieces!" Then you would hear it hinted that he and Outram were not good friends, &c., &c. Just as an old Engineer officer, talking of Cawnpore last night, said, "Windham talked so much on coming to India that he made lots of men—if not enemies—quite delighted, at all events, when his boasting was turned into confusion." One of the greatest miseries of an unsuccessful general is, that he can never tell the truth in his own defence. Indeed, what general can? There is always much to be blamed, which cannot be openly denounced. Never mind the bulletins, but watch a general's conduct after a battle. See how he selects corps or men, and be sure that it is the real way of getting at their value. Where am I getting to?

The enemy are going out to fight Outram. There goes a gun drawn by three pairs of bullocks. There goes a "swell" in a gilt palanquin, preceded by men carrying gold sticks and maces—real gold and silver sticks in waiting. There is another dignitary mounted on an elephant, with a silver howdah, shadowed by a great umbrella, which shines in the sun. There are numerous horsemen also well mounted, and curvetting through the meadows; and the swarms of footmen, all in white—turbans, dhoties, or tunics—with black cartouche-boxes, are formidable

in everything but organization. The day is wearing away. I had pointed out to Sir Colin two guns that the enemy had brought up and placed under cover between the Goomtee and the Kokraal road—my telescope was more powerful in resolving objects than his binocular—and also that they had withdrawn one of those with which they had been hammering at the bridge, when we saw a faint cloud of dust rise up among the trees in the direction in which Outram might be expected to appear. By this time the Dilkoosha was tolerably well crowded by staff officers. “Sister Ann! Sister Ann! do you see any one coming?” There is a cessation in the number of footmen from the city. The dust is evidently approaching towards us, and is becoming denser. Through the perpetual thunder of our own guns just below us I think I hear the report of distant firing. Look!—look! The woods are alive with men in white running back towards Lucknow! See that stream of horsemen rushing towards the Kokraal bridge! Hurra! there comes the swell on the elephant! Hollo! see there how the fellows are cutting along with that palkee! What a dust! What a mass of men running for their lives! Outram must be close at hand. In another instant out dashes, in the utmost disorder, a squadron of the Bays, distinguishable as our cavalry only by their red coats, their swords gleaming as they brandish them among the fugitives, from whom comes a dropping fire. The great mass of the runaways are dodging through broken ground between the Kokraal and the river, where the cavalry cannot pursue them. In another second or two out bounds from the wood a hungry troop of horse artil-

lery—unlimbers—the little black specks flush for a moment with fire, and then we see the ground among the fugitives dotted with denser dust clouds where the round-shot and grape are flying through them. The artillery cannot see or cannot get at the bulk of the enemy, to whose flight the reports of our guns have given increased speed. Our cavalry have disappeared behind the trees at the Kokraal nuddy, but they are now returning. Some heavy guns have opened on them—the round shot are ricochetting through them away towards the other wood, from which the Rifles have now emerged. Outram has made good his ground, and is to encamp on the position he has taken. The day's work is done. But poor Percy Smith lies dead somewhere in the heat and scuffle of that charge in which the men and horses got out of hand. Outram's artillery limbers up; the main part of his force is concealed by the woods, but we can make out the Rifle pickets posted in front, and cavalry videttes under the trees. It is melancholy that the people should think we are their enemies. Amid the fugitives from our advance to-day were women with children in their arms, and men carrying charpoys and bundles on their backs.

To-day (the 7th) was one of the most disagreeable I have yet encountered in my lifetime of six-and-thirty years—that is, so much of it as I remember—a blazing sun—a cold high wind, clouds of dust, sharp, blinding, and offensive. I rode out early on a Caubul pony—a new purchase, which a friend was kind enough to let me have for £50, and I was literally driven in by the dust and could not get over, as I intended, to Outram's camp. Berkeley, his chief of the staff,

arrived here from Alumbagh last night, and we arranged that I was to meet him at the bridge soon after daybreak, where he would have a few sowars waiting for an escort, and would scamper over to the camp as fast as possible so as to arrive in time for anything that may be going on, but I was blinded by the dust, and found on my return that Berkeley would not go till later in the day. He is quite recovered of the wound he received in a charge on the enemy from Alumbagh, and looks "harder" and better than when he was in the Guards — a good officer he is admitted by all to be, if a little hot in temper, and as brave as steel. Just as we were recovering the effects of breakfast, the sound of firing from Outram's position summoned all idlers to the front. The enemy had set fire last night to the high jungle grass about the Kokraal nullah, and were enabled to form a guess respecting Outram's strength and the situation of his camp. I went down to the battery in front of the Dilkoosha, and saw through my glass a very feeble attack made upon him under cover of rather a smart cannonade. Some cavalry came down on his flanks, and infantry in very loose order, sheltering themselves under the thick topes around, fired in a desultory way on the advanced posts and pickets. If they intended to drive Outram back it was a miserable demonstration. We could see the tops of Outram's tents just over the trees, and our men pushing steadily through the cover—our guns opening from time to time, and the poor vexed earth seamed with unkindly furrows by the rude ploughing of shot and shell. At last the enemy fell back, finding that Outram was *inébranlable*. To-

night he is to receive a fine park of twenty-two heavy guns with elephants to draw them, and *matériel*, so that he is about to play a most important part in the operation, as he has done all along in his fort at Alumbagh. The enemy are active and unhappy. Spies bring into Major Bruce's tent quaint rolls of paper which contain the accounts of what passes in the city; but they are so puerile and feeble in all points, that Sir Colin now seldom reads them, and only listens to Bruce's analysis. "To-morrow" is always to be the day for victory. They are to make two attacks on us to-day; so it was determined yesterday, because they did us the injustice to suppose we would be busy with our prayers. We are short of chaplains, and there is little chance of Divine service to-day. One of those attacks has just come off, the other is now going on. It is directed as if against Franks' divisions and against the Mahomed Bagh. I have quite forgotten Franks, by the bye, who joined us the other day with his fine division, after a triumphant *promenade militaire*, which, however, had not so good a close, for the very day he joined us, he was obliged to haul off from a small mud fort that he attacked without his heavy artillery, and had three officers wounded (one mortally, it is feared) in the attack. He is a fine-looking, tall, soldier-like man, of frank, easy manners, well known for his personal gallantry, but reputed to be severe as a disciplinarian, which is the soldiers' phrase for unpopular. It is thought at Head-Quarters that he cannot have a very just organ of number, as he certainly overrates both the number of the enemy as well as their losses in his recent actions. There can, however, be no doubt about the number of the guns. Young Havelock, his

aide, son of the General, has distinguished himself very much by his forwardness and dash, but he is by no means spoiled, for he seems to have inherited the gravity of his father; is quiet, modest, and rather reserved, most eager and keen after work, and promises to be an excellent officer, as he has proved himself already to be a gallant soldier. In person he is slight, but muscular, and well set. His face is rather stern for so young a man, but the expression is agreeable. Sir Colin is rather hard upon him because of his receiving the Victoria Cross for an act which the Chief regards as subversive of discipline and offensive to a gallant regiment—the 61th—whom he was represented as leading to a charge when he should have confined himself to the delivery of his orders to advance. The act will be regarded with more indulgence by his countrymen; but one cannot help sympathizing with the gallant officers of the regiment, who feel that it is an imputation on them to confer the Cross on an aide-de-camp for leading their regiment in a service of great danger.

A little child named Orr was sent in to-day by a friendly native who had concealed her in the city, where there are still two or three English ladies hidden by the same man. The poor little girl was carried out through the enemy in some disguise, and delivered at the Alumbagh post. The body of poor Percy Smith was found to-day—*headless*. No doubt the scoundrels carried his head into the town, and proclaimed that they had won a victory. His nephew was killed a few days before in one of Franks' actions. It is reported that an inquiry will be instituted as to the cause of the extraordinary loss of horses in the

Bays. What can it be but want of training and bad riding in a bad country? We could see the dismounted men running to the rear in all directions, or walking leisurely over the ground.

Monday, March 8th.—This morning ride to the Dilkosha is now a little more exciting than it used to be, for that abominable gun at the Martinière, which Peel cannot touch any more than the Royals or Bengals, opens on us the moment one or two horsemen show out of the enclosure. A chance shot, Pandey thinks, may kill the Commander-in-Chief. To-day there are great preparations for Outram's move to-morrow. Stewart is busy making a telegraph to communicate with him from head-quarters. We can see a wide plain across the Goomtee, on which there is an odd-looking yellow building, called the Chuckerwallah Kothie, and which, I am told, was the stand-house of the old racecourse. Then nearer to the river is an Italian villa, beyond and behind which are dense-looking groves; and then nearer to the city is a very large park-like enclosure, full of trees, with buildings inside displaying turrets and castellated gables—this is the Badshahbagh, or the Garden of the Badshah, or great king. Beyond it again is a suburb of poor low houses, through which the road leads to the Stone and Iron bridges. The Badshahbagh is strongly occupied by the enemy. Near is a graceful mosque, with two slender minarets, embosomed among noble trees. This is the line of his march. How lovely Lucknow looks to-day! The sun playing on all the gilt domes and spires, the exceeding richness of the vegetation and forests and gardens, which remind one somewhat of the

view of the Bois-de-Boulogne from the hill over St. Cloud. But for the puffs of villanous saltpetre, and the thunder of the guns, and the noise of balls cleaving the air, how peaceful the scene is! Up above the gilded spires of the Kaiserbagh are to be seen many kites serenely floating in the air, giving infinite pleasure to the gentlemen who are directing their movements. They are the true composite of monkey and tiger, those Orientals. Any one of those amicable kite-flyers would probably disembowel you—cut off your head if you fell into his hands and could not defend yourself. We tortured our Jews once on a time as the Hindoos and Mahomedans mutilate their Christians now, and I presume our Crusaders—if not the knights, at least their barbarous followers—gave scant grace to the Moslem. Even as it is, we give no quarter to the enemy. Our auxiliaries, those savage Punjabees, would rival the Poorbeahs in cruelty if they dared.

Talking of this matter some days ago, Norman remarked that in the Punjab war our men were mutilated by the enemy whenever they fell, dead or alive, into their hands; though we, on the contrary, took their wounded into our hospitals, and treated them with every care and attention. But war can never be purged of a dross of cruelty and barbarism. It is all very well to talk of moderation in the hour of victory, but men's passions do not cool in a moment, and in every army there must be ruffians who rejoice in a moment of licence, when killing is no murder. Soldiers do not always spare a wounded foe. Indeed, I have been struck by the prominence given to the conduct of those who have done so. We all have

heard of the French officer at Waterloo who, perceiving that the antagonist at whom he rode in a charge had lost the use of his sword-arm, threw up his sabre, saluted, and rode on. It is not the grace of this act so much as the act itself that has made it so well known. It would have been reckoned cowardly if the Frenchman had passed his sword through his enemy's body, could he have made the latter a prisoner; but if the Englishman with his bridle-arm had shot the Frenchman dead, he would esteem it as a gallant act; just as some of our officers did who got away from their Russian captors at Inkerman by shooting them with their revolvers. Conduct warfare on the most chivalrous principles, there must ever be a touch of murder about it, and the assassin will lurk under fine phrases. The most civilized troops will commit excesses and cruelties, which must go unpunished, as they did at Badajoz. With all its chivalry, the field of Crecy, or of Agincourt, must have been fearful in its cruelty, when, not to mention the slaughter of prisoners, the kernes and churls with their sharp knives went searching out the chinks in the armour of the fallen knights and nobles, and pierced them to death as they lay helpless on the field. It was not much better when our wounded Guardsmen were bayoneted by the Russians in the Sand-bag battery.

To-day there is little doing beyond the ignition of gunpowder. It is very amusing to watch the skirmishing between the sepoy in the pits and trenches, and our soldiers. The latter expose themselves in the most reckless way. One fellow went as he thought under cover, because he held his head

down, but the whole of his back was exposed to the enemy, who potted away at him, and at last hit him in the elbow. He immediately stood up, and discharging his piece with one hand doubled back behind the wall. Here the men have made themselves quite comfortable, and protect themselves from the sun by means of matting and wickerwork frames. The milk-women carrying their pitchers of milk on their heads—one of them at least—venture down to this post under the wall, and I can hear the pleasant music of her bangles as she walks, and the shrill cry of “lay dood” as I stand on the roof. “Come here, Miss lay dood! I want you for a dhrink ov skim milk,” cries a soldier, and smilingly she jingles over to him and fills him a cup of the compound which, to my mind, neither cheers nor inebriates. Her husband, a jealous Hindoo, hovers over the scene behind the artillery parapet under pretence of selling tobacco and lights. The “lay doods,” equivalent to our “milk-ka-alow,” generally go in pairs, and disturb the quiet of our camp till they are warned off by the Chief’s sentry. By the bye, his Excellency always trusts his person to natives. The Commissariat officers also prefer native guards for their treasure chests and tumbrils. Very recently, when in charge of European regiments, two of these tumbrils on two separate occasions were afflicted with an extraordinary leakage of rupees. The British soldier unquestionably suffers from an “*auri sacra fames*” in India. Why should he not? He sees around him a vast social fabric to which the same desire is a great moving principle. Every day I hear it said, “If it were not for the rupees I would not stay in the confounded country

for an hour." The reason the Chief has natives on duty before his tent is, that they stand the heat better than the Europeans.

March 9th.—We are getting *une prises* with the enemy. Early this morning Outram moved out from his camp, under a thundering fire of his guns, which tore up all the plain in his front, and drove the enemy out of their hiding-places in mosque inclosures, villas, and old suburbs. Owing to the dust, which began to fly very thickly as soon as the troops moved, very little of the advance could be seen, except the flashing of the bayonets and whirling dust clouds, where the cavalry were moving to the right; but the advance of the musketry-fire was steady, and only interrupted for a short space, during which our men lay down as if to escape from the cannon-shot which the enemy were hurling at them. Our artillery seemed to shut the hostile guns up, and to force them back, and our line advanced again, but it became quite impossible to follow them, owing to the nature of the ground and the obscurity in which the sheets of flying sand wrapped the landscape. I went back to breakfast, and as we were sitting in the mess-tent, an officer, very hot and dusty, and tired, who had come over from Outram's camp, told us he was driving the enemy before him with ease, but that they still held out in the Chuckerwallah Kothie, and that the sepoy's looked as if they would fight for it ere we got the Badshahbagh. So I repaired once more to the Dilkoosha, only to find the dust more hopelessly interceptive than before. I mounted my Caubulee once more, and set off to the left of our position, which was in a very large park, with some Mahome-

dan tombs and praying-places under the trees, called the Mahomedbagh. The angle of the wall of this park, which is some hundreds of acres in extent I should think, was quite close to a suburb of mud-houses cut up by deep narrow lanes, in which were many of the enemy. Our men had loopholed the park-wall, and were maintaining a constant fusillade on the houses, which appeared to be separated from us by a deep trench or dry canal, and the enemy replied with musketry, and now and then with a round-shot. I had fastened Caubulee to a tree, and was looking through one of the loopholes at a lot of sepoy who were creeping along under a wall about 150 yards in my front, when a gun was fired from among the houses; the ball rushed through the wall, sending a soldier's firelock flying to pieces, grazed a tree, out of which it cut a heavy splinter, and pitching right under poor Caubulee's nose, covered him with dust, and, as I thought, knocked him to pieces. I ran up to the spot, but my steed, not liking such rude jokes, had broken away and was flying through the trees as fast as he could, lashing out and neighing like mad. Running is not my forte, especially with the thermometer at ninety degrees something, and my legs in heavy jack-boots, and I was right glad to see a Sikh lay hold of my charger. When I got up to him I found his nose and eyes a little cut by the sand, and the rope of my Peat's feeding-bit gone, and no other damage done. On my return to the Dilkoosha I found all our guns pounding at the Martinière in the most vicious manner. Peel was hurrying to and fro in our front among his blue-jackets. How splendidly he brought up his guns the other day, and I forgot

to say a word about it! He had to take them to ground on the left front of the Dilkoosha—a cumbersome train of men, bullocks, guns, and tumbrils; and he might, I think, have gone round the building and come out on the left of it, but he coolly marched round from the right under our noses, and in full view of the enemy. It would have been a pretty sight, had it not been matter of life and death, to see how solidly the bluejackets marched with Peel and their officers among them, and how the sepoy artillerymen plumped shot after shot right across the line of their march, always contriving, however, to strike the spot over which a gun had just passed, or that to which a gun was just coming. It was a terrible game of cricket, and we were all relieved when we saw the men and the guns safe behind their battery-parapet. As I came up to-day, Peel said, "Well, I think they're getting rather sick of it yonder," pointing towards the Martinière. At this moment a rocket was fired from his battery, which, after a few erratic twists, hissed away for the corner of the Martinière park and burst among the houses. "That was well pitched," said he. I asked, "Well, how are the rockets doing to-day?" "Well! you know rockets are rockets.—If the enemy are only half as much afraid of them as we who fire them, they are doing good service."

I went on to camp, and heard that Outram was making way, but that we had lost two officers at least. Just as I was writing in my tent I got a note—"We assault the Martinière at 2 o'clock to-day." Indeed, as I was going through the Highlanders' camp, several of the officers asked me "what was up," as they were ordered to give their men dinner at 12 o'clock.

So once more I went to the Dilkoosha, where I found Sir Colin, Mansfield, and others, on the top, whilst Lugard, who was to direct the assault under very precise orders from the Chief of the Staff, was getting ready to turn out his division. The 42nd and a Punjaub regiment are to lead. They will be supported by the 38th, 53rd, 90th, and 93rd. The storming-party are to use no powder, and are restricted to the bayonet, but they will advance under a heavy fire from their right flank, and will be covered by a concentrated fire of both batteries on the right and left of the Dilkoosha. Lord, after all, how tiresome is a camp! how monotonous, and yet exciting, are war's alarms—even these small fellows—and how dreary is a siege unless when the enemy are active and strong, and make one uncasily perturbate. The concurritur is changed. There is no "*cito*" now about the "*mors venit aut lata victoria*," and dull scientific method has taken the place of ardour and vigorous enterprise in the day of battle. Here now has been Mansfield writing an order for the attack of the Martinière which is as cold and precise and exact as a bit of Euclid. How the men are to be fed; how so and so are to do this and that; how, when this is done, the other thing is to follow; and how, as this is to that, so is the advance to be the occupation of the enemy's position. And yet it is very nice and exact, and, above all, it saves blood-letting, an object thank God, of great import to us here, though of distressing insignificancy to the bulletin-reader or to the relativeless public, which is always rejoicing in the death of other people's relations—"gloriæ nomine gaudet."

We are all on the top of the Dilkoosha, the trenches near the Martinière are full of the enemy. The rockets, shot and shell, from Peel's battery, and from the artillery on the right, make great holes in the walls, dash down the parapets, send Claude Martin's plaster deities in showers through the air; still Pandy holds on, and when the dust clears away, there is his white turban and his black face visible in the ruin. Why Pandy? Well, because it is a very common name among the sepoys—like Smith of London, or any other generic designation.

The Dilkoosha served as a screen to the troops. Looking down on them as we did, they seemed as regular and stiff as toy battalions. Meantime the guns on our front were maintaining a most tremendous fire on the angles of the Martinière, under which, indeed, they crumbled away in blocks and sections of brickwork. The rockets hissed incessantly into the ruined houses, in which we could still see white turbans moving to and fro. The sepoys certainly stand fire exceedingly well when they are in cover.

At last the time arrives—it is just 2 P.M. Through the din of the cannonade rise the words of command in the courts below us. “Forward!” “forward!” “forward!” tapering away from company to company. As the leading files of the Highlanders appeared on the flank of the Dilkoosha, the guns at once ceased. The enemy understood the whole thing in a moment. Ere the smoke had cleared away from the front of our batteries, we could see them “sloping along” their advanced trenches towards the zig-zags leading to the rear; deserting their rifle-pits, crowding into the main passages, and then flowing in white-crested

streams, bobbing up and down in little waves towards the Martinière. But few of them fired as they fled. The moment the leading company of the Highlanders deployed into line, and the Sikhs on their flank began to double, the sepoys made a rush out of their hiding-places. White figures flew down the steps of the Martinière, passed the open doorway, flitted along the corridors. It was a regular race between Sikhs and Highlanders to catch the enemy. As they streamed out, the dooly-bearers of the regiments came trudging in close columns after them. Poor fellows! the fire of the enemy's guns, which was opened from the ditch of the canal, as soon as they discovered our attack, was too late to touch our men, who were already screened from it by the Martinière park, but the round-shot plumped among the doolies, and more than one of the bearers dropped, mutilated and quivering lumps of flesh, in the dust. Just at that moment the 53rd appeared marching in great order, in columns of companies, right for the line of the enemy's fire. Sir Colin, who had come up from the court, was very wroth. "See that fellow, Mansfield! just look how he's taking his regiment into that fire! Here, sir; go down and tell the commanding officer to deploy them at once, and advance in skirmishing order. How men can be such fools!" Well, there must be fools in all professions, and accidents in every operation. See! there is a prodigious dust in the midst of that troop of artillery, which is galloping in the flank of our attacking column. A gun has gone over in the uneven ground bodily, horses and all, and there it lies with the carriage and wheels up in the air. This is but of little moment, for our men are already in the enemy's trenches. There they go,

leaping into the rifle-pits—Hurrah! They're in the Martinière itself: there they go, up the steps. "Here, Mr. Russell," said Sir Colin, handing me his glass, "I'll make you aide-de-camp for the time; your eyes are better than mine—just look through the trees, on the right of the Martinière, and tell me who are the people you see there?" "They are Highlanders and Sikhs, sir; I can see them clearly. They are firing through the trees, and advancing very rapidly!" "Then we'll go over to the Martinière." Our horses were waiting us below. General and staff and idlers canter across the open to the newly-gained post. The enemy got sight of us, and their round-shot came by with that peculiar noise which cannot be imagined by those who have not heard it, and cannot be described by those who have. Not a soul was touched. Soon we were clambering up the winding staircases of the Martinière, and got out on the balconies, from which lay an extensive view of the suburbs of Lucknow, the line of the enemy's works, the Goomtee on the right, and the flat country beyond it, consisting of sandy plains and well-wooded fields, across which Outram's troops were moving in splendid order, whilst his artillery, unlimbered on a patch of sand, over the Goomtee, was pounding away at the enemy behind the canal works. Just at this moment an aide-de-camp came to Sir Colin. "General Lugard says there's a battery beyond the Martinière wall which is annoying him, sir, and wishes for instructions." "Tell him to take it, if he can." However, there was no need for this, for already Outram's artillery was ploughing-up the canal entrenchment, and the cannon-shot were enfilading it from end to

end. At about 1 o'clock Sir Colin sent over an order that this operation should be effected; but I think, with the exception of a few gunners at the Cavalier Battery, the sepoy had fled from the canal parapet soon after Outram moved in the morning, and before we were well into the Martinière. A desultory fire was going on from the walls and houses, which were surrounded with trees and gardens, in rear of the canal parapet. The Highlanders and Sikhs, pushing on, were in the suburbs, and were firing steadily at every object which showed itself. Suddenly we saw a figure rising out of the waters of the Goomtee, and scrambling up the canal parapet, which just terminates at this place. He gets up—stands upright—and waves his hand. “What is he?” “He must be one of our fellows, sir, he has blue trousers and red stripe.” And so it was—Butler, of the Bengal Fusileers, had volunteered to cross the river from Outram’s force, and to ascertain if the parapet was really occupied. Had it been so, his mission must have been fatal to him; as it was, it was crowned with success. He was soon followed; our men, too, ran across and seized the extreme left flank, being checked, in their extension towards Banks’ bungalow, by the fire of the place. There was another escapade to divert our attention. An officer, who had got out in the open, between the suburb and the enemy’s end of the entrenchment, could not find the way back again, and rode once or twice backwards and forwards amid a rolling fire of musketry directed at him by the enemy, whilst our soldiers were obliged to do all they could to prevent his being hit by their balls. “Hallo! those rascals are waking up!” A round-shot whizzes

past our heads as we are looking on—in an instant after, another smashes the brickwork of a window-frame, and covers us all with mortar and splinters of brick. "All officers are to go below immediately." There sits the Chief, and one or two of his immediate staff, in the shade of a large column, whilst the *polloi* are sent down below. But there was nothing to see now; Outram's bayonets are dancing in the sun above the clouds of dust and smoke, but his tillery is directed towards the city, and his men are moving towards the shelter of the trees, where they are to find their resting-place for the night. The fire of musketry in our front is quite slackened, but a sullen shot from the left now and then expresses the dissatisfaction of the rebels in Banks' bungalow and the western end of the canal works at our success, which they have not the courage to seek to turn into defeat.

I had a canter about Pandy's deserted trenches. The ground is covered with their tulas, or cooking-places, and with little other remnants—no beef-bones and beer-bottles as in the case of the British, or tin cases as in that of the French, or rags and cabbage-stalks as in that of the Russian, are strewed over their camping-grounds. Thence I went over to the Dilkoosha to see how Peel was getting on. I had to wait a little ere I could get into his room, and, in spite of myself, I was obliged to witness the amputation of a dooly-bearer's thigh. I have seen quite enough of those sights, one way or other, but I never beheld greater courage or endurance than was displayed by this man, who appeared to be only twenty

years of age—a slight, tall, dark-coloured Hindoo. His thigh was horribly shattered by a round-shot. His large eyes moved inquiringly about as the surgeons made their preparations, but he never even moaned when, with a rapid sweep of the knife, the principal operator had cut the flesh through to the broken splintered bone. The blood does not show so much on the dark skin as on the white. In two or three minutes the black leg was lying on the floor of what had once been the Begum's boudoir in the palace of Heart's-ease—in two or three minutes more the dusky patient, with a slow shiver, passed away quietly to the other world. Some of my friends in camp would deny he had any soul, or, as one of them put it, "If niggers have souls, they're not the same as ours."

I found Peel extended on a little bedstead, pale and feverish, but he would talk of nothing but the attack, and the certainty he felt of being able to get up in time to be in at the finish. His sole annoyance, with regard to the wound, was that it kept him from the guns and the field. The ball has sunk deep in the thigh, and the wound is severe, though not dangerous, so that I don't think his anticipations will be realized; and I know we shall all feel his loss.

Our camp-dinner was very animated; and in the evening I had a long talk with Sir Colin, who explained to me some further points connected with his plan of attack. He particularly insisted on the value of the flank movement made by Outram, and on the effect of his fire to-day; being careful, however, to let it be seen that he had originated the operation, and had kept it so completely to himself, that Outram

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did not know of it till the very night before he crossed the Goomtee.

Later I saw one who had come over from Outram's camp, and he told us of the great success of the day, and of the fine advance made by the right corps, a wing of an army. Alas! that he should have to tell, too, of the disgusting termination to the attack on the Chuckerwallah Kothie, the yellow house on the racecourse, in which some few sepoys made a resistance, which a national Tyrtæus or Dibdin would have chanted in noble song; their enemies called it foolish and fanatic. What could they do more than fight to the last, and kill or wound every man who approached them? As they had killed a British officer of a Sikh regiment, several men, and wounded more, the troops were withdrawn from the house, and a heavy fire of artillery was opened on it. After the walls had been perforated in all directions with shot and shell, so that it seemed impossible for the little garrison to have escaped, a detachment of Sikhs rushed into the house—some of the sepoys were still alive, and they were mercifully killed; but for some reason or other which could not be explained, one of their number was dragged out to the sandy plain outside the house, he was pulled by the legs to a convenient place, where he was held down, pricked in the face and body by the bayonets of some of the soldiery, whilst others collected fuel for a small pyre, and when all was ready—the man was roasted alive! There were Englishmen looking on, more than one officer saw it. No one offered to interfere! The horror of this infernal cruelty was aggravated by an attempt of the miserable wretch to escape when half-

burned to death. By a sudden effort he leaped away, and with the flesh hanging from his bones, ran for a few yards ere he was caught, brought back, put on the fire again, and held there by bayonets till his remains were consumed. "And his cries, and the dreadful scene," said my friend, "will haunt me to my dying hour." "Why didn't you interfere?" "I dared not, the Sikhs were furious. They had lost Anderson, our own men encouraged them, and I could do nothing."*

The fighting on Outram's side was very sharp. The enemy begin to understand that if the bridges are taken their means of escape are much hampered; already they must comprehend that their defences are partially turned, and that their great outer canal-parapet is made useless. In all my wanderings to-day I saw only three or four "pandies" dead or *in extremis*. One of my servants had on a fine cumma-bund this evening. I asked him where he got it. "A dead budmash."

Hodson dined with us at mess. A very remarkable fine fellow—a *beau sabreur*, and a man of great ability. His views, expressed in strong nervous language, delivered with fire and ease, are very decided; but he takes a military, rather than a political, view of the state of our relations with India. I should like to see Hodson at the head of his horse try a bout with the best Cossacks of the Don, or Black Sea; not that I would willingly have the fight, but that if it must be I should be sorry to miss the sight of it.

As we walk up and down in the stately avenue of trees, beneath which lies our camp, the ear is saluted

* I saw the charred bones, some days after, on the plain.

with the pattering fire of small arms across the river. Now and then a big gun spoke out, and the shot cleft the air on its mission of mischief, or a shell twinkled in long ellipse as it flew into the city. Bruce tells me they are in dreadful alarm there to-day. Penthesilea, the Begum, is still undaunted. The Kaiserbagh is the stronghold, but, after all, it is merely a series of open courts and stucco-palaces, and the Chief is going to treat them copiously to vertical fire ere he assaults.

CHAPTER XIX.

Outram's great success.—Jung Bahadoor's arrival announced.—Poor Garvey!—The Begum Kothie.—The Maharajah's reception.—The Begum Kothie taken.—The rush of the 93rd.—Horrors ineffable.—The Secunderbagh.—General Outram's camp.—“The Bayard of India.”—The Badshahbagh.—Cunoujee Lall.—An old curiosity shop.—Death of Hodson.—Tremendous bombardment.

March 10th. — Outram's success is greater than we had ventured to anticipate. His column actually got as far round as the second or Stone bridge yesterday, but the general thought he was too weak to occupy such an extended position, and so he contented himself with establishing himself strongly at the Iron bridge, and he is in secure occupation of the Badshahbagh, a large walled garden and enclosure, amid one of the finest of the King of Oude's summer palaces. The river only separates us from the enemy, and, as Sir Colin advances, the two columns will get the rebels and their principal works between two fires. From what Sir Colin said to me the other day, he must have expected difficulty and a stout resistance in taking the Badshahbagh. My bearer is much gratified with our proceedings. “In ten days' more time master will sleep in Kaiserbagh.” I had just settled down in my tent to write, as I heard it would be a *dies non*, when tap! tap! tap! began the Kelasses, and Simon announced, “We change camp to the other place” (not liking to trust himself to Martinière). In order to be near our work, Head-Quarters

are to be shifted to the edge of the great tank in front of the Martinière, and close to the recent trenches of the sepoys.

Jung Bahadoor's arrival is announced at last, and the Chief sent out two squadrons of cavalry and two guns to welcome him. He is by no means pleased, however, with the intimation made by McGregor, the British Commissioner with the Goorkha camp, that the Nepaulese expects a royal salute, and would "*like*" one for each of his brothers. "And he an artillery officer, too," says Sir Colin, "to entertain a proposition so contrary to custom. He should have told Jung Bahadoor salutes are never fired at sieges." But the Goorkha had his way. Metcalfe, whose long experience of Indian courts, and mastery of oriental vernacular peculiarly qualifies him for a task he has so often filled, is to represent the Commander-in-Chief.

What a pounding the rascals must be getting to-day! Outram is at one side of the Goomtee, with batteries established on both sides of the Iron bridge, and in front of the Badshahbagh, and the roar of his ordnance is never ceasing. A battery of heavy guns and mortars was established outside the Martinière park, and whilst the tents were being moved, I went down and staid by it for some time, watching the shot and the bombs flying into the town. Many of our shells burst short. Just as I was turning to go away, I heard an exclamation of alarm from the men at one of the mortars. As the smoke of the gun cleared away, I saw the headless trunk of a naval officer on the ground. It was a horrid sight. He had been killed by the shell which was discharged just

as he rode before the muzzle. He will be buried this evening and forgotten to-morrow.

It is "Poor Garvey! He was a capital fellow. Now then, you men, mind what you are about!" And how can it be otherwise?

Brasyer's Sikhs are in Banks' bungalow on our left, and that officer's conduct has been highly spoken of at Head-Quarters. India is still the ground where the teeth of Cadmus have fairest nurture and most rapid growth. A few years ago Brasyer was a non-commissioned officer. Behind us is the gorgeous mausoleum of Claude Martin, the French trooper, who died a prince in all but name.

March 11th.—Placidly, outside our tents last night, we walked up and down beneath the magnificent trees, cheroot in mouth, and eyes upturned gazing on the twittering flight of the shells from Outram's batteries, and from the Chief's mortars, which shot like showers of falling stars into the city! How different the scene must be inside the Kaiserbagh! Those bombs fall with murderous effect into the crowded courts. And we are quite safe. A few mortars in the enemy's hands, well-worked, could make our position exceedingly disagreeable, instead of its being one of perfect ease and security. *Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulor tantum.* They well may say so. The shells which burst high in air, as ours often do, are the prettiest to look at, in a pyrotechnic point of view, if the least effective, though their splinters, scattered from an elevated centre, must radiate with deadly results, and search out all the enemy's defences. All night the fire pounded the enemy, whilst we slept securely. This

morning the horizontal fire commenced at daybreak from the Shannon's guns and the siege train at close quarters. The shot passed through the mud walls of the enclosures in front of the guns without let or hindrance, and breached the enemy's defences beyond them.

I went out early, and visited the batteries inside the canal, in which there is but little water; but the bridges are broken. Clarke, of the Engineers, was busy repairing that which is above Banks' bungalow. The parapets, which looked so formidable, are in reality rather weak, owing to the nature of the material, which is sand, so little cohesive as to tumble down at the shock of the guns mounted on the parapet. They tried to prevent this by feeble revetments with sods, and by facings of planks. Immense labour had been spent on the loopholes, which were made of bricks, or baked mud, with openings to the right and left, and to the front. On walking down the road towards the Begum Kothie, I found it convenient to turn into the enclosures and gardens on the right, the walls of which had been pierced for the passage of our men, as the enemy were firing up it very smartly. Stewart had a narrow escape. A round-shot cut a tree just over his head, and the heavy branch all but crushed him as it fell. The gardens were filled with our men, Sikhs and Highlanders, who were in readiness to assault the Begum Kothie as soon as the breaches were practicable. This is a block of buildings of great size, forming the southern point of the second line of defence. We could see the elaborately-ornamented gables and entablatures, with minarets and gilt spires,

of the palace above the walls in front of us. On the right of this place, there has been an impression made on the enemy already. The 53rd walked quietly into the Secunderbagh, where the sepoy had learned such a tremendous lesson that they did not like to occupy it again. The large mosque, called the Shah-nujeef, which is in front of the Secunderbagh, was also taken; but it was judged inexpedient to hold it, and our men were ordered to fall back upon the Secunderbagh.

I remained spying about, glass in hand, and watching the sepoy, who were swarming in and out of their works like ants in a hive, till the day was far advanced, and it seemed as if the time for an assault had quite passed. I returned to our camp, where preparations were being made for the reception of the Maharajah Jung Bahadoor, by his Excellency. All Head-Quarters' people were warned in general orders to be ready at 4 o'clock in full *tenue* at the Commander-in-Chief's state tent, which was pitched for the occasion. There was a guard of honour of Highlanders, and a cavalry escort told off; carpets were laid down and the Union Jack displayed; and, terrible to be said, the bagpipers of the 93rd, fully provided with bags and pipes, were in attendance. The Chief presented himself to us in his full uniform, and looked every inch a soldier. Although General Mansfield was not present, as he was watching the operations against the Begum Kothie, and had some of his staff with him, there was a fair muster of the staff. The chairs and seats were disposed in a semi-circle, sweeping round the tent from the entrance, the chief place being in the centre, opposite the door, whilst we were seated on his left. Four o'clock came, no signs

of Jung Bahadoor. A quarter of an hour passed by; the Chief walked up and down with one hand behind his back, and the other working nervously, like one who is impatient or expectant. At half-past 4 the regular cannonading close at hand ceased, and up rose a startling heavy rolling fire of musketry. We all knew what it meant. The assault on the Begum Kothie was being delivered. Sir Colin listened as a hunter does to the distant cry of the hounds. Louder and louder rang the musketry. Come quickly, Sir Jung, or you will find an empty tent! Just at this moment, however, the agitation among the crowd of camp-followers, and the "Stand to your arms," warned us that the Maharajah was at hand, and, in a minute or so, he made his appearance at the end of the lane formed by the guard of honour, and walked up towards the tent in a very slow and dignified sort of strut, followed by a staff of Goorkhas, and accompanied by his brothers, and Captain Metcalfe. Our eyes were fixed on him, but our ears were listening to the raging of the fight. Sir Colin walked to the door of the tent, met the Maharajah, took him by the hand, and led him inside. Then took place a good deal of bowing and salaaming, as the Maharajah introduced his brothers and great officers to the Chief; and it was some time before the latter was comfortably seated, with the Goorkha chief on one side, and his brothers and the officers in attendance on him on the right-hand side; the British being on the left. The durbar was open. It consisted of fine speeches, interpreted by Captain Metcalfe, whilst the English and the Nepaulese were examining each other. Stout Calmuck-faced, high-shouldered, bow-legged

men these latter, very richly attired in a kind of compromise between European and Asiatic uniform. As to Jung himself, he blazed like a peacock's tail in the sun. Nor, indeed, was either of his brothers much inferior to him in splendour. But brighter than any gem the Maharajah wore is his eye, which shines with a cold light, resembling a ball of phosphorus. What a tiger-like, cruel, crafty, subtle eye! How it glanced, and glittered, and rolled, piercing the recesses of the tent. "I believe," quoth one near me, "he is the d—dest villain hung or unhung." In the midst of the durbar an officer of Mansfield's staff comes in to announce to Sir Colin that "the Begum Kothie is taken. Very little loss on our side. About five hundred of the enemy killed!" As we could not cheer aloud, every man did so mentally. Jung tried to look pleased when he heard the news, which Sir Colin announced with great vivacity. The durbar had all along been stupid enough, but when the bagpipes outside were set loose affairs became desperate, and yet no one dared leave. At last the Chief and the Maharajah rose, and then commenced the presentations of the British officers by the former to the latter. On coming to me, Sir Colin said, "Do you wish to be introduced to his Highness?" "No your Excellency, I have no wish of the kind," and so I escaped shaking the hand of a man who has committed cold-blooded murder. His Highness, and his two brothers, mounted the Chief's state elephant, which bore a silver howdah, had its face and trunk curiously painted, and was encrusted with gold trappings; and so, followed by his staff on horseback, Timur-leng moved off. Mansfield came in soon after, and an-

nounced that our men were secure in the Begum Kothie: but that he did not think it expedient to attack the Mess-house at so late an hour, though it was not held by the enemy in force, an opinion in which Sir Colin quite concurred. It was getting dark, and, as we had missed the sight of the assault, and should only be in the way among wounded, and could see nothing if we went, our visit to the Begum Kothie was postponed till to-morrow. Hodson is among the wounded.

I had a good deal of talk with Sir Colin in the evening, and found he was much pleased with the rush of the 93rd into the place. He repeated several times, "It will strike terror into them: it will strike terror into them." He thinks that the Kaiserbagh will give a great deal of trouble. "But no matter how long it may take us, I am determined to have no street fighting. I'll not have my men shot down from houses. Now we've got the Begum Kothie we'll work on regularly, and drive them back." The Governor-General is kept regularly informed by telegraph of each day's proceedings.

March, 12th.—Friday.—All impatience for the day. Nearly every soul at Head-Quarters mounting for the Begum Kothie; the enemy still firing down the road from the Kaiserbagh. Turned through the orchards as before, and leaving our horses with the syces, clambered through breaches in the various walls made by our shot till we came out in front of the Begum palace, which is defended by a deep ditch and a broad and thick parapet. Here the traces of the fight were frequent. Patches of blackened blood, parts of soldiers' uniforms, arms, and accoutrements. The ditch itself was filled with

the bodies of sepoy, which the coolies were dragging from the inside and throwing topsy-turvy, by command of the soldiers; stiffened by death, with outstretched legs and arms, burning slowly in their cotton tunics, those rent and shattered figures seemed as if they were about to begin a dance of death. We crossed literally a ramp of dead bodies loosely covered with earth. The lower windows and doors of the palace, inside the parapet, were blocked up with brick and baked earth, which was pierced for musketry.

It was through a very narrow breach in the wall of the gateway that we emerged in the court of the Begum Kothie. The place was full of our soldiers moving to and fro in search of booty, or smoking and chatting in the shade; their arms being piled in case of necessity. Lugard was sitting under the shade of a tree, making a hearty breakfast in the garden which bore but little resemblance indeed to that of Eden. He was good enough to send one of his aides-de-camp, Scott, to show me over the place, "and mind," said he, "you don't get potted, for there are some pandies it is suspected, still lurking about." There was good reason for what the General said, as in a minute afterwards a sergeant was shot dead by a sepoy, who, with several others, was hiding in a room from which they were only driven by live shells, and were killed fighting desperately to the last. In the court I met Adrian Hope, and as he had actually led one of the storming-parties, I gladly availed myself of his offer to be my guide. He had got in through a window, through which he had been shoved by his men, and he came headlong on a group of sepoy in the dark room inside,

who bolted at once at the apparition of the huge red Celt who tumbled upon them, sword and pistol in hand. Another party had stormed the work on the left of this, and the third had attacked on our right, near the road. The fight was very close and desperate for some time; but the strength of the 93rd and the fury of the Sikhs carried everything before it. From court to court, and building to building, the sepoys were driven, leaving in each hundreds of men bayoneted and shot. The scene was horrible. The rooms in which the sepoys lay burning slowly in their cotton clothing, with their skin crackling and their flesh roasting literally in its own fat, whilst a light-bluish, vapoury smoke, of disgusting odour, formed a veil through which the dreadful sight could be dimly seen, were indeed chambers of horrors ineffable. It was before breakfast, and I could not stand the smell.

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It is a great step gained. We are now inside the first line of works, and we are beginning to sap up through the adjacent enclosures towards the Imambarra, which is the enemy's next great stronghold. Nearly all their defences are constructed on the hypothesis that we must advance up the street; but our course lies parallel to it about 100 to 150 yards to the left. We thus turn one of the faces of their fire altogether, and the very enclosures by which we advance facilitate our operations, and cover us from the enemy's fire. Mortars are in position, and are playing on the Imambarra and Kaiserbagh already. Napier and Harness are now the active men, and they are engaged in a very rare operation; for seldom, indeed, has a small force like ours ventured to bore its way into an enormous city, defended by an immense

regular army, and a hostile armed population. Our plan of action is an improvement on the Napoleon programme for street fighting. As the defences stand, the streets resemble a long double line of curtains connecting strong bastions, such as Begum Kothie, Mess-house, Imambarra, and Kaiserbagh, enclosed by parapets, and defended by batteries. The capture of the outermost bastion, and the lodgment inside the works and one line of the curtain, give us enormous advantages.

Having gone over the Begum Kothie, returned to camp to breakfast; then mounted a fresh horse, and with Pat Stewart rode over to the Secunderbagh by the route which Sir Colin had taken when he advanced on it from Martinière; a ticklish path, through gardens and orchards, with high banks on each side, and then through two villages, so narrow and tortuous that our guns stuck fast more than once. The Secunderbagh is a large square enclosure, with turrets at the angles, and a garden inside with kiosks and summer-houses. In one angle we found H. M.'s 53rd huddled together as far away as possible from the dreadful smell that came from the rotting bodies of the sepoy's that were slain there in Sir Colin's last advance. I walked as far as I could venture among the skeletons, to look at the actual scene of the struggle; but I was soon glad to retrace my steps and join the party at the gate. We amused ourselves for some time by watching a part of the enemy in front of us, which was in great agitation, as if in expectation of an attack, and, in fact, the 53rd had already occupied the Shah Nujeef, a very fine mosque inside a serai in front of us, and the Kuddom Russoul, an odd-looking structure on the top of a conical

mound, close to the Goomtec. They were ordered to retire, though the engineer officer was satisfied he could maintain his position.

From the Secunderbagh we made for the bridge of boats across the river, and proceeded to Outram's camp. Our ride was by no means agreeable; the heat was great, a hot wind blew clouds of hot sand from the plain into our eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, and the stench of the river, where dead bodies were lying in heaps on the shallows, was suffocating. Paid a visit to Brigadier Walpole, whom we found in a very comfortless sort of ruin, without doors or windows, writing on a plank. His staff were in the same room, and were equally comfortless and hot. Thence we went to Sir Hope Grant's tent, and heard all about the advance the other day from him. His quarters were fixed in a small single-pole tent, and everything inside was covered with dust and sand. Then having beaten up a few more tents, proceeded onwards to General Outram's head-quarters, which consisted of a few tents pitched under some fine trees, close to a pretty mosque that had suffered from our cannon. The general was in his tent, but was about starting for his evening ride, and as he insisted on our stopping to dine and sleep at his quarters, we were glad to have the opportunity of seeing his position; and, above all, I was gratified at the occasion I had long desired of making the acquaintance of such a distinguished statesman, and such a gallant, chivalrous soldier. His forehead is broad, massive, sagacious, but open; his eye, which is covered by a shaggy brow, is dark, full of penetration, quick, and expressive; his manner natural and gracious; his speech is marked by a slight hesitation

when choosing a word, but it is singularly correct and forcible; and his smile is very genial and sympathetic. He is of the middle-size, is very stoutly built, and has a slight roundness of the shoulder, as if from study or application at the desk.

We all know of the unhappy controversy which arose between the late Sir Charles Napier and Major Outram, with respect to the treatment of the Ameers of Scinde, and eventually terminated a friendship that had commenced auspiciously, by the application, from Napier's mouth, of an ennobling epithet which, recognized as just at the time, is now Outram's universal soubriquet—"The Bayard of India." Without attempting to discuss the merits of that unfortunate dispute between two great men, I may remark that Outram gave an unusual, but very striking and characteristic proof, of the sincerity of his opinions, for he refused to touch a penny of his share of the Scinde prize-money, although he was not, at the time, in a position to render him indifferent to the acquisition of such a large sum of money. We rode down close to the first battery, which was paying particular attention to the enemy's works at the other side of the river—a long line of parapet extending from the Mohtee-Mahul to the Chutturmunzil and its adjacent palaces. The return fire was very poor, but it was just enough to induce one to stand under the parapet, and thence we could follow, with satisfaction, the flight of our shot and shell into the cupolas of the palaces, or see them bursting, in dust and smoke, inside the drawing-room windows.

Having remounted, we went on to the Badshah-bagh, which was occupied by H. M.'s 23rd, under

Bell. In the days of its full magnificence it must have been glorious. Such forests of orange-trees, such trickling fountains, shady walks, beds of flowers, grand alleys, dark retreats and summer-houses, all surrounded by a high and massive wall, and forming, as it were, the approaches to a snug little palace of pleasure, in which were now revelling some of the Welch Fusileers. We mounted up on the flat roof of one of the towers, from which we had a pleasant view of the enemy's works not very far in front of us; and we were rendered aware of the fact that their eyes were as good as our own, by a gentle humming, and sighing, and ping in the air about us, as though bees and zephyrs were flying past, or birds fanning us with rapid pinion. In one of the rooms was a portrait of the late King of Oude, which I received permission to have cut out of the frame, and carried it off with me; a small bit of loot of very little value.

We returned to dinner, which was spread out on a table before the mosque, sheltered by a giant tree; and the effect of the lamps, the tablecloth, and the "Persicos apparatus" in such a place was very striking. The general had all his staff and many more dining with him. He has saved some soda-water and port-wine from his stores at Alumbagh, and I, for one, found them great luxuries. After dinner, one Cunoujee Lall, a very handsome, intelligent Hindoo, came to Outram for final instructions as to a very perilous enterprise. He is to try the depth of the river near the Iron bridge, in order that we may know if it be fordable or not; but the man is used to services of danger. It was he who accompanied Kavanagh out of the Residency to seek Sir Colin Campbell,

and he has since been actively engaged as a spy in our employment. He is working for a high reward; but I do not think the mode we propose of dealing with him evinces much judgment. We know him to be a double-dealer, for he deceives and betrays his own countrymen; but we have promised him a *judicial* and *legal* appointment in the *public service*. How will he exercise his trust?

We retired early, and Stewart and myself found two comfortable beds made up in the corners of the General's tent, and were fast asleep ere he had finished the cheroot and the newspaper with which he retired to his charpoy.

March 13th.—It was pitch dark, I am quite sure, when the General woke us this morning, though he maintained stoutly it was daybreak. I know our cheroots glimmered like fire-flies in the tent as we were dressing. A cup of tea refreshed us, and just as the sky was flushing in the east, we mounted and rode towards the Iron bridge; but there were no very agreeable odours which saluted us, no pleasant smell of flowers, no fresh perfume of the early morning. The road-sides were dotted by dead bodies, and when we came to the old cavalry lines, where Outram, in his advance had surprised and cut up a number of the enemy, it required all the powers of tobacco to render the air endurable. From that we passed on to a network of houses, through which we rode in single file; all was silent as the grave. "Just there," said one of my companions, "we saw a pitiful sight the day of our advance. A little boy of eight or nine years of age, very handsome and well dressed, had been struck by a grape-shot in the spine, and was dying.

Beside him was a cage, with a parroquet, which was screaming as if it knew what had happened. We let the poor bird go." It is horrible ; but it is true, that our men have got a habit of putting natives "out of pain," as if they were animals. They do it sometimes in charity.

When we got to the street which leads to the Iron bridge, we dismounted, turned a corner, and found ourselves at once under fire. As Outram was first, we could but follow his example, and he walked with the utmost deliberation down to the last house next the bridge, into which we turned, and proceeded to survey the enemy, who were swarming in and out of the houses at the other side. At an extremity there was a barricade, beyond which lay several dead sepoys who tainted the air, and could not be removed by either side. The house in which we took our station had been some old curiosity-shop, and the smell of native scents was almost as strong as that of the sepoys. Our men, behind low walls, were keeping down the fire of the enemy, and at the other side of the way one of our batteries sent an occasional shell or shot over towards the Kaiserbagh and Stone bridge. Outram descending to the street, left most of us under cover, and with two officers walked across to look after the battery. The enemy at once gave them a volley ; but they got across untouched. In about five minutes they came out again, and this time ran the gantlet through a storm of bullets. As we returned to the corner where our horses were, we were exposed to a sharp fusillade, which cut the bricks close to us ; but again we escaped unscathed, and had a

quiet ride back to camp, through another part of the deserted suburbs.

After breakfast under the tree, Stewart and I returned to our camp; but we had set out rather late, and the heat was very trying as we rode over the sandy plains. When I got back, I was shocked and surprised to hear that Hodson died early yesterday, and was buried in the afternoon. Late in the day, after the capture of the Begum Kothie, Norman told me he had been wounded, and was in Banks' bungalow. I was going over to see him yesterday, when one of the doctors told me he was going on pretty well, and that he had passed a tolerable night; adding, "I don't think it would be wise to disturb him, even if his medical attendant let you." Now I hear that I shall never see him more. I felt that we had sustained in India a loss which is really national. I must confess I do not altogether approve of anything but the extraordinary courage and self-possession which marked his conduct in shooting down the sons of the King of Delhi; but at the same time I freely admit that I was impressed so strongly by Hodson's energy, force of character, and intelligence, that I should doubt the propriety of my own judgment if I found it was opposed to his in some matters connected with the treatment of natives. I regretted that an accident had put it out of my power to pay his memory the tribute of respect which Sir Colin and his staff willingly rendered last night.

My servant was in much tribulation at my absence, for which I had not at all prepared him. "I tout budmash kill master and master Stewart."

I lay down and went to sleep in spite of the tremendous bombardment which was shaking the camp. Our sap continues, and we are slowly advancing towards the Imambarra, which is to be assaulted, and of course carried, to-morrow. I saw Sir Colin to-night, and he told me the spies declared the sepoy were leaving the city in great numbers.

CHAPTER XX.

Capture of the Kaiserbagh.—The camp in commotion.—Voilà la différence!—Marks of shot and shell.—Poor Da Costa!—The Huzrutgunj.—Sappers at work.—Discipline after an assault.—Drunk with plunder.—A camel-load of curiosities.—Ready money transactions.—Presents of jewellery.—Camp followers.—Simon and his scales.—Telegraphic messages.—Plundering stopped.—A zenana.—Dinner with General Outram.

March 14th.—CAPTURE OF THE KAISERBAGH.—Well, to be sure, how uncertain are the *certamina belli*! It was only last night that Sir Colin was talking of the hard work there would be in forcing the sepoy's out of their great stronghold, the Residency. This morning early I met General Outram, who seemed in good heart at our progress; but said there was a good deal of fighting before us yet. Later still he met Sir Colin and returned to camp with him about ten o'clock, and the two generals, at length, discussed the plan of operations against the Kaiserbagh. It was known that Russell's brigade would make an attack on the Imambarra—a large mass of buildings which lies between the Begum Kothic and the Kaiserbagh, with many intervening buildings and enclosures. Those which were between the Begum's house and the Imambarra had been successively occupied by our men, who sapped through from wall to wall, in a line parallel to the Huzrutgunj, which is the street where Havelock's column suffered so very severely in going to reinforce the Residency; but it was necessary to open a battery

to breach the walls of the Imambarra, which are very thick and massive. The breach promised well last night. It was made by guns, which were sheltered by the walls, and fired right through them at the enemy's defences. This morning, if the engineer approved of the look of the work, the assault was to be delivered, and Brasyer's Sikhs and Her Majesty's 10th Regiment were to lead the assault. It was after breakfast, and all the Head-Quarters' people, who were not busy with returns and schedules, were enjoying their cigars or reading the papers. A very heavy fire of musketry, which had sprung up for a few moments, had as suddenly died away. An orderly came up the avenue at full speed, with a small piece of folded paper in his hand. He delivered it at one of the tents. In a second or two, I saw Norman, at his usual canter, hurrying across the street. "What is it, Norman? Have we got the Imambarra?" "The Imambarra! Why, man, we're in the Kaiserbagh!"

Here, indeed, was news. The camp was in commotion. Syces running to and fro, the Chief and all his staff calling for their horses. What a scamper to the Begum Kothie; passing the 42nd, the 38th, and the 90th on our way, who were marching fast towards the Kaiserbagh! We passed from court to garden, and from garden to court; through the walls of mosques and zenanas, and long ranges of low houses, through archways and doors, working hither and thither, along the sap by which our men had advanced through all these obstacles from the Begum Kothie. In our way, strings of doolies, laden with wounded men, showed us the place had not fallen without a blow. A Goorkha or Sikh officer, I never could make

out which he was, dressed in a scarlet tunic laced with gold, who was wounded through both legs and had his lower jaw broken by a bullet, was walking to the rear, leaning on the arms of two natives, when, just as he passed me, a chance bullet, flying over the wall, went through his skull and he dropped dead. When we reached the breach of the Imambarra, it was almost blocked up by the men who were pouring into it. It is inglorious work scrambling up second-hand breaches; but it is some consolation to be in good company, and to know that every man has honour in his own place. For one in my position, there would be no honour, reward, or *Kâdos* for storming a breach to-morrow. As I said to Sir James Outram, the other day, when we were under a little fire, "If you get killed, it will be said, and truly, that you died a soldier's death—the end of a warrior covered with laurels, who falls in discharge of his duty; but if your humble servant's skull is not thick enough to resist the solicitations for admittance of one of those matchlock-balls, it will be said he died the death of a fool, who was where he had no business to be, and who, in death even, will be covered with ridicule.—*Voilà la différence!*"

Listen to the cheering behind us. Sir Colin is riding up the street. Now he has dismounted, and is marching up the steps of the Imambarra amidst the shouts of the troops. What a scene of destruction meets the eye as we enter the great hall. It is no exaggeration to say the marble pavement is covered two or three inches deep with fragments of broken mirrors and of the chandeliers which once hung from the ceiling; and the men are busy smashing still.

This mischief is rude, senseless, and brutal, but no one cares to stop it. I think of Kertch, and sigh and pass on.

We are on the flat roof of the Imambarra mosque, and a few remote pandies amuse themselves by potting at us, but they are in too great a state of fear to make good practice. Below us, Sikhs and Highlanders are winding in front of the various doors and windows of the buildings around the court, like the denizens of an ant-hill, or, with jubilant shouts, dragging out some miserable pandy from his hiding-place.

There is not a space of four yards square which does not bear the mark of heavy shell blows and dint of iron. The courts are full of the wreck of the Imambarra, mixed with fragments of sepoy's clothing, accoutrements, horns filled with powder, firelocks, matchlocks, shields, and tulwars. Beyond us are the many-tinted domes and cupola-spires, and the multiple-shaped roofs of the Kaiserbagh itself, from which there is still spattering fire of musketry. From the other side of the Goomtee beyond it, puff after puff of white smoke, and the heavy boom of the guns, show that Outram is still pounding away at the enemy, between the Kaiserbagh and the Iron bridge. We are but a few minutes in the Imambarra, and then passing through a very lofty, and indeed magnificent gateway, from the principal court, we find ourselves actually in the Huzrutgunj. It is blocked up with troops, part of the 90th, some of the 20th, the 97th, the 38th, are all there, and the 42nd are behind them, coming up in clouds of dust. I saw General Mansfield, and ran across the street to him. "Is it true we have the Kaiserbagh?" "Well, Colonel Harness and

Napier have sent word that we have turned the inner line of defences. We are in the Kaiserbagh, but whilst this work (alluding to the firing) is going on, we can scarcely be said to have it."

The heat was sweltering, and I pitied our men as they stood under its rays, many of them unprovided with proper protection against the sun, and retaining their old European outfit. I felt the exhaustion produced by the temperature so much, that I could scarcely move a hundred yards without visible distress. The perspiration rolled in streams down our faces between banks of hardened dust, which caked as it settled on our saturated clothes. And these poor fellows might be exposed for hours, not only to this terrible heat, but to a hard struggle and severe fighting. "Water! water! Pane! pane!" was the cry on every side. At this moment an officer, evidently dying, was carried past. He recognized me, and gave a faint smile as he went by. Poor Da Costa! He had been persecuting the Head-Quarters' people at Cawnpore to take him up to the front. He had plied every department with solicitations, used every stratagem, he had even extended his supplications by telegraph to Alumbagh for leave to get to Lucknow. At last he came to me, and begged that I would put him "on my staff!" His regiment was gone in the mutinies, and he was nearly mad with anxiety to strike a blow at Lucknow for certain reasons. If I could take him, the tempter said—and at this time I was indeed in a fair way to fall before such temptation—he would ask my acceptance of that thorough-bred charger which he was riding as he spoke. Somehow or other

he managed to become attached to a Punjaub regiment, and he fell early in the day's work.

That we had got so far as the spot where I stood without very great loss was wonderful. All the casemates of the Imambarra, every parapeted house-top on the way to it, every portico, every colonnade in the courts, was blocked up with brickwork, pierced in every direction for musketry. And now we were out in the street, we saw what murderous work it would have been to have forced a passage through what was in fact nothing less than a double line of crenellated parapets and walls, inaccessible to scaling ladders, swept by grape and case from the defences at right angles to the line of the street, and raked by the fire of projecting palaces and gables which would cross their musketry with that from the walls, the whole line of the advance being dominated by lofty mosques, minars, the flat-roofed houses of the street, and such citadels as the Imambarra itself would be when the gates were closed, and the Mess-house and the coachmen's houses. Such was the Huzrutgunj. As I edged along between the troops and the wall, I had many a nod from friends and acquaintances whom I saw for the first time since we had been before Lucknow; a camp is the worst place in the world to meet one's friends, unless one hunts them out expressly, and time rarely admits of that. Ingram, of the 97th, at the head of his men, called out, "Do you know what we are waiting for?" and seemed by no means pleased at my lack of information. Poor fellow, he was all impatience to get to the fatal palace, where, in a little time, he was to meet his death.

Edging on in the shade of the wall, Stewart and

I came at last to an immense earthwork, which crossed the road, with a deep ditch in front, and some embrasures faced with planks, which were burning fiercely. Through the flames peered the muzzles of two guns, most probably well graped, and so we turned sharp to the left, as it would have been neither profitable nor glorious to have been killed by an overheated cannon; and passing along a crenellated wall we turned in through a tall archway, which was nearly blocked up by the rubbish of the tumbled brickwork, through which our sappers had just broken a passage, and found ourselves in one of the courts of the Kaiserbagh! The tail of the small column of sappers was just disappearing under another archway at the opposite side of the huge court, and hurrying at the double. An officer, who had just made his way through the arch, said, "We had better look-out. The rooms round this court are full of sepoys. I can see and hear them." We were quite alone. It would never do to go back, and so, getting as much breath as we could into our bodies by way of provision, off we cantered across the court. It was, indeed, near work. The bullets flew round us, and cut up the ground at our feet, but we all arrived, short of wind and full of laughter, under cover of the archway, beyond which there was another court full of statues, and orange-trees, and shrubs, surrounded by long lines of palazzi in the Italian style, wherein, as one of our friends said, "Hell's broke loose." At one gateway in this court a small body of red-coated soldiers, in some kind of order, were delivering a rapid fire. Everywhere else discord and chaos reigned.

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It was one of the strangest and most distressing sights that could be seen ; but it was also most exciting. Discipline may hold soldiers together till the fight is won ; but it assuredly does not exist for a moment after an assault has been delivered, or a storm has taken place. Imagine courts as large as the Temple Gardens, surrounded with ranges of palaces, or at least of buildings well stuccoed and gilded, with fresco-paintings here and there on the blind-windows, and with green jalousies and venetian-blinds closing the apertures which pierce the walls in double rows. In the body of the court are statues, lines of lamp-posts, fountains, orange-groves, aqueducts, and kiosks with burnished domes of metal. Through these, hither and thither, with loud cries, dart European and native soldiery, firing at the windows, from which come now and then dropping shots or hisses a musket-ball. At every door there is an eager crowd, smashing the panels with the stocks of their firelocks, or breaking the fastenings by discharges of their weapons. The buildings which surround the courts are irregular in form, for here and there the lines of the quadrangle are broken by columned fronts and lofty porticos before the mansions of the ministry, or of the great officers of the royal household, which are resplendent with richly-gilt roofs and domes. Here and there the invaders have forced their way into the long corridors, and you hear the musketry rattling inside ; the crash of glass, the shouts and yells of the combatants, and little jets of smoke curl out of the closed lattices. Lying amid the orange-groves are dead and dying sepoys ; and the white statues are reddened with blood. Leaning against a smiling

Venus is a British soldier shot through the neck, gasping, and at every gasp bleeding to death ! Here and there officers are running to and fro after their men, persuading or threatening in vain. From the broken portals issue soldiers laden with loot or plunder. Shawls, rich tapestry, gold and silver brocade, caskets of jewels, arms, splendid dresses. The men are wild with fury and lust of gold—literally drunk with plunder. Some come out with china vases or mirrors, dash them to pieces on the ground, and return to seek more valuable booty. Others are busy gouging out the precious stones from the stems of pipes, from saddle-cloths, or the hilts of swords, or butts of pistols and fire-arms. Some swathe their bodies in stuffs crusted with precious metals and gems ; others carry off useless lumber, brass pots, pictures, or vases of jade and china.

Court after court the scene is still the same. These courts open one to the other by lofty gateways, ornamented with the double fish of the royal family of Oude, or by arched passages, in which lie the dead sepoy, their clothes smouldering on their flesh.

The court we had now reached was exceedingly narrow, a *cul de sac* ; one side was occupied by open sheds, in which were broughams, carriages, and harness, and native palkees, with velvet hangings richly gilt, and a lot of trumpery, such as might be seen in a coachmaker's shed—wheels, axles, and such like. The other side was formed by a line of storehouses with rooms above them, and a series of doors, leading out on the court, strongly barricaded. Just where we turned into the court, there was a stone-topped well somewhat in the shade, and close to it was one

store-room, the door of which had been left open or forced in by a marauder. On going in we found it literally filled with wooden cases, which were each crammed with nicely-packed china or enormous vases, bowls, goblets, cups of the finest jade. Others contained nothing but spoons, hookah mouth-pieces, and small drinking vessels, and saucers of the same valuable material. I do not in the least exaggerate, when I say there must have been at least a camel-load of these curiosities, of which Stewart and myself, and one or two other officers, selected a few pieces, and put them aside near the well. It was well we did so, for, just as we had put them aside, the shadow of a man fell across the court from the gateway; a bayonet was advanced cautiously, raised evidently to the level of the eye, then came the Enfield, and finally the head of a British soldier. "None here but friends!" shouted he. "Come along, Bill. There's only some offcers, and here's a lot of places no one has bin to!" Enter three or four banditti of H.M.'s — Regiment. Faces black with powder; cross-belts specked with blood; coats stuffed out with all sorts of valuables. And now commenced the work of plunder under our very eyes. The first door resisted every sort of violence till the rifle-muzzle was placed to the lock, which was sent flying by the discharge of the piece. The men rushed in with a shout, and soon they came out with caskets of jewels, iron boxes and safes, and wooden boxes full of arms crusted with gold and precious stones! One fellow, having burst open a leaden-looking lid, which was in reality of solid silver, drew out an armlet of emeralds, and diamonds, and pearls, so large, that I really be-

lieved they were not real stones, and that they formed part of a chandelier chain. "What will your honour give me for these?" said he. "I'll take a hundred rupees on chance."

Oh, wretched fate! I had not a penny in my pocket, nor had any of us. No one has in India. His servant keeps his money. My Simon was far away in the quiet camp. He hunted through my clothes every morning, and neither gold mohur nor silver rupee was permitted to remain in any of my pockets; and so I said—

"I will give you a hundred rupees; but it is right to tell you if the stones are real they are worth a great deal more."

"Bedad, I won't grudge them to your honour, and you're welcome to them for the hundred rupees. Here, take them!"

"Well, then, you must come to me at the Headquarters' camp to-night, or give me your name and company, and I'll send the money to you."

"Oh! faith an' your honour, how do I know where I'd be this blissed night? It's maybe dead I'd be, wid a bullet in me body. I'll take two gold mores" (mohurs at 32s. each) "and a bottle of rum, on the spot. But shure it's not safe to have any but reddy money transactions these times."

There was no arguing against the propriety of the views entertained by our friend, and he put the chain of great nobbly emeralds, and diamonds, and pearls, into the casket, and I saw my fortune vanish."*

As the man turned to leave the place, as if struck

* I have been told that those stones were subsequently sold by an officer to a jeweller for £7500.



by compunction at his own severity, he took two trinkets from a tray in the casket, and said, "There, gentlemen, I'd not like to lave you without a little keepsake. Take whichever you like, and you can give me something another time."

That which fell to my share was a nose-ring of small rubies and pearls, with a single stone diamond drop. My friend was made happy with a very handsome brooch, consisting of a large butterfly, with opal and diamond wings.

This was but an episode. The scene of plunder was indescribable. The soldiers had broken up several of the store-rooms, and pitched the contents into the court, which was lumbered with cases, with embroidered clothes, gold and silver brocade, silver vessels, arms, banners, drums, shawls, scarfs, musical instruments, mirrors, pictures, books, accounts, medicine bottles, gorgeous standards, shields, spears, and a heap of things, the enumeration of which would make this sheet of paper like a catalogue of a broker's sale. Through these moved the men, wild with excitement, "drunk with plunder." I had often heard the phrase, but never saw the thing itself before. They smashed to pieces the fowling-pieces and pistols to get at the gold mountings and the stones set in the stocks. They burned in a fire, which they made in the centre of the court, brocades and embroidered shawls for the sake of the gold and silver. China, glass, and jade they dashed to pieces in pure wantonness; pictures they ripped up, or tossed on the flames; furniture shared the same fate. Suddenly a fellow rushed at us with the long chain of a lustre, made of long green and blue prisms, in his hand, shout-

ing out, "Look here! Look here! Holy mother of Moses, what will you give me for this iligant shtring of imeralds and jewls?" Nor would he really believe our assurance that it was worthless.

By this time, twenty men—mostly English, but some Sikhs—were in the court. The explosion of their rifles, as they burst open locks and doors, had attracted stray marauders. More than one quarrel, which came nigh to blood-letting, had already arisen: things looked threatening: we could do no good: and, as a musbee sapper just happened to look in, we laid hold of him to carry our jade bowls, and got into the outer court, in which there was, on a larger scale, a repetition of the same scene as we had just left.

Oh, the toil of that day! Never had I felt such exhaustion. It was horrid enough to have to stumble through endless courts which were like vapour baths, amid dead bodies, through sights worthy of the Inferno, by blazing walls which might be pregnant with mines, over breaches, in and out of smouldering embrasures, a cross frail ladders, suffocated by deadly smells of rotting corpses, of rotten ghee, or vile native scents; but the seething crowd of camp followers into which we emerged in Huzrutgunj was something worse. As ravenous, and almost as foul, as vultures, they were packed in a dense mass in the street, afraid or unable to go into the palaces, and, like the birds they resembled, waiting till the fight was done to prey on their plunder.

At last I got to camp. Simon was busy in his little tent weighing gold and silver for natives who had already returned with or got plunder from the soldiers. For days the chink, chink of his scales

never ceased. He had a percentage for weighing, and he must have driven a roaring trade. Done up beyond expression, I threw myself on a charpoy, and for an hour slept a sleep of dreams almost as bad as the realities I had just witnessed.

On getting up and dressing, I found it was evening. Sir Colin was walking up and down before his tent. I went over to him, and he told me he had telegraphed to the Governor-General that we were in solid occupation of the Kaiserbagh. I sent off a similar message. The telegraph tent was close at hand. At dinner this evening Sir Colin was rather silent. Perhaps he was thinking that people at home would not be satisfied that more of the rebels had not fallen, for he knew that it was now impossible to prevent the greater number of them escaping.

One blot there was certainly in the day's proceedings. It is true, that the fall of the Kaiserbagh was not calculated upon; but it occurred so early in the day, that greater advantage might have been taken of the success, though it would have been attended by considerable loss of life. I allude to the effect which would have been produced if Outram had crossed the Iron bridge and fallen on the enemy as soon as they were retreating out of the Kaiserbagh. Sir Colin had given orders to Outram to cross the Iron bridge, but they were accompanied with the proviso "that he was not to do so if he thought he would *lose a single man*." The general reconnoitred the enemy in the afternoon, and had everything ready for an attack, but he saw at least one gun laid on the bridge, and the enemy showed their fear of an advance on his part by a peculiarly heavy fire which they opened

from guns and musketry on the houses occupied by his men, so that if he had moved he certainly would have lost some of his soldiers, and so have disobeyed orders. The relations between Sir Colin and General Outram, though not unfriendly, are a little stiff on account of past events, and Outram is not the man to act in opposition to the commands of his superior officer. Had Sir Colin not bound Outram's hands so tightly, the advance would have taken place, and a very great slaughter of the enemy must have followed. The breastwork, thrown up at one side of the bridge, was removed,* and all was ready for a vigorous assault, which would have put us in possession of a larger part of the position, with a tremendous loss to the sepoy, when the Kaiserbagh fell. In one place alone they suffered severely to-day. There is a detached building, called the engine-house, close to the Goomtee, below the Chutturmunzil. When our advance from the Imambarra to the Kaiserbagh was established, a portion of our troops swept round to the right, and two parties of Her Majesty's 20th came upon the house, which contained two courts, and rooms full of old machinery. They came upon a body of three or four hundred sepoy who had fled there for refuge. Holding possession of the only means of exit, one portion of the 20th made a furious onslaught on the rebels, shot them down in files, and ceased not till no living enemy was left to kill. The place caught fire. The wounded were burned with the dead. A rapid advance in force might have led to many scenes such as that—and, no doubt, had

* For doing this, Lieutenant Wynne received the Victoria Cross.

Outram's column crossed, we might have counted the slain by thousands; but sepoy fight when driven to bay, and our own loss must have been large. As I was returning to camp this evening, I met one who told me the enemy were flying from the city by thousands. Bruce's spies report that the rebels are satisfied Lucknow is lost, though some of them declare they will die fighting in the streets. Allgood's emissaries are unanimous in tales of distress. The Begum alone stands undismayed. A fine dramatic figure, this black Semiramide—ardent, intriguing, subtle, courageous, devoted to her son, and—alas! that it should be so—fond of Mummoo Khan. The Moulvie of Fyzabad, too, assumes grandiose proportions as his resolution, courage, and fanaticism are developed amidst the imbeciles by whom he is surrounded. But the shouts of our men ring from the Kaiserbagh. The enemy's stronghold has fallen, and neither Begum nor Moulvie will ever hold it more.

March 15th.—To-day plundering is stopped by order. The place is exhausted. Four friendly merchants, or bunneahs, who were returning to the town, were shot by our pickets. I visited the Kaiserbagh again to-day. Every yard would fill a canvas under the hand of Lewis or David Roberts. The place is full of powder, and explosions are frequent. If the Tuileries, the Louvre, Versailles, Scutari, the Winter Palace, were to be all blended together, with an *entourage* of hovels worthy of Gallipoli, and an interior of gardens worthy of Kew, they would represent the size, at all events, of the palaces of the Kaiserbagh and the gardens inside. The work is evidently Italian; but most hideous, ludicrous, and

preposterous are the Hindoo statues in imitation of Italian subjects, which here and there deck the pedestals in the gardens. There are a few really grand marble statues—a charming Venus and dove, a very fine Nymph with hounds, and a severe Apollo, which has been chipped about the stomach by a native artizan, but all the rest, or nearly all, of the many hundred statues, are vile plaster imitations, indecent or grotesque originals. In the north-west angle of one of the courts our batteries of mortars are in full play on the city.

I wandered through a zenana which was full of women's clothes, fans, slippers, musical instruments, flowers, gilt chairs, and damask curtains, very strange pictures, broken mirrors and pendules. A begum of some rank, and remote antiquity, was saved yesterday by General Mansfield's adjutant-general, in one of the houses, and is now in the Martinière. She gave the officer a casket of jewels, which he put in a place of safety; but when he returned, the house was in flames and the jewels were lost. These women say they are sure we shall be beaten in the long run, though they admit the sepoys fought badly; but, say they, "You kill them when they cannot see you, with those great iron fire-balls," alluding to the shells.

The quantity of stuffs, of all kinds of furniture, and every conceivable kind of property taken out of the city by soldiers and camp-followers is beyond the verge of imagination, and gives some reason to believe the statement that there were 1,200,000 inhabitants in Lucknow. Simon is busy weighing money and gold and silver bars and buttons all day; but I cannot induce him to get a shawl for me. When we

told General Mansfield of the storehouse of jade, he was annoyed at such useless destruction, and Stewart went over this morning and succeeded in procuring a few unbroken pieces for the general.

From the Kaiserbagh I returned by Banks' bungalow, where Outram, who crossed the river with a strong column this morning, has taken up his quarters, and I stopped and dined with him at a very full table, for the general would not permit me to go on. As soon as the place is taken, he is divested of his military command, which is merged in his high civil rank as Commissioner of Oude; but as he has been summoned to the Council at Calcutta, he will only retain the direction of civil matters in the province till the arrival of Mr. Robert Montgomery, who has been appointed as his successor, and is now at Allahabad, in communication with Lord Canning.

CHAPTER XXI.

No rest for the rebels.—The shattered Residency.—A pleasant chat.—A capful of grape.—Street-fighting.—The great Imambarra.—View from one of its minarets.—Shots from all quarters.—A draught of nectar.—Barbarous act of an officer.—Awful accident.—News from Jung Bahadoor.—Pertinacity and Vacillation.—The Moosabagh.—Napier in distress.—Lord Canning's Proclamation.—Rev. Mr. McKay's sermons.

March 16th.—The rebels are to have no rest; and to-day they were rudely thrust back into the lanes of the city, and forced from the remaining strongholds which were in their hands. I started from my tent early, and joined Outram (who was to lead the attack) just as he had concluded his dispositions and was finishing his orders to the officers. The Highlanders of Douglas' Brigade, and the 23rd Welsh Fusileers were principally engaged; but Brasyer's Sikhs were also well up to the front. The sun was exceedingly hot, and as the men marched through the narrow streets between the Kaiserbagh and the Residency, the dust, aggravated by swarms of flies, was more than usually offensive. In those streets lay the bloated corpses of natives in all kinds of attitudes. I could not agree with Charles IX. that the smell of a dead enemy was always sweet, and I puffed my cigar more vigorously than ever as I wended one of those abominations. Most of them—there were old men and women among them—had been hit by fragments of shell, which always produce very horrible wounds. As we approached the shattered walls of the Resi-

dency, a few shots were fired from the buildings; but there was no show of opposition as the 23rd and 79th extended and entered the inclosure. By a movement of a portion of the force to the right, the Chutturmunzil, the Mohtee Mahul, and the other palaces on the bank of the Goomtee, were occupied.

We passed through the 20th Regiment, which was left in possession of this position, and were soon defiling through the shattered gateway which led inside the Residency. The enemy had not altered it much. The General could give a history to every stone, and Mr. Kavanagh was in great delight, going from room to room in some of the shattered buildings, and reviving his recollections of the events which happened inside during the siege. A halt took place here for some time till the whole force was ready for an onward movement, and wandering from one court to another, all filled with our troops, I came upon the 1st Bengal Fusileers, who were sheltered from the extreme heat by the ruins of the Residency House. Their blue uniforms, to my mind, were not only neater-looking, but better suited for work than the scarlet, which becomes worse and worse every year as the contractors become more bent on sudden riches. An accident here had nigh put an end to my diary. As I was riding across a courtyard, my horse's hind legs suddenly sunk into the ground; lest his whole body should follow, I managed to leap off, and then, by the aid of some dooly-bearers, we got him on solid earth. What a gulf there was! In fact, he had broken through the cement covering of a closed-up well, and but that the chunam was firm, would have carried me down some hundred feet

The officers of the Fusileers were sheltering from the sun, which was, indeed, painfully powerful, under the arches of the shattered house in which Sir Henry Lawrence met his death. They are a very fine set of fellows; but there is, or was, one among them who did a bloody, and a cruel, and cowardly act this day, as perhaps we shall hear by-and-by, and I am glad to know that those who were his comrades feel towards him as he deserves. We were not under fire at this time, and we had a pleasant if not a cool chat, whilst the guns were being brought up to cover our advance. Outram came into the court, and seeing the men of the 79th, who were near us, exposed to the sun, he called to the officers, "Get your men into the shade. Let them go down into the tykanah (cellars) of the house." He is most careful of all the soldiers' comforts, and he seldom gives an order which is not accompanied by a gift of a cheroot, or more, if he has one left. "Oh, ay!" said one of the men, "that's the way with the Giniral; in the Alumbagh he was always kind, and free with his 'baccy."

The 23rd Regiment were now formed-up under cover of the old walls and buildings of the Residency. A battery of Madras guns took up position on our left and opened, at a high elevation, on the magnificent-looking piles of the Imambarra and Hossicinabad in the rear of the Muchcebawun. Outram, mounted on his fine old charger, cantered across the court; the word was given to advance, and with a right good cheer, the 23rd broke into a run, and like a great wave leaped over the low walls in front of them, and swept on towards the left, whilst two or three companies, moving straight out from the Residency on the right,

took the road which, passing under its walls, runs parallel to the Goomtee, right up towards the Iron bridge. The instant our men appeared, a scattered fire of musketry was opened on them from all sorts of invisible holes and corners; but the sepoys and matchlockmen were too nervous to take very accurate aim, and each man, having discharged his piece, fled as we advanced. I was trotting along with the 23rd, and looking up the road at a suspicious-looking barricade of wood which was formed at the side of it, when a curl of smoke came flying out of it, and there came a capful of grape right in our faces; most fortunately it was aimed too high; our advance had been too rapid. The iron shower pattered savagely against the walls above our heads; but one man lay rolling in the dust, and presently another came towards the rear, holding his arm, from which the blood trickled. The man who was hit in the arm helped up his comrade, who was wounded in the leg; and as the doolys were not at hand, the poor fellows were obliged to creep towards the rear. Nothing could be kinder or more gentle than the conduct of one to the other. "Lean on me as hard as you like." "Are you sure I'm not hurting the other arm?" and so they returned to the Residency, and after a time got a dooly, and were carried off out of action.

Before the pandies could load and fire their gun again, the Fusileers were at the muzzle, and with a loud cheer rushed into the work, which was a parapet of sand, earth, and planks, bayoneted one or two men, and rushed on towards the bridge, encountering but a slight opposition from some houses on their way. The advance was general on all our line. In all directions

the rattling of musketry was heard, and the bullets, fired at great elevations from distant houses, whistled overhead right and left. The 23rd seemed swallowed up in a labyrinth of lanes and narrow streets, and mixed up with the Punjaubees, who were already breaking open houses, and actively engaged in plundering. As Brasyer was leading on his men, he was badly wounded by a shot from a house : a dooly was sent for, and, as he was getting into it, his infuriated Sikhs entered the building, and taking out some men and boys, whom they found there, placed them with their backs against the wall and shot them on the spot. Their cries for mercy were piteous. In a few seconds they were lying below the blood-stained wall a heap of palpitating, quivering bodies. It was necessary to proceed with great caution in this street-fighting, and our advance was gradual but sure. On every side were sights which I would fain have shut my eyes on, sounds which I would not readily listen to again, as well as scenes of wonderful novelty and interest. The dust, the heat, the excitement were overpowering. Emerging from a street full of Sikhs, who were smashing open doors and windows, and pitching the contents of the houses out of the casemates to their comrades or into the street, I saw the 79th's bonnets, like a waving black sea, pouring in a dense flood, crested with bayonets, through a magnificent archway that spanned a broad street. I rode in along with them. The pencil can alone do justice to the general effect of the grand inclosure in which we found ourselves ; but there was no time to pause or admire. The cry was "To the left ; right shoulders forward, by the left wheel !" and rushing through another noble por-

tal, pierced with lofty arches, we found ourselves in the outer court-yard of the great Imambarra. Somewhere hereabouts Pat. Stewart turned up. The Highlanders ran across the court, up a magnificent flight of steps, and in another moment, with loud cheers, took possession of the great Imambarra itself. On our right was a noble mosque with two extremely lofty, tapering minarets. With some difficulty we found our way to the doorway which led to the stairs of one of these, and groping our way round and round, and up and up in the dark, till we came on a doorway which opened on a small balcony round the minaret, about 150 feet above the ground.

Alas, words! words! how poor you are to depict the scene which met the eye of the infidel from the quiet retreat of the muezzin! Lucknow, in its broad expanse of palaces, its groves and gardens, its courts and squares, its mosques and temples, its wide-spreading, squalid quarters of mean, close houses, amid which are kiosks and mansions of rich citizens, surrounded by trees, all lay at our feet, with the Dilkoosha, and Martinière, and distant Alumbagh plainly visible, and the umbrageous plains clothed in the richest vegetation, and covered with woodland, which encompasses the city. In the midst winds the Goomtee, placid and silvery, though its waters are heavy with the dead. Across the Stone bridge, in wild confusion, are pouring the rebels, the sepoys, budmashes, matchlockmen, and inhabitants of the place, and from the Iron bridge our guns are opening on them incessantly, and the showers of our Enfield bullets cut the surface of the waters like rain.

All this met our eyes at a glance. "By Jove, that

was a near shave!" This exclamation was drawn from us by a bullet which whistled within an inch of our heads, and flattened itself against the doorway. "I think I see the rascal," said Stewart, "he's in that room; see! the shutter is opening!" As he spoke, ball number two told us our enemy was no contemptible shot. Just at that moment the bonnet of a Highlander appeared in the door. "Lend me your rifle, my man, till I take a shot at a budmash in that house opposite." Taking a long steady aim, the bullet sped just as the shutter was moving outwards for a third discharge. It moved no more.

Our appearance, however, attracted shots from all quarters. Fellows took snaps at us from balconies, from doors on the roofs of houses, from the windows of mosques and minarets. All our balconies were soon filled with Highlanders. Those who could not get through the doorway loaded and handed us their rifles, and we soon got such a superiority of fire that the sepoys slunk away into holes and corners. By this time our advance had reached the Stone bridge, which was in our hands, but many thousands of the enemy had escaped. The arrangements made for cutting them off on the left bank had not succeeded. The force was too far away, and part of the enemy slunk round to the westward between them and the river. Many thousands, however, who went across at first, hearing there was a body of cavalry and guns in front, returned, recrossed the bridge, and escaped into the city. I descended from the minaret, and entered the Imambarra, where our men were already revelling in the cool shade of the great hall; their revels were rather destructive, and glass chandeliers

had suffered not a little, but a splendid silver throne, some ivory chairs, and matters of that kind, had been spared, and were placed under the care of sentries.

Anxious to know what progress we were making, I proceeded thence to the great gateway at the other end of the square leading to the Hosseinabad. Here the Bengal Fusileers were established delighted with their success in taking several guns; some of them mere toys, small double-barrelled brass cannon. We could see the enemy in force at the far end of the street, near another gateway and arch which closed it up completely; but they did not fire, and we did not molest them, as we were not prepared to advance further this day. The men looked much done-up, principally owing to the heat of the sun. As for myself, I never enjoyed such a draught of nectar as Salisbury gave me—a cunning preparation of rum and ginger-pop, which, though nearly lukewarm, was inexpressibly grateful. The bheesties, or water-carriers, were in great demand. The thirst of the men was insatiable, and the cries for the “bheesty” from the soldiers must have perplexed very much those willing and courageous natives, who are the best class of camp-followers in India.

The sun was setting, but there was no calm in the evening air. Dropping shots never ceased, and the noise of plunderers was heard in all directions. The dusty atmosphere was streaked with columns of black smoke from burning barricades and houses. It is wonderful the whole city was not in a blaze. Horrid sights encountered us as we returned towards our camp. An old fakcer, whom we had saved from some Sikhs who had discovered his hiding-place in

a cellar, was lying with his brains out near the spot where we had, as we imagined, saved him. Many dead bodies which we had not noticed at first were now lying in the streets. After the Fusileers had got to the gateway, a Cashmere boy came towards the post, leading a blind and aged man, and, throwing himself at the feet of an officer, asked for protection. That officer, as I was informed by his comrades, drew his revolver, and snapped it at the wretched suppliant's head. The men cried "shame" on him. Again he pulled the trigger—again the cap missed; again he pulled, and once more the weapon refused its task. The fourth time—thrice had he time to relent—the gallant officer succeeded, and the boy's life-blood flowed at his feet, amid the indignation and the outcries of his men!

To-day's work has not been very successful in causing loss to the enemy. It is evident most of them have escaped. The philanthropists who were cheering each other with the thought that there was sure "to be a good bag at Lucknow," will be disappointed. It must be admitted that it is unfortunate we could not inflict on the rebels such a severe punishment as would ensure their complete discomfiture and prevent their assembling in other strongholds to renew their opposition to our rule. In the evening I saw Sir Colin. He seemed satisfied—"The runaways will go to their homes."

March 17th.—St. Patrick's Day. Outram moving round his troops towards Gowghaut. It was extremely hot. No operations going on; therefore, I spent the day in writing. The Commander-in-Chief took occasion to invest General Wilson with the

insignia of his K.C.B. for being general of the army at the close of the siege and during the assault of Delhi: a dull ceremony, which did not cause the least interest or sensation in our camp. In the evening Stewart came in full of grief. An awful accident took place. In the inclosures, round the house of Shruf-ood-dowlah, a large quantity of powder was found in tin-cases and leather-bags. By Outram's order this was put on some country carts and sent under guard of a party of sappers and miners, commanded by Engineer officers, to be thrown down a large and deep well. The first case struck the side of the well and exploded violently; the fire leaped along the ground, caught the powder in the carts—two officers and forty men were blown up and dreadfully burnt, so that few are expected to live. Poor Brownlow and Clarke are among the victims. The former a most distinguished scientific officer—a great friend of Stewart's. It was reported to us this morning that the enemy actually had the audacity to make an attack in great force on the garrison of the Alumbagh yesterday at the time Outram was driving them before him in the city. They are inexplicable enemies.

March 18th.—This morning, Stewart, sad and sorrowful, told me poor Brownlow and Clarke died in the course of the night. Let us hope their sufferings were light. At 11:30 went over to their funeral at the Kaiserbagh, and saw their bodies and those of the sappers and miners who had died in the night buried in one of the gardens. All the time of the ceremony, and during the funeral service, cannon and musketry resounded incessantly from the city, where they began early this morning, as a force was sent

to attack a house where the Moulvie was said to be hiding, which met with stout resistance. The city still full of budmashes. The Moulvie got off, but ere he did he or some of his creatures killed Shruf-ood-dowlah, whose dead body lay across the doorway when our soldiers burst it in. We generally employ natives for these expeditions.

Sir Colin is greatly afraid of gunpowder explosions among our men, as he knows how careless they are. I was talking with him last night when news came from Jung Bahadoor on our left, that he had been attacked—had beaten the enemy, had followed up his success and taken ten guns. "That means," says the Chief, "that he found ten guns the enemy had left there. But I am glad he has done so well." After a pause: "We must be very cautious in that city for a long time to come; it's full of powder, and our men won't take precautions." As he spoke several heavy explosions occurred in the city. "My God!" he exclaimed, "see there! I hope those are not mischievous."

From the funeral, which was a very touching and solemn proceeding, attended by all the engineer officers, and many others, Stewart and I rode to the Kaiser-bagh, round by the Residency, and under the Muchcebawun, to the Iron bridge, whence we turned up a street on the left, and arrived at the entrance of the Chandnee Chowk, or main street of business, in Lucknow. Guards of our soldiers were stationed at all the thoroughfares, as we came along, to stop plundering; and the camp-followers were obliged to deposit all their spoils in heaps on the ground at those posts. This is, I suspect, a good way of squeezing the sponge. As we turned a corner of the street heard a good deal of

musketry, and, pushing on, found in front of us a strong body of Her Majesty's 20th, who were in support of a picket, which was engaged in clearing some houses further down the street, from which the rebels were galling our men. The soldiers were greatly elated, as they had just taken a very fine brass 9-pounder, loaded to the muzzle with grape, which had been abandoned in the street on their approach. Warren of the 20th came up shot through the cheek, and several wounded soldiers limped past us, but they said the houses were cleared. What a strange pertinacity and vacillation about these people! Here they were holding a narrow street after they had fled from the main city; mere profitless waste of life, or rather desire to kill, combined with want of true courage and calculation. Our further progress down the street was stopped by some bullets from budmashes in the houses. Separating from Stewart for a moment, I came across five of them, who were as much startled as I was; however, they all blazed away at me within a few yards' distance, and immediately dashed round the corner of the lane, whilst I retreated in the opposite direction. What I saw of the city was very interesting indeed: as oriental, close, quaint as Cairo, filled with heaps of plunder—all the furniture being in the streets instead of in the houses, for it had been all tossed out of windows.

On our return, took a sweep round by Banks' bungalow and General Outram insisted on Stewart and myself stopping to dinner with him. He sits like a guest at his own table, which is crowded by the various officers his hospitality pours in on his perplexed aides-de-camp. At dinner were Berkeley, chief of his staff; all the officers of the Highland detach-

ment stationed at the bungalow; his military staff; Money, his secretary; Cowper, political; Dr. George Ogilvie, who was one of the Lucknow garrison, and is a man of great energy and ability; and several officers whom the general had invited over as he met them in the course of the day. The house is knocked to pieces with round-shot, and is much dilapidated—scarce a window, door, or pane of glass left; but it is better than the best tent. The dinner was very good “considering,” as they say in Ireland; and bottled ale, soda-water, and port-wine were plentiful, which were luxuries we duly appreciated. The general expresses the most liberal views with respect to the settlement of Oude, and is, as I gathered from one or two expressions, shaken in his belief that his advice for the annexation of the province was quite sound, seeing what the results have been. General Outram is one of those men who are great enough to admit they may have been mistaken; he is of that true courage which fears no moral danger from the avowal of an error; and if he really thinks he was wrong in respect to Oude, I am certain that he will confess as much.

Outside Lucknow proper, on the west, and near the right bank of the Goomtee, is a large palace, with gardens and enclosures, standing in the midst of an open country filled with trees, called the Moosa-bagh. The approach to it lies through a dense suburb on one side, but a road and raised causeway, comparatively free, passes from the Hosseinabad to very spacious walled gardens, and the handsome summer residence of Ali Nucky Khan, late Prime Minister of Oude, now prisoner at Calcutta—beyond which is

another way to the Moosabagh. In the latter place the rebels were stationed to the number of 7000 or 8000, with guns, treasure, and ammunition, camels, elephants, and baggage. They were held together by Begum Huzrat Mahul and her son, Brijais Kuddr, the *soi-disant* King of Lucknow, by Mummoo Khan, and by all the desperate rebels of the country. A considerable proportion of this force was cavalry. Nothing can show the odd nature of these people better than their attitude here; they can have no hope of taking the city, and yet they hang on in untenable positions in presence of their enemy, as if they were quite satisfied they had nothing to fear from us.

It was resolved to attack, and, if possible, punish severely, those rebels. Sir Colin possibly fancied he might be fortunate enough to catch the Begum, the Moulvie, or some other great leader. Willie Campbell, of the Bays, brigadier of Cavalry, was sent round with one body of horse and some guns to cut off their retreat on the south of the Moosabagh. Hope Grant, with a strong force of horse and artillery, moved along the left bank of the Goomtee, so as to dispose of any rebels who might cross it and try to get away at the north side; the Goorkhas advancing into the city from the Charbagh line of road, toward the rear of the Hosseinabad. Thus there seemed fair grounds for believing that when Outram's corps attacked the rebels directly on the front, they would be certain to tumble, in their retreat, across some of the troops on their flanks. *Dis aliter visum est.*

March 19th.—This morning Captain Oliver Jones—an enthusiastic naval officer, who has been fighting against the rebels for the last three or four months,

wherever and whenever he had a chance, and who was foremost in the attack at Meeangunj—Stewart, and myself, set out for the Moosabagh, which was to be attacked by the Chief and Outram with the dispositions I have mentioned above: but the advance had been rapid, and when we got up to the house of Ali Nucky Khan, the late Prime Minister, which stands outside the town, on the banks of the Goomtee, before one comes to the Moosabagh, we heard the latter had been evacuated and that the fighting was over: rode on, however, and found Napier in some distress, as the heavy guns were stuck in a narrow lane where there was not a soul to support them, and the sepoy, it appeared, had got in between us and the troops in possession of the Moosabagh, some two miles away, so that it was not safe to go along the road. As we were speaking, a rascal started up in the narrow lane close at hand, and fired at us; but his bullet went far wide of the mark, though we were obliged to submit to the indignity of being potted at. It is not too much to say, that fifty determined sepoy, and a few horsemen, could have, at this moment, taken the heavy battery. Soon afterwards a young officer galloped up in some excitement. He had been sent to take prize charge of the Moosabagh; but as he rode along, sepoy started up from the fields of corn and took steady shots at him in the coolest way, so that his escort turned tail, and he eventually very properly followed their example. After a time, a battalion of infantry came up to guard the guns, and as the day was so hot as to put any further excursion amid the list of tortures, I returned with my companions to camp after a canter up to the park of the

Moosabagh. Late this evening I heard the cavalry had made a complete blunder, and that the enemy had got away almost untouched, although we lost one or two good officers in an abortive charge. Pat. Stewart, who is really scarce able to sit on his horse, and is only kept in his saddle by sheer pluck and determination, is going to leave us at last, and now that the place has fairly fallen, he starts for England.

March 20th.—The Commander-in-Chief tells me we shall have to wait here till he has placed Lucknow in a proper state of defence. There are copies of a Proclamation by Lord Canning to the people of Oude which has caused much real alarm in camp. Major Bouverie, aide to the Governor-General, has arrived on a mission, which is, I presume, connected with the restoration of the civil power in Lucknow; but if this Proclamation goes forth *pur et simple*, the duties of the Commissioner will become all but impossible of execution. Lord Canning confiscates the land of Oude with the exception of the states of some seven or eight small chiefs. In case of instant surrender he offers favourable consideration, life and honour to the rebel zemindars. This is what Turks and Englishmen call "bosh." These words have no meaning in the ears of natives, and convey no idea to their minds; but at best they are *telum imbelles*, for we cannot really enforce them. Time must elapse ere Oude be ours. It turns out unhappily that the fall of Lucknow has by no means secured the submission of Oude, as Lord Canning must have supposed it would when he hurled his bull from Allahabad. Stewart left for England this evening—*quod felix faustumque sit*.

Sunday, March 21st.—Napier is engaged in drawing up a report on the alterations and defences of Lucknow, of a *grandiose* and very elevated character. It is imperial in conception; but where is the money to come from? We had, for a wonder, divine service in the Mess-tent to-day, at which there was a limited attendance. Sir Colin Campbell is of the Scotch Church; but he might have listened without harm to an eloquent but illogical sermon from the Rev. Mr. McKay, wherein that excellent divine sought to prove that England would not share the fate common to all the great empires of the world hitherto, because she was Christian and carried the ark of the covenant, whereas they had been heathen—*non constat domine!* Our tent was surrounded with Hindoos and Mahomedans. They were our subjects, and part of our State. The Christianity of a Roman Emperor could not save his empire; and as “Sarmatia fell unwept without a crime,” so might we fall unwept with many crimes, of which our people know nothing, in spite of our being Christian, with a Protestant constitution and an Empire of all religions in the world. I believe that we permit things to be done in India which we would not permit to be done in Europe, or could not hope to effect without public reprobation; and that our Christian character in Europe, our Christian zeal in Exeter Hall, will not atone for usurpation and annexation in Hindostan, or for violence and fraud in the Upper Provinces of India.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lord Canning's Proclamation.—Visit to the begums.—Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson.—Frightful wounds of poor Bankes.—The camp of the Seventh Hussars.—Sir James Outram and Lord Canning.—Visit to Sir William Peel.—Munoor-a-ood-dowlah.—Our aides-de-camps.—The Chief Commissioner of Oude.—My palkee and appurtenances sold.—Sir James Outram's departure.—Doggerel verses and charcoal sketches.—Routed by an elephant.—Sales of captured property.

Monday, March 22nd.—To-day I procured a copy of Lord Canning's Proclamation, which I sent to London, where no doubt it will excite as much disapprobation as it does here. I have not heard one voice raised in its defence; and even those who are habitually silent, now open their mouths to condemn the policy which must perpetuate the rebellion in Oude. In fact, unless there be some modification of the general terms of the Proclamation, it will be but *irrita-menta malorum* to issue it.

Having written till I was in a state of liquefaction, I rode over with Major Bruce to see the begums and their attendants, who are prisoners, or at least are guarded in the Martinière. Sir Colin gave me leave to do so; but he has been chary of granting permission to visit those ladies. We found them all in one large, low, dark and dirty room, without windows, on the ground floor, and Bruce's entrance was the signal for a shrill uplifting of voices, and passionate exclamations from the ladies, who were crouched down all round the walls. The begum, a shrivelled, wicked-looking old woman, led the chorus, complained

of food, of loss of raiment and of liberty, demanded money and life-allowances, and attendants, and many other things, receiving, at each request, the support of her followers in a sharp antistrophe. One of our difficulties was this—a fair, bright-eyed maid, who sat in the corner playing with the bangles around a very pretty instep, desired to go away into the town. We professed to detain the begums merely for their own safety, and of course we could not recognize the institution of slavery. The young lady, whom we declared we did not want to keep, was a slave, and it was our business to set her free; but, on the other hand, we knew she would not improve her condition by her liberty, and the begum to whom she belonged argued that we had no right to deprive her or let her be deprived of her property.

Thus we learn how very shallow is the influence of our government in India. It does not penetrate the institutions of the people. A domestic slavery is common which is not affected by our laws. At every step some little incident like this comes to light, which convinces me that in many parts of India our government is purely political, and that it is not social or deep searching.

I left the begums without reluctance, and as the heat was too great to permit me to write, I rode over to Banks' bungalow, where General Outram was busy sending out the Proclamation of the Governor-General with a rider of his own, which seemed to mean "don't mind the Governor-General; his bark is worse than his bite; come in at once to me, and I'll make it all right for you and your lands."

As he was going to visit Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson,

who were in the ruins of an adjoining bungalow, I was happy to accompany him and Dr. Ogilvie (who is the kind and anxious guardian of the two ladies), not in any spirit of vulgar curiosity, but to pay my respects to two of my countrywomen, who had suffered so long and so heroically. Alas! their appearance showed that they had suffered much. It was an interesting and, to me, an affecting interview, and I retired sadly away; but I had the satisfaction of inducing them to accept the use of my gharry to take the air they so much required.

Whilst returning from it across the compound, we heard the guns which saluted Sir Colin Campbell in the Maharajah Jung Bahadoor's camp, whither he had gone to pay a visit of ceremony ere the departure of the latter for Nepaul.

March 23rd.—McNeil, one of the deliverers of Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, who commands a brigade of Goorkhas, dined with me to-day. He says Jung is really a very clever man, active in mind and body, "bloody, resolute, and cruel," but as brave as steel. His officers, many of whom are related to him, are by no means so indifferent to danger or prodigal of blood, and they have no influence over their men, who will only follow courageous leaders. There was a little state dinner at Sir Colin's as General Outram came over to meet Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, the military secretary of the Governor-General, who has arrived in the Head-Quarters' camp.

March 24th.—Part of the Goorkhas marched to-day for Fyzabad, on their way home. I remained in my tent all day writing. In the afternoon young Gore of 7th Hussars, son of Mrs. Gore, called on me with

letters, and with a message from poor Bankes of the same regiment, who was so desperately wounded the other day, to request I would go over and see him. I promised to do so, and engaged my friend Tice, who is senior Surgeon in charge of the whole of the Infantry here, to come with me. A horrid row, bursting the captured guns all day. The poorer sort of people are returning to the city, but we hear with regret that the women are sometimes ill used, and Hindoos commit suicide when they are dishonoured. Captain C. Johnson, who has been in charge of the parties employed to bury the dead, who are found all over the town, has told me some very affecting stories of the distress and misery he has witnessed.

March 25th.—Dr. Tice, who has managed to “rise a buggy,” called for me early, and we started off for the Moosabagh, but had not got as far as the Muchcebawun, when we came upon a corps of Goorkhas marching out with baggage, camels, and hackeries. Fortunately our syces had led our horses after us, and so we mounted, and with much difficulty made our way through the dusty crowd of armed men. The detention exposed us both to the full rays of the sun, which, with the dust, proved very fatiguing. As we passed by the Hosseinabad, the Bengal Fusileers were just sitting down to breakfast in the arched gateway, and right glad were the doctor and myself to join them at a cool clean repast of curry and claret-cup. After a short halt proceeded slowly in a blazing atmosphere out to the camp of the Moosabagh. The tents of 7th Hussars were pitched on a meadow near the Goomtee. I entered poor Bankes’ tent, and found him awake and listening to the news which the

Rev. Mr. Waterhouse was reading for him at the bedside. His eyes looked clear and bright, but his injuries are of a frightful description. One leg lopped off above the knee, one arm cut off, the other leg nearly severed, the other arm cut through the bone, and several severe cuts on the body. A band of Gazees, who issued out of an old mud fort and charged the guns and the party of the 7th Hussars covering them, had got the lad down and hacked at him in that cruel way till he was rescued by his comrades. It is perfectly astonishing to witness his cheerfulness and resignation. "If I get over this, Russell," he said, "they tell me I'll be able to go yachting, and that's all I care about. We'll have many a jolly cruize together." "If it please God," he added, after a moment.

I sat about an hour with him. Tice examined his wounds, and then we left him alone with the good clergyman. In another tent we found Slade and Peter Wilkin, of the same regiment, laid up with wounds received in the same charge and on the same day. Their wounds were not dangerous. Stewart took us over to the Mess-tent, where were Colonel Hagart and Sir William Russell, the latter of whom I now met for the first time, though I had heard before that he was esteemed a good officer. He is a very tall, powerfully built man, with a fine black beard. Seidlitz used to say no man could lead light cavalry who weighed more than 160 pounds, and if so, the gallant Baronet (who by the bye is *lié* to India by his ancestors), and a good many other Hussars, will be found over weight. Turned into the Moosabagh and visited Brigadier Stisted, who has his quar-

ters there, and thence back to camp through suburbs full of corpses in a most disgusting state of decomposition.

March 26th.—Writing for the English Post. General Outram is going to Calcutta at his own request as soon as possible, inasmuch as he does not feel himself able to carry out the Governor-General's policy. Although the General will be well placed at the council-table, I regret that he does not remain in Oude, where his name is well known, and where he has many personal acquaintances among the great chiefs; but if he has not the support and confidence of the Governor-General in the discharge of his high duties, it is out of the question to expect a man like General Outram to retain a post in which he is called upon to carry out a policy of which he disapproves. It is strange that in the course of a few years the man who, as resident at Lucknow, recommended the annexation of the kingdom, should now, as commissioner of the revolted British province, feel himself obliged to force on the consideration of the supreme Government the claims of the rebels to more liberal treatment than Lord Canning is disposed to offer them. His Excellency has, indeed, made some concessions, but his general policy, as regards Oude, is looked upon by all men here, political and military, as too harsh and despotic. In the abstract, and as a question of principle, I think Lord Canning may be right, with this single exception—he assumes that the fall of Lucknow has been followed by the submission of Oude, and that he is in a position to confiscate all the lands of the province; but the fact is, that we are very far from such a consummation. So far the threat is mere *brutum*

fulmen. Though it may be the bolt will fall some time or other, we cannot hurl it now. Mr. Montgomery is on his way to relieve General Outram.

March 27th.—Rode out before breakfast, and visited Sir William Peel, whom I found in the same room with Gloster of the 38th Regt., who was shot right through the abdomen, and is nevertheless progressing fast towards convalescence. Peel looked thin and feverish, but he says he is much better, and is only waiting till he is strong enough to get down to Cawnpore on his way home. He is as much opposed to the Proclamation as any one I have spoken to. Dined at General Outram's mess. In the evening Mr. George Campbell, financial commissioner for Oude, arrived, preceding Mr. Montgomery, who is expected in a few days. General Outram and he did not at all agree in the policy which should be adopted towards the rebellious native chiefs and others. The former is for a large and generous and general amnesty, except in the cases of actual murderers; the latter is for the most vigorous prosecution and punishment.

March 28th.—Palm Sunday.—The heat quite overpowering. Hope Grant is going out with a force to sweep away sundry collections of sepoys in the east of Oude, notably one headed by the begum at a fort on the Gogra, called Bitowlee.

March 29th.—Rode over to Banks' bungalow, and saw part of the column which is going under Lugard to clear the Azimghur district of the band under Koer Sing, on their way out. They have fifteen marches to make ere they reach the scene of their operations. Sir James Outram has received permission from Lord Canning to offer more liberal terms than are contained

CHAPTER XIX.

A dialogue.—Christmas festivities.—News of Bene Madho.—A natural fortress.—“We have them at last!”—Dispositions for the attack.—Accident to Lord Clyde.—The Lord Sahib’s charpoy.—A captive “budmash.”—Ludicrous news.—Procrastination and jewelry.—Fort of Burjiddiah.—Before Mejid-diah.—Reconnoitring.—Artillery practice.—The fort evacuated.—Presence of mind.—Pursuit of the enemy.

Christmas Day.—The whole camp turned out this morning to look at the Snowy Range, which is certainly the grandest object I have ever seen, as it appears from the plains of Oude, towering above the giant mountains of Nepaul. Some of the officers took some angles and compass bearings, and made us believe that we saw Dalaghiri; others maintained that they could see Mount Everest, hundreds of miles away, the highest mountain in the world. As the men were going to mass and to the Presbyterian service this morning, two of the artillerymen near me held the following dialogue in a strong Irish accent of the Louth or Downshire species.

“Well, it’s mighty quare that the papists and the dissinters should have a parson, and we without a soul to look afther us. Is n’t it, Kinnidy?”

“Faith, and I think it’s a compliment to us, my boy! They know well that we’re the right sort—raal Prodestans. We can do without parsons! But as for them papists and dissinters, bedad they must have masses an sirmins every minit to give them a

chance for their sows." An explanation which seemed quite satisfactory to the stalwart bombardier.

I was horribly alarmed after breakfast by seeing Lord Clyde walking up and down, and looking at the skies inquiringly, in a manner which indicated to those who knew him well that he was preparing to march. Soon afterwards indeed, his lordship confided his intentions on that point to a few of his Staff; but he was met with remonstrances as loud as was consistent with due respect—"Oh! sir, remember it is Christmas Day!" Then it was represented to him that the men's puddings would be spoiled, and so at last his lordship gave way, and the great English festival was duly celebrated, close to the Terai, as well as if we were in England. The Carabineers, the Rifles, the 7th Hussars, the Artillery, and the Engineers, each had their guests and their state banquet. Lord Clyde gave an entertainment, at which I had the honour of being present. I could not but think how different campaigning is in India from what it was in the Crimea; or, indeed, from what it is in any other country in the world. Here we have barons of beef, great turkeys, which, in Irish phrase, are "big enough to draw a gig;" mutton of grass-fed sheep, game, fish without the flavour of tin and rosin, truffled fowl, rissoles, and all the various triumphs of the French *cuisine*, spread on snowy white table-cloths in well-lighted tents, served by numerous hands. Here, too, were beakers of pale ale from distant Trent or Glasgow, Dublin or London porter, champagne, moselle, sherry, curious old port (rather bothered by travelling twenty miles a day on the backs of camels), plum-puddings, mince-pies,

and other luxuries not often found in camps. The artillery sang their Christmas carols; the Rifle band played its best, and there was rejoicing in the wide expanse of tents till 10 o'clock came, and then the voices gradually died away, and lights went out by degrees till midnight came, and Christmas day had passed in India.

On returning to my own tent I was directed by the sound of voices, and by the lights, to the Staff mess tent; and going in, I found an extremely agreeable party, who declared that they would "not go home till morning"—a promise which I have reason to believe they kept, as long after I was in bed I heard them still persisting in that determination.

News has come in that Bene Madho, having effected a junction with the Begum's forces, has thrown his men into some strong jungle forts close to the Terai, where he will await us.

Sunday, December 26th.—The Chief is on the alert early. The first bugle sounded at 5.15, and at 6.15 the column was on its way northward to seek the enemy. It was exceedingly raw and cold, a thick fog obscured the face of the country, but we could make out that it was still level and well cultivated, and the hoof and the cannon beat down rising crops of young corn. About 10 o'clock the fog cleared away, and soon afterwards we came in sight of a belt of jungle, spread like a green wall across the horizon. Some of our spies returned, and declared the enemy were at Nanparah, a few miles in our front. They had left them there the night before full of the determination to fight, stimulated by the idea they had got, that we were only 500 British and a lot of chumar (cobblers) natives.

About 11.15 we halted, and, as the enemy were reported to be still several miles ahead, we drew up at Nanparah, and the whole force breakfasted, having started fasting. At 1 o'clock the column re-formed and moved on again. A part of the Rifles were sent forward to clear the jungle in skirmishing order, and the cavalry flankers were called in. Just at this moment two sowars rode in sight in the jungle, surveyed us for a moment, and at once turned their horses' heads, and disappeared. There was a little trouble at first in finding the path which led into the recesses of this natural fortress, and, had the enemy chosen to have occupied it, they could have held it, and inflicted great loss on us without much risk to themselves, till we had ascertained their position. The jungle consisted of trees fastened together by a network of prickly shrubs, long creepers, and brambles. Here and there it was broken into knolls, with open spaces of hard soil. The surface was intersected by watercourses, now dry, in the soft sand of which could be traced the tracks of wild beasts and the footprints of elephants, probably those of Bene Madho, when falling back from Nanparah. A strong fort occupies one angle of the town of Nanparah, which was further protected by mud bastions, on which much labour has been recently bestowed, and Bene Madho had in vain endeavoured to induce his followers and the sepoys to dispute our progress here. The jungle was not more than a mile broad, fortunately for our skirmishers. As we were passing through it a knot of our spies started from a bush, and announced that the enemy two lakhs (20,000) strong, with nine guns in position, and thirteen more in the rear, were

awaiting our arrival, two or three miles further on. As we emerged from the jungle every eye was strained to distinguish their vedettes along the level horizon, broken here and there by clumps of trees and a few cottages which peered above the dall fields. Imaginary polks of sowars were resolved by the glass into herds of white cattle, which were very numerous and very wild. Mile after mile was passed, and no sign of the enemy; the day was waning, the sun was getting low. Suddenly our flankers on the left halt, and we see in their front a moving body, which this time consists of horsemen riding away towards a tope in the distance. The lower part of the dark-green of the tope is fringed with a white border. A few gleams of light flash from it in the sun. "There they are; we have them at last!" The Commander-in-Chief and his Staff rode in advance and examined the enemy, while the column halted. We could not make out their guns, but we could determine that the enemy were not more than 3,000 strong, of which some 800 or 900 were cavalry. Elephants could be seen on the flanks, and camels and carts behind the tope. Their position was by no means well chosen. Their proper right was partially covered by a tope in advance, and on their left was a village unoccupied, but we could not make out their position to the rear, as the trees concealed it. It was now 3.15. The Chief at once made his dispositions for the attack. But there was some delay in reconnoitring, and Barrow, who was with me, at once said, "In five minutes they'll be off! This reconnoitring is nonsense." A grim old trooper! wants to charge his enemy at once. Taking with him the squadron of the Madras Cavalry,

he placed the 7th Hussars on our right, under Sir William Russell; the Carabineers on the left, under Colonel Bickerstaff, supported by the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, which came up fresh and willing, *after a march that day of thirty-eight miles from Buraech, having done 100 miles in the three previous days.* The portion of Horsford's brigade in two lines, preceded by skirmishers of the Belooch battalion and Rifle brigade, moved on behind the Cavalry; Her Majesty's 20th, and the remainder of the Beloochees on the left, and five companies of the brigade on the right, the heavy guns in the rear, the light guns in front, and Horse Artillery with the Cavalry. At about 1,800 yards the enemy opened fire from four guns. None of their balls came up to our line, which advanced till it was nearly in range. The Cavalry were rapidly advancing, directed by Lord Clyde, but as they could do nothing against an enemy covered in dense trees, they were directed to make a wide sweep to the right, round the village. All this time the enemy fired briskly, but ineffectually. They actually tried grape-shot at half a mile. They were, however, tailing away fast, as we afterwards discovered, and the moment the Cavalry turned the village, perceiving their line of retreat was endangered, they dashed off in two bodies through the dall fields. At this moment Lord Clyde, galloping at full speed to overtake an eager young officer who had gone off with the horse artillery guns, came into broken ground; his charger, a perfectly sure-footed animal, put its foot into a hole, fell and threw him with great force. He sat up in a moment, his face was bleeding; he tried to move his right arm, it was powerless. His shoulder was dislo-

cated. Fortunately, Mr. Mackinnon was close behind him. In a few moments, assisted by Dr. Gordon, who came up a moment after the accident, he had reduced the dislocation; but the gallant Chief was much shaken by the fall, though he at once got up and walked towards the front, as if nothing had happened. The day was far advanced, the enemy too scattered, and covered by dall fields, for sabre or gun to do much. Darkness began to set in, the artillery horses were "pumped out," and orders were given to retire.

I saw few bodies of the enemy along the route back; but just as we approached the village of Burjiddiah the Beloochees on the left flank of the Rifles, close to me, began firing furiously into a cate. Some few of the enemy were discovered and shot down, and for the second time, in this war, we made prisoners. On returning to camp it was quite dark, not a tent was pitched; the baggage was coming up in darkness and in storms of angry voices. As the night was cold the men made blazing fires of the straw and grass of the houses of the neighbouring hamlet, in which Nana Sahib's followers had long been quartered. At one of those fires, surrounded by Beloochees, Lord Clyde sat, with his arm in a sling, on a charpoy, which had been brought out to feed the flames. Once, as he rose up to give some orders for the disposition of the troops, a tired Beloochee flung himself full-length on the crazy bedstead, and was jerked off in a moment by one of his comrades,— "Don't you see, you fool, that you are on the Lord Sahib's charpoy?" Lord Clyde interposed,— "Let him lie there; don't interfere with his rest," and took

his seat on a billet of wood. The groups round these fires were most picturesque and wonderful in effect and colour. Native soldiers, camp-followers, general officers, aides-de-camp, prisoners, subalterns, all circling round, holding out their hands to the genial glow, or guarding their faces from the flying embers as the roof of a shed or a fresh bedstead or truss of straw was thrown on the fire. I took particular interest in a "budmash," who, with his arms tied behind his back, joined the social circle of which Sir William Mansfield was the principal personage. He sat down on his haunches with great coolness, and conversed affably with those around him, his only inconvenience being, he said, from want of food. Indeed, he favoured us with some extracts from his private history. He had been a servant of Ali Nucky Khan, late Prime Minister of Oude, and he fought against us at Lucknow. When the place fell he wandered about from place to place with one rebel band or another till he got tired of always being beaten, and went back to Lucknow. There, however, everything was changed. His house was pulled down, his relatives and friends all gone. What could he do? He heard that Bene Madho would pay and feed men who would fight for him, and so a month ago he left Lucknow and joined Bene Madho; but he was too poor to buy a musket, and as he could only muster a sword and shield the rebel chief would not have him, but by hanging about the force he got a morsel of food. He was an elderly man, of truculent, coarse features, and no very amiable expression. He evidently had no love for us or for the sepoys. "There is no one left in India to fight with you

now," he said, "for you have beaten all the people with your sepoy, and now you beat the sepoy themselves." As we were not then aware that the enemy had been firing grape at us, and supposed from the rush of the shot not being heard that the enemy fired blank cartridges, we asked him the reason. "They had, I suppose, blank and ball cartridges in their limbers," said he, "and their hands and feet are so swelled with fright they could not tell one from the other." Our tents were pitched late; our dinner was eaten in the open by the light of the stars and of the burning village, and to bed we went, and slept as only men can sleep who have done thirty miles over rough ground in the day.

December 27th.—Lord Clyde is a good deal shaken by his fall. I paid him a visit, and found him busily dictating and trying to write with his left hand. We have our mail in to-day with ludicrous news from India taken from the Indian papers, of which we never heard before. There is a report, for instance, of disaffection of British regiments at Lucknow, and paragraphs headed "Clyde's last blunder," and authentic information from the camp of Ferozeshah, all of which are very amusing. Even the able, original, and high-toned "Friend of India"—all these, and more, though it be a little *doctrinaire*—is wild enough to talk of moving a force with only men, horses, swords and carabines, to "ride down" Ferozeshah, who is obliged to take camels and elephants for his own troops. Here is a native regiment of Cavalry, 18th Punjaub Horse, in all respects admirable. Well, in their late march to our camp, they could only get one day's fodder for their horses, and one day's food at

Buraech, and were compelled to fast till they got up to our commissariat stores. At the very date in question, a column of ours in Bundelcund at Sirowlee, was almost paralyzed by the difficulty of obtaining the mere necessities of life. Horses must eat, and so must men, in spite of leaders or paragraphs. But, indeed, one must not mind very particularly the literary or pseudo-literary matter in some of the domiciled press in India. As I lay under a tree this morning I heard an account of some of the men of letters, which was given by a competent hand and was intensely funny, though it would be a libel to suppose it was largely applicable to public journalists here. One paper, for example, is conducted by a gentleman who underwent a course of treatment in one of the reformatory institutions established in Bengal, because of an incapacity to appreciate the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*. Another was a skipper of a budgerow or of some larger local merchantman, happy like Austria in matrimony. When a collection of Indian articles was made for the Great Exhibition, it was discovered that certain jewels which ought to have been displayed as a portion of the contribution from India were not visible. They had been handed over to the charge of one of our leaders of public opinion. The omission was noticed, and in explanation our Mercury stated that he had forgotten all about them, and appealed to his friends to bear him out in his assertion that "procrastination had always been his bane;" whereupon one of his literary adversaries remarked that he always knew "procrastination was the thief of time," but that he never was aware before that it had a *penchant* for appropriating jewels.

We did not move off at our usual hour, as the spies did not come in with any intelligence of the enemy till the sun was far up in the east. They then returned with the information that the fugitives had mustered in a strong jungle fort a few miles only in our flank.

It appears that the Nana had for some weeks past resided at the fort of Burjiddiah, which belongs to the Rajah of Churda, and that his followers were in the village close at hand, which we burned on the 26th. A villager whom we questioned said he had seen "the Nana Rao" once, that he was a stout man, with pock-marked face, but that when he went to walk in the garden the bystanders were driven away, and that it was very difficult to get a sight of him. Early in the morning orders were sent round for the march of the force at 10 A.M., and while the tents were being struck I went over to the fort, which is a wall of mud enclosing a large garden of fruit-trees, with a well and fountain prettily laid out, and well kept for a native place. In the centre there was an ordinary house, but it was burning. The outer walls of the fort were flanked by bastions, but no guns could be discovered. It was a poor position, open to assault on any side, and was wisely abandoned by the enemy.

There was a disagreeable feeling in walking about the garden, when one reflected that the Nana had been recreating there but a few days before. It is surprising that the natives should shield a monster whose deeds they repudiate with horror. Maun Sing says the Nana is not a Brahmin, and has no religion, or he would not have murdered women



and children ; but we have too many examples of the massacre of both to believe that the detestation of such offences can be very deep-rooted or energetic.

At 10 o'clock the force marched off towards Mejiddiah. No information could be got as to the strength or position of the force. Maun Sing affected not to know the place at all. As we advanced the spies and villagers gave still more perplexing accounts. Some said the place was empty; others that a cavalry force was posted in the jungle at the back of the fort, and that there were a few men inside, but all agreed that whoever was there would fly the moment we approached. We passed through a thick jungle without opposition at 11 o'clock, and advanced over a fine plain till 12, when we came upon another jungle extending far as the eye could reach. It was, however, not very broad, for in half-an-hour we had debouched on a plain, and Mejiddiah was before us. All that we could see was a dun-coloured parapet of mud, with three embrasured bastions, in the front of a dense forest, which extended interminably on the flanks and hid the rest of the work. Colonel Harness, of the Engineers, proceeded to reconnoitre the place, and found a spot on the right where we could place our heavy guns. The Cavalry were sent round to the left, where the ground seemed more open, the Carabineers being in support, under Lieutenant-Colonel Bickerstaff.

The Commander-in-Chief, who was carried in a dooly with a led horse by his side, suffering from the dislocation and shock of yesterday's fall, but full of mental activity, gave the general direction of the attack to the Chief of the Staff, and remained in

front, just under fire, the rest of the day. We could see the enemy in the bastions watching our motions ; but the greater part of our force was screened from their view by a heavy crop of dall, which stood on a slightly-elevated field, just in front of the spot on which our troops and baggage debouched from the jungle. The bit of the place we could see gave one a disagreeable impression of its strength—a ditch and abattis were visible, and the place might contain 10,000 men, for all we knew. As there was only space for the heavy guns on the right, it was resolved to send our mortars to the left. All this time the enemy had observed us in silence. I had gone towards the left, having a fair glass, to see what could be seen, and found myself in front of the fort. I could see a man in purple and fine linen, attended by several natives, going round from bastion to bastion, and encouraging the men. I could see the artillerymen looking along their pieces, and the sepoy strutting about very confidently inside the parapets. Presently Sir William Mansfield, who has command of the force now, and a few officers came past, riding to the left to reconnoitre. Bang went a gun from the western bastion, but it was laid too high, and the shot went whistling through the air far above our heads, and plunged with a heavy thud into the ground 300 yards behind us. The General went on at a canter ; bang went gun number two, and, again, gun number three, as fast as they could load and shue the piece round. The General reconnoitred, and found a place for our mortars on the left near the cavalry, returning under the fire as before ; one good shot, which passed close

and sharp, being very near emptying one of the saddles.

As the heavy guns were being sent round, the enemy opened on them, and one shot disabled a soldier, and killed and wounded a couple of gun-bullocks ; but they were soon placed in safe cover : then they opened on the mortars going round to the left, but were less fortunate, though their round-shot sadly discomposed some groups of dooly-bearers ; and one of them had the side of his face shattered by a round-shot. But the vivacity of their fire was soon diminished. Part of the Rifle brigade, of the Belooch battalion, and of the 20th Regiment, were sent up to the fort in skirmishing order ; and, extending themselves, as far as their numbers would admit, from the open to the front right round into the jungle, got close up to the parapets, and poured in a constant flight of bullets through the embrasures, clearing the parapet of sepoys, except a few resolute fellows, who kept up their fire very steadily. The heavy guns opened on the right ; the mortars answered on the left. Shell after shell burst inside the place ; the round-shot tore great clumps of earth off the parapets. I could see that in ten minutes the number of the defenders of the place, never very great, had become much diminished ; but some of the enemy remained at their posts with steadiness and determination. One man in particular I could see serving a gun by himself. He fired, sponged out, served, rammed home, aimed, for round after round, throwing grape at the Rifles and round-shot towards the front, till he suddenly disappeared, and the gun only opened once more. Nearer and nearer crept our rifle-

men, less and less became the fire of musketry from the parapets and the flashes of the answering guns, while our mortars and heavy artillery kept up a heavy, monotonous, uniform, battering, and bursting, and pounding inside, outside, and above the fort.

About 4 o'clock P.M., the firing had almost ceased. Major Dillon, of the Rifle brigade, soon afterwards came up to the Chief of the Staff, to announce that the fort was evacuated, just as Colonel Harness, suspecting such to be the case, had gone with a few men to ascertain if it was so. I went in with the Rifles, who were ordered to advance and occupy it; and as we approached the abattis, a spatter of musketry was heard, which proceeded from the last of the enemy leaving the place, and who fired probably on Colonel Harness's little party. This abattis was a thick fence of thorns and pointed branches, inside which was a thickset hedge, then the ditch twenty-five feet deep, twenty-eight feet broad, filled in places with several feet of mud and water, and opposite us the face of the bastion, fully thirty-five feet high from the bottom of the ditch. Falling, scrambling, and climbing, we got up through the embrasure—a feat which few of us would have performed had there been an enemy inside, for it required both hands and feet to do it. The first impression produced was wonder at the small size of the interior, and at the strength of the place. A small low wall, pierced for musketry, surrounded some houses in the centre, which probably served as the residence of the Rajah and his followers. The ground was covered with cooking places, thatched sheds, cooking utensils, and quantities of ammunition. There were rockets, blue lights,

port-fires, cartridges, hammered shot, newly-cast brass shell, very well made, moulds for making them, fuses, heaps of English cartridges, and bags stuffed with percussion-caps. The rockets were most ingeniously provided with a contrivance to prevent the rocket flying back, of which our engineers took a note—an occurrence which is too probable not to be guarded against. A buggy stood under a shed; in that shed was a horse. With most remarkable presence of mind, an active officer walked to the place as if he knew all about it, saw that a combination of the two might be effected with advantage, harnessed the horse, and put it to the buggy, and drove out of the gate in great glory. The magazines were well made; the best I have seen in India. Great quantities of food were found in the storehouses—rice, grain, and atta. Wild gun-bullocks lashed their sides with their tails; and, charging furiously among the invaders, caused those who had never fled before to take to ignominious retreat. A splendid Brahminee bull, who would have been a very formidable foe indeed, was fortunately fastened by the nose to a rope; and seemed rather low-spirited, in consequence of the death of a cow, which lay at some distance killed by a piece of shell. Bullocks—some of our old battery draught with the marks on their loins—were also found in the ditch. It was evident that the fort had been for some time occupied, and that those who told us it was empty were deliberately deceiving us in order to befriend the enemy. A 24-pound mortar limber was found in one place full of ammunition. There was not a dead body inside, and only in one place was there trace of any of the

enemy being wounded ; but it is scarcely possible for the fire to have left them unscathed. The parapets were injured in places, bits of shell lay over the ground, and the embrasures were scored in every direction by our rifle-balls. Probably they carried off their dead and wounded through one of the numerous sallyports which led out into the jungle on the rear.

On the 28th the engineers were employed in demolishing the fort, which was too good to leave behind us, and our companies were out in all directions to ascertain what had become of the enemy. Chudar was found to be empty. The Nana and the Rajah had fled.

On the 29th the Chief, being quite in the dark as to the locality of the enemy, moved south at noon, and pitched his tents once more at Nanparah. Our irregular appearance on the plain caused some anxiety to the garrison of Oude police who had been left in the place ; but they recovered their equanimity on seeing the force debouch on the plain and show the English camp-colours. It was dark before our tents were pitched. On the 30th information was received that the Nana Sahib, Bene Madho, and some thousands of sepoy and desperadoes had collected near Bankee, about twenty miles north of Nanparah. The news was verified about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 6 o'clock Lord Clyde had made his arrangements for a night-march.

CHAPTER XX.

Consternation of the rebels.—Dissension and recrimination.—

A doubtful night-march.—Officers not to march unless invited.

—Cavalry and infantry by turns.—The leader of the expedition.

—The enemy visible.—Three guns captured.—Flight and

pursuit.—Conflict in the river.—Difficulty of obtaining in-

formation.—The frontier of Nepaul.—Funeral of Major Home.

—Watching the passes.—Return to Lucknow.

New Year's-day—The well-conceived secret night-march, planned by Lord Clyde and executed yesterday, has caused great consternation among the desperate rebels who still hold out on the verge of Nepaul. The loss of their guns, the suddenness of the attack, the surprise, have all told on them, and they feel they are now no longer safe wherever they may go, and that the information of our movements which stood them in such good stead while they were at large, is now failing them as our columns occupy mile after mile of the country. I saw to-day a sepoy of the 72nd Bengal Native Infantry who was with the Nana's own force yesterday, being one of his armed followers. He said that the first intimation of our advance was the sound of the guns opening upon the head of the column. The Nana was in the wood a couple of miles in the rear. He at once gave orders for flight, had his eight elephants loaded, and made straight off for the Raptee, which he crossed, no doubt, long before our cavalry reached its banks. But, although that particular body of the rebels may not have been warned of our approach, that which defended

the entrance into the jungles was, no doubt, advised of it by their cavalry-pickets before we came in sight. Living in a state of constant apprehension, the rebels are ever on the alert, and throw out strong pickets of horse all along their front, which are on the watch night and day, though the cold is said to affect their energy. Indeed, we heard at one of the villages that a picket galloped past with the news of our advance half-an-hour before our advance-guard made its appearance. Under every tope we saw horse-litter, cooking-places, and recent signs of the sowars. In the night we passed one large party on the left, which remained perfectly still. Some of our officers observed the lights in the distance, but they were supposed to proceed from a village; and it is the custom in Oude to plough by torch-light, as the earth is soft and yields to the plough when moistened by the dew, and no notice was taken of them. Had there been, we should have given the alarm to the main body by our firing, and warned them to escape. The picket quietly remained on their ground after we passed; but when the guns opened, they fled away towards the west, and probably broke up. The sepoy tell us that there are great dissensions among the rebels. Whenever our force approaches, the recriminations and reproaches of one to the other are only silenced by the opening of our fire. "Where will you fly to now?" they ask. "What a fine example you set the other day!" "It was you who brought me to this; but for your advice I should have been well clad and fed and my family looked after. Now I am hungry and in rags, and no chance of escaping death." For food, however, so far as rice and grain go, they must

be well off, as the country is teeming with both. The new year, which opens upon us full of hope, to them presents no prospect but of disgrace, suffering, and death.

The mere chance of capturing Nana Sahib, killing and dispersing some of the desperadoes around him before the old year closed, seemed to justify an undertaking which was esteemed hopeless by those most conversant with Indian warfare. References to the great uncertainty attendant upon endeavours to catch weazels in a dormant state were largely applied to the project. The enemy were twenty-three miles away, the nights were pitch dark, there were no roads whatever, the guides were not to be depended upon, the rebels would be informed the moment we stirred—these were all points duly considered and commented upon in a spirit not very favourable by the two or three people who knew of Lord Clyde's determination that evening. As it was impossible to keep quite secret the fact that we were going to move—inasmuch as men must eat and food must be prepared, and camels and elephants brought in from grazing—the story was successfully propagated that we were going to Bingha. Now, although the matter did not in the least affect the success of the enterprise, I am bound to say that in the camp-bazaars it was stated, an hour after Lord Clyde had decided on his movements, that we were going to march that night to Bankee. The Chief of the Staff, the Special Commissioner, the Quartermaster-General, the Adjutant-General Major Norman, all were dubious of the chances of success. But Lord Clyde was resolved to try. He instructed Captain

Fitzgerald to collect as many elephants as possible, and to have them ready at dark. General orders were issued in the evening warning the regiments available for the expedition to parade in front of their respective lines at 8 o'clock P.M., and there await further orders. The heavy guns were left in charge of a detachment of Her Majesty's 20th, and the baggage, with a small guard, was placed under the care of Major Kirby, Her Majesty's 94th Regiment acting on the Quartermaster-General's staff, with orders to move off and follow the columns next morning at daybreak. It was distinctly announced that no officer should be permitted to march who did not receive an invitation or orders to so; and, of course, the secrecy of the expedition leading to the conclusion that a great object was in view, the officers not invited were up to 7 o'clock in a state of considerable irritation and excitement. Nearly every one about Head-Quarters, except those all-knowing wily politicals who pull the strings which set so many legs and arms working, and the heads of departments, were in utter ignorance of the object or direction of the night march. I question much if colonel or brigadier was acquainted with the course till the stars of Heaven told them they were steering northwards. Now, it is a most difficult matter to organize an expedition in the night in an unknown country. One man may make his way towards a certain point guided by local knowledge, a compass, and the stars, but the direction of elephants, camels, and guns over rice-fields, swamps, ditches, rivers unknown, is a very different matter. Even the move in front out of a camp at night in column of march is more difficult

than the words seem to express. If, in the Duke's opinion, there were a few generals who could get a large corps into Hyde Park, but few or none who could get them out again in broad daylight, it may be imagined that it is by no means so simple as it would appear to the uninitiated to get infantry, cavalry, and guns in proper order, all in direct column of route, out on the open in a pitch-dark night.

Our little expedition consisted of the 7th Hussars, head-quarters of the Carabineers, 1st Punjaub Cavalry, a troop of the Royal Horse Artillery (six guns), the Rifle Brigade, a detachment of Her Majesty's 20th, and a wing of the Belooch battalion. As Captain Fitzgerald collected 150 elephants, it was arranged that one half of the force should be mounted—five on each of these unwieldy locomotives—the other half marching till the halt took place, when they relieved their comrades from the trouble of journeying aloft, and the elephant cavalry became infantry till the next halt. There were some spare elephants in case of accidents. Lord Clyde, with his shoulder bandaged up, was, much against his will, obliged to go in a dooly. The mess-dinners, an hour earlier than usual, were full of conjecture; but it was generally supposed we were going to aid Grant in some conjectured difficulty. About 7.30 P.M. the officers of head-quarters were informed that whoever wished might join the head of the column. At 8 o'clock the regiments were formed up in front of their camps, and at 8.30 they were marched off, with the usual advanced guard, into the darkness. Not a light was to be seen save the glare of the watch-fires; but soon there appeared before us, like a light in some wintry sea, one steady flame. A lantern had been

mounted on the back of an elephant, which followed the guides, and had the honour of being the leader of the expedition. The men were in high spirits. Wrapped in their greatcoats, those social fives smoked, chatted, and laughed in their peripatetic clubs till the cold monotony of the night-march proved too much for even the most loquacious Hibernian. Linkmen with flaring torches after a time were put forward to cast a light on the pitfalls, the heavy fields, ditches, and wells which lay in our course. A delay of nearly an hour occurred, soon after we left the camp, in getting the column into proper order.

Just to illustrate the difficulties of a night-march in this sort of country, where no officer knows where he is going, I may mention that the Madras Light Cavalry, a most efficient set of men, were unwittingly left behind. They were formed up in their proper place, but by some accident the Captain, Macgregor, did not receive the order to move off with the rest of the column, and after a long halt in the cold, he rode off to see what had become of the rest. He could not find them. He then marched off his troop, circled round the camp—saw no trace of the column—came back—marched again, and after an ineffectual search returned to camp at midnight till next morning, when his squadron proved a most useful and desirable escort and aid to Major Kirby in his march with the baggage and tents. The column, once started, moved off in a straight line to Bankee. Elephants—crashing in one leaden line through cates, over swampy grass, through dall-fields—can outmarch cavalry or infantry, and the latter regulated the pace. The moving lighthouse guided the officers; and so, tramp, tramp—squash,

squash—thud, thud, away they proceeded. A northerly wind came down sharply from the Himalayas, and soon the cold cut through the warmest Indian clothing.

The column made such good progress that, if it had pushed on, it would have reached Bankee long ere daybreak. A long halt was called, therefore, near a tope of trees and a small hamlet. Wrapped up in cloaks and resais, officers and men enjoyed an hour's refreshing sleep. The march again commenced, and was so timed as to bring the force to Bankee soon after sunrise. As daylight broke, the flankers and vedettes were thrown well out. The country was exactly like that I have previously attempted to describe; the villages being very clean, and the houses better than in most parts of Oude. The villagers generally ran away as we approached, and large herds of cattle were visible in the distance, which the proprietors drove from the line of our march as fast as they could. The old men left in the villages professed entire ignorance of the existence of the enemy. About seven o'clock, however, when the force had got within a few miles of Bankee, a white clump was observed by our vedettes at the base of a thick tope of trees. It wavered to and fro, extended, and broke, resolving itself into a strong picket of sowars, who rode away from our right front. About eight o'clock the enemy, mostly cavalry, were visible in our front; as we approached, it was ascertained that a long deep swamp lay in their front, which was covered on each flank by a small village. Behind them and on their left, as far as the eye could reach, extended the jungle, a dense high wall of green, apparently of immense thickness. The Commander-in-Chief, who was

now mounted on an elephant, attended by Colonel Metcalfe, reconnoitred their position. General Mansfield was intrusted with the general direction of the attack. A very few moments sufficed for the dispositions. The Hussars slipped after the Infantry towards our left; the guns, Carabineers, and Punjaubees on the right were received by the fire of three guns—one in the tope, and two from the village, near the angle of the two lines of jungle. They pushed on, the shot flying over their heads, the enemy running into the jungle, and in a few moments the three guns were ours. It was about 8.30 when the enemy opened fire on us. The belt of jungle was about half a mile broad. By 10.30 our cavalry and part of the guns suddenly emerged on a wide plain with an undulating surface, in front of which rose the Nepaulese hills, with their base covered by the Terai. On the left of the cavalry the belt of jungle ran on in a line down to a dip in the ground, where it abruptly ceased. In the plain appeared the enemy, flying in two disorderly bodies, one towards the left, where the jungle ceased, as I have described, the other towards a village on our right. Detaching a squadron of the 7th Hussars to the left, Sir William Russell led the remainder of his regiment and the Punjaubees towards the large mass of the fugitives on the right. As they dashed onwards their course was unfortunately interrupted by a deep nullah filled with water, which stopped Fraser's guns and detained the cavalry in their pursuit. The moment they were freed from this obstacle they charged on to the right, but the enemy had got a good start and were close to the village, which was situated on a ford of the river Raptee. Here they

rushed across in wild confusion. But the Hussars pressed close upon them. The Punjaubees captured a gun on the brink of the river. Suddenly a heavy battery of six guns from the other side of the river opened on our cavalry, covering the ford, and ploughing up the opposite bank. The Begum's guns had been sent up, and Mehndie Hoosein was doing his best for his friends. Our guns were not up. The enemy on the right had got over, and were collecting on the other side of the rapid river, under cover of their guns. Meanwhile the squadron under Fraser on the left, having a greater space to go over, had not got so close to the river at the point where the jungle joined its course. The enemy, headed by the Rifles through the jungle, and cut off on the right, were all crowding in dismay towards the narrow point where there was a ford on the left. The Hussars and Punjaubees on the right were at once wheeled round, and, running the gauntlet of the enemy's guns all along the banks of the river, galloped as hard as they could to assist the squadron on the left. As Fraser's men saw they were gaining on the enemy, and that a river ran before them, they gave one ringing cheer, sat down in their saddles, and rushed along as fast, fierce, and strong as the Raptée itself. "Steady, men, steady!"—it is in vain, the thunder of horses' hoofs, the lightning of battle, roll and flash along.

In a cascade of white the sowars precipitate themselves into the waters of the Raptée. At the sight our Hussars give one more wild cry, and in an instant they are engaged with them in the river. Not a man could be held, each went straight at an enemy. Their horses flounder amid the rocks; but

the Hussars hold their own. They cut down the sowars as they are struggling in the whirling stream, and charge them in the ford. It is one of those wonderful spectacles only to be seen in actual war, and of which peace has no counterpart; here men and horses swimming for their lives, there fierce hand-to-hand conflicts between sowars and hussars in the foaming water; but the river was our most formidable foe. Poor Major Horne, a most kind-hearted, excellent old soldier, overturned with his horse in the river, was rolled over, swept away, and drowned. Captain Stisted, carried away by the stream, was only saved by the activity and presence of mind of Major Fraser, his comrade, who pulled off his coat and plunged into the river just in time to carry his friend, with a spark of life unextinguished, to the bank. The river was full of struggling men and horses; and some forty or fifty of the enemy were swimming for their lives; but the rest were beneath the waters, or were riding across the other bank. Our men had ridden thirty miles. They were exhausted, and so were the horses; and so at 1 o'clock the cavalry fell back, marched through the jungle, and, joining the rest of the expedition, found their tents pitched and baggage up at Bankee, in their rear, at 3 o'clock on the 31st. We halted here for several days, in order to close up the pass and keep the enemy in Nepaul, whilst Lord Clyde awaited the instructions of Lord Canning in reference to the course to be adopted with the rebels who had escaped into the territories of our ally.

January 4th.—Early in the morning two very fine brass 9-pounders, of English make, with tum-

brils, ammunition boxes, &c., complete, were found in the jungle on our left, where the enemy had hidden or abandoned them, and were brought into camp and placed in park. Notwithstanding their enormous losses the enemy have still fifteen or twenty guns across the Raptee. The blow so unexpectedly struck filled them with such dismay that they fled for miles through the jungles on the left; but at night the infantry recovered themselves, and passed over by various fords to the Begum, Bene Madho, and the Chuckledar Mehndie Hoosein. It is not easy at any time to gather correct news of the exact force and locality of our enemies; but the difficulty in the way of obtaining information is always much aggravated when the troops are moving about, and is almost insuperable for a short time after a defeat of the enemy. Spontaneous aid we never receive. Even now, though our information is better than it was, it is only by comparison that it is valuable or reliable. Several sowars, perhaps twenty, came in and surrendered this morning to Major Barrow. Their cases will be considered by the light of the Government circular. They were so miserably mounted that a shrewd suspicion has arisen that they part with their horses before they give themselves up; for the sowars we see in the field are generally very well horsed. These men were armed with tulwar and pistol, and were stout fellows enough, but badly clad. The Rajah of Nanparah rode in on his elephant to-day, and paid his respects to the Special Commissioner.

Our information respecting the enemy is to the effect that they are collected in the valley of the

Raptee, beyond the first low range of hills visible in our front. It is uncertain whether they are actually in the Nepaulese territory. Our knowledge as to their exact position is vague, and we cannot now determine the frontier line. It is known that the Goorkhas have two large cantonments—one on the east, the other on the west of the valley of the Raptee—and that at least three of Jung Bahadoor's regiments must be in the vicinity of the Begum. But the friendship of that minister is by no means over-active. It is at least unfortunate that in this juncture the part which will be taken by the Nepaulese seems open to doubt; it is more than unfortunate that the conditions under which the aid of the Nepaulese was accepted should have been so indefinite as to leave Jung Bahadoor the power of making demands to which the Government could not accede, and thus permit him to believe himself an ill-used man. Should it appear that the Begum of Oude was driven out of the kingdom the very last day of the old year, it might be considered by some that we had finished the war; but so long as she is permitted to keep an army destined to disturb the peace of British India on the verge of our frontier, in the kingdom of an allied power, we are placed in a position which not only forbids our assuming that peace has been restored, but affords reason to apprehend a breach of our relations with the State which harbours our armed enemies, whose presence on the soil is an infringement of neutrality, not to say of good feeling and alliance. It would be premature to assume that the Begum and her followers have been willingly received in Nepaul; indeed, it is yet doubted whether she is within the

geographical boundary of the kingdom, at the other side of the Terai, or at the other side of the frontier posts.

The body of Major Horne was brought into camp this afternoon by some natives, who, stimulated by the promise of a reward, searched the river and discovered the corpse in a pool, submerged in a quicksand, below the ford. It was reported that he held in his death grip a sowar in each hand, and that the bodies, one of which bore the marks of a desperate wound, were found beside him; but there are some doubts as to the truth of the story, as no European saw the dead sowars. The gallant and lamented officer was buried this evening in front of the camp, under a lone tree, whereon a plate, with an inscription stating his name, rank, and the manner and date of his death, is affixed. It was an affecting ceremonial, decorously conducted. The Staff of Lord Clyde, of Sir W. Mansfield, the head-quarters' officers, the officers of the Rifle Brigade, Brigadier Horsford, Brigadier Richmond Jones, the officers and a detachment of the Carabineers, Sir W. Russell, and the officers and men of the 7th Hussars, followed the bier, behind which was led the horse of the deceased in funeral trappings. As the procession, preceded by the band of the Rifle Brigade, passed out of the camp, and the sad and noble strains of "the Dead March" swelled through the air, the native camp-followers thronged to gaze upon the spectacle, and one or two salaamed as the war-horse passed them. Sir William Russell, in the absence of any clergyman, read the funeral service. In the gloom of a murky evening, with one rift in the clouds, through which poured a broad thin

sheet of orange light from the setting sun, the deep grave, surrounded by the countrymen and comrades of the soldier, reminded us how far we were from our home, how near we might be to that final resting-place which is everywhere. Before the service was closed in darkness, the yells of the jackals in the distance made us look to see the grave was deep. It may be long before English eyes again rest on the spot where the soldier was laid so solemnly in his shroud.

Lord Clyde has sent to the Governor-General for instructions to know whether he shall follow the Nana into the territory of Nepaul, but he has not yet received any reply ; and we must, therefore, wait here in order to close the gorge of Raptee, while a force under Hope Grant, and another under Christie, with various small columns, watch the other passes, to prevent the enemy again coming into the British dominions from the fastness to which they have at last been compelled to flee.

We had got up the Terai sweepstakes, the Raptee purse, and the Nepaul consolation stakes ; there was to have been a great race and tiger-hunt, and a reconnaissance up the gorge ; but in the evening we received orders to move, and we are now marching back to Lucknow.

I was much amused going in to see Major Barrow, surrounded by his little court of beaten rebels, or expectant zemindars, tossing about estates as large as shires, and whole kingdoms, with the wave of his hand, just as Napoleon used to fling away empires, or as a juggler knocks balls about. I had an offer of a strip of the Terai and the adjacent land, of any num-

ber of miles in length and breadth, rent free for five years, on the sole condition that I cut down the jungle. On the morning of the 7th, before we left, the Nawab of Furukabad crossed the Raptée with his followers and surrendered to Major Barrow. Mehndie Hoosein and other famous rebel chiefs also surrendered. The scene was extremely interesting, and the particular coolness and self-possession of these men, who had been fighting against us a few hours before, and who now sat perfectly at their ease in the Special Commissioner's tent, was very striking. The present aspect of the country would indicate that the storm is over. Those who have escaped its fury are, with an anxious eye, scanning the clouds, fearful to trust themselves to believe in the calm, and, for my part, I believe it will be long indeed ere the roll and swell of the great waves shall have passed away.

With this expedition to the hills, the interest of my Diary in India ceases. On January 18, the Commander-in-Chief returned to Lucknow, and there I remained, looking placidly on at the process of pacification, visiting, being visited, dining out, riding out, letter-writing, making some small excursions to and fro, shooting, fishing, and, in fact, passing a life which would be agreeable enough if there had been anything to do ; but there was not. In fact, my mission in India was accomplished.

CHAPTER XXI.

Our life at Lucknow.—News from home.—Salaries of Indian officials.—The king's vakeel.—Mr. Montgomery's Report on Oude.—Lord Clyde's strategy.—Renaud's "severities."—A native betrothal.—The procession.—Leave-taking.—Sir John and Lady Inglis.—The Chinhut expedition.—A British lion.—Railway engineers.—Joseph's kindness.—Trusting natives.—Signs of our rule in India.—Be just and fear not.

OUR life at Lucknow passed quietly, and for upwards of a month there was nothing to break the monotony of our existence, except the arrival of despatches, recounting small successes over the rebels; long chases and near escapes of Tantia Topee; the mails from England; and the formation of shooting parties. Lord Clyde had done his work well, and the whole of Oude was conquered and occupied. Our civilians, established in their country seats, began to give dinners, as the best evidence of the returned vigour of our Administration and of the security of our power; and I was beginning to think of making a little tour into the indigo plantations, in order to judge of the state of affairs with my own eyes, as far as they would go, and to study a little the operations of our law courts, and the nature of our settlements, when I received intelligence of a domestic nature, which rendered it desirable that I should return to Europe as speedily as possible. This was well nigh beyond my power to effect; for the stream of civilians and soldiers returning home as soon as furlough was opened, and the immense pressure for accommodation in the ships of

the Peninsular and Oriental Company deprived one of a chance of a berth, unless he had made arrangements for a long time previously, and had engaged a passage months before. The news from home was of a nature to interfere with my project; and, as there was a remote probability that if I were on the spot at Calcutta, I could snatch at a berth, left vacant at the last moment, I resolved to go there, instead of remaining at Lucknow, though the agents assured me that for several months all the ships would be quite full; and I had commenced to think of a voyage round the Cape as a *pis aller*. A few passages from my diary record the little events of the last days of my sojourn in Oude.

February 19th.—The heat this morning quite equal to that of the month of July or August, at their hottest, in London. I went over to Bankes's bungalow, the residence of the Chief Commissioner, in order that I might see Hurdeo Bux presenting his return nuzzeranana; Forsyth, Hutchinson, Barrow, and a few other Europeans were present, and formed a sort of durbar. The zemindar, now a Rajah, came in great state, and presented a magnificent horse, covered with splendid trappings, and trays of jewels—bracelets of emerald and diamond of considerable value; after which, a few civil speeches, on both sides, and he took his leave. When he had gone, Mr. Wingfield had some conversation respecting the salaries of the civil servants, which attract the notice of our financial reformers; and he argued with considerable force and justice that it would be hazardous and impolitic, as well as unjust, to reduce them. It is obvious that, if we wish to administer the affairs of India with credit or honour,

we must increase very largely the number of European officials ; but the class which has hitherto furnished the State with officers is limited in extent, and is likely enough to diminish its contribution to the public service, if it be disgusted by ill-treatment or unfairness. It would be wrong to suppose that we could easily replace this class by another ; for, in fact, the Indian service has been a hot-house plant, peculiarly cultivated and matured, and it is to be seen whether the attempt to introduce a more hardy and less refined production in its place will be attended with success. For my part, I cannot imagine any means of irritating the natives, exciting their aversion towards our rule, and bringing the British name into contempt, more effectual, and certain of success, than introducing among them a large proportion of vulgar, violent, or coarse-minded men, of an inferior class, on the ground that they have acquired a sort of special knowledge for a special occasion. Were we to begin again, no doubt it would be unwise to create such a close service as that of the East India Company, just as it would be—according to the most vehement supporters of the present system of army purchase—exceedingly impolitic to adopt that system if the army were to be remodelled *de novo*. Whatever reasons there might be adduced, before the rebellion, for a reduction of salaries, it must be borne in mind that now nearly every man is sick of, and disgusted with, India—so much so, that I believe not one out of twenty would remain there if he were offered this moment, in England or Europe, the fourth or fifth of his present salary in India. The influence of Lord Bute at one time filled Hindostan with Scotchmen ;

just as at a later period the power of Lord Castlereagh developed the north of Ireland element, and gave us Lawrences, Montgomerys, and others. Now we have to ascertain whether the competition system will be equally fortunate in tempting the youth of the whole empire to the noblest field in which honourable ambition can contend. It is evident, that the higher the prizes, the better will be the men attracted to the contest. If we diminished our salaries, to any appreciable extent, we should not only offend a large class of most valuable public servants, but we should restrict the State, in effect, to select those to whom a small salary would be an adequate consideration for the unhealthiness and privations of an Indian existence. If we can, by a popular administration, secure the contentment of the people, we need not maintain a gigantic army of soldiery and police; and the sum that will be saved by the reduction of our military establishments, may be well spent in paying the civilians whose services are imperatively required in all departments of the public service in India.

I went across to Barrow's tent. There, very quietly ensconced in the corner, was a native, who was waiting with a letter he had carried from Brijais Kuddr, the *soi-disant* King of Oude, complaining that Lord Clyde had not behaved properly by advancing against him after he had sent in to ask for terms, and accusing Major Barrow of want of courtesy in not answering his letters, and the Government of bad behaviour in not fixing the terms on which they would receive the submission of His Majesty—a cool lad, certainly! He has been warned long ago that unconditional surrender would be insisted on, and

that neither Government, General, nor Commissioner would take any notice of his letters.

February 20th.—How this weather fatigues one ! Early this morning Lord Clyde passed down our street to the apothecaries' tent, and ordered himself a bottle of quinine. He is troubled with fever, which is an old acquaintance, for he tells me that long ago he had a fever, caught in foreign service in the West Indies, which lasted him nine or ten years, I think. Bad as his fever is, off he goes to consult the Chief Commissioner on the steps necessary to provide against certain troublesome gatherings of rebels on the Nepaulese frontier, near Foolsepore. Mr. Montgomery's report on Oude, which has been the work of much labour and research on Forsyth's part, is now ready, and will, no doubt, be a useful memorandum for the Government. How many such monuments of industry, learning, and ability lie hid, like Barnes' report on Kangra, in the pigeon-holes of public offices, scarcely known to the most largely-read of public men ? In the evening we received télégram of news from England of 25th January, *viâ* Galle. Col. Durand's appointment to the Council is much canvassed ; but he does not want supporters in camp.

February 21st.—Lord Clyde is far from being well, and his illness is probably much increased by the anxiety which he feels as to his ultimate destination, which Lord Canning does not appear able to dissipate. In fact, it is stated that Lord Clyde requested the Governor-General to inform him where he wished him to fix head-quarters for the summer, and that as yet he has not been fortunate enough to get an answer. Procrastination is not only the thief

of time, but destroyer of good-temper, peace of mind, and public business. And yet there may be many things to be considered ere Lord Canning can determine where the Commander-in-Chief should be; though it is certain that the complaints from all quarters in reference to the slowness of action on the part of the Governor-General would seem to establish that point against his personal administration of affairs. They are talking of sending private letters to inform Dr. Leckie of Lord Clyde's illness, in order that Lord Canning may be made aware of the necessity of accelerating his decision; but such a step, without the consent of the veteran General, who would be exceedingly displeased if it were only hinted at, would be dangerous. I dismissed my syce Gunga and grass-cutter Buddoo to-day, sending them with my horse to Cawnpore, and a backsheesh in hand. Each moved off with his wife and a cooly carrying her bundle on his head, and each wife had a child sitting on her hip, the husbands not being quite eighteen years of age.

February 22nd.—In consequence of some statements in reference to the strategy of Lord Clyde at the relief of Lucknow,* which implied that he had not foreseen the probability of the Calpee rebels and Gwalior contingent attacking Windham at Cawnpore as soon as he had himself crossed the Ganges into Oude, I was asked to look at some remarkable papers, in which it was plainly demonstrated that Sir Colin Campbell and General Mansfield were fully impressed

* See Appendix also, in which a passage from an important despatch of General Sir James Outram is inserted, with respect to the Gwalior contingent.

with the danger, and considered it highly probable that the post at Cawnpore would be assaulted. There appears, however, to have been greater delay in effecting the relief than was expected, and the interval which elapsed between the departure from and the return to Cawnpore of Sir Colin's force was longer than he anticipated, though he is generally pretty close to dates in his calculations. We had a slight fall of rain, which purified and cooled the air.

February 23rd.—In the course of a conversation to-day, an officer who was attached to Renaud's column, when it moved out from Allahabad in advance of Havelock's force (Neill being at Allahabad), told me that the executions of natives in the line of march were indiscriminate to the last degree. The officer in command was emulous of Neill, and thought he could show equal vigour. In two days forty-two men were hanged on the road-side, and a batch of twelve men were executed because their faces were "turned the wrong way" when they were met on the march. All the villages in his front were burned when he halted. These "severities" could not have been justified by the Cawnpore massacre, because they took place before that diabolical act. The officer in question remonstrated with Renaud, on the ground that if he persisted in this course he would empty the villages, and render it impossible to supply the army with provisions.

February 26th.—For the last three days I have been busily engaged in packing up, paying visits, and disposing of my effects. I have sold all my guns tolerably well; disposed of all my horses save one; and now really feel as if I were going home to

England, though when I may be able to get away from Calcutta is quite beyond my calculation. As I had an hour or two to-day, I went into the city to take a farewell look at Lucknow, and to purchase a few cheap mementos of the place. I drove out to the Kotwalee, where I found Lieutenant Rawlings, the police officer, who accompanied me up the Chandeem Chowk. The street was crowded as densely as it usually is, and although I do not like the practice of sending policemen on before me to shout out "Clear the way for the great lord," and to bully all the people in the thoroughfares, it must be admitted the results are not altogether undesirable on such occasions. The number of shops in Lucknow belonging to people who sell merely embroidered skull-caps, and gold and silver lace and wire, is extraordinary; these constitute the majority of the bazaar-shops. Next come the purveyors of sweetmeats; then money-changers, shoemakers, old curiosity shops. Lucknow is famous for the manufacture of pipe-snakes, and for articles of luxury connected with tobacco. My purchases were soon made, and we returned to the Kotwalee, where we were fortunate enough to see a native wedding, or more properly speaking, the betrothal of a rich merchant's daughter to the son of a banker in the city. The procession passed under the balcony in which we were standing. First marched a body of drummers and fifers, most probably itinerant musicians picked out of the streets, for they were ragged and dirty, followed by an elephant, richly caparisoned, who looked as sad as if he were going to be married himself. These were followed by a number of hoary fathers very splendidly dressed in Lucknow turbans of bro-

cade and cloth of gold, with grand Cashmere shawls, and fine jackets and nether garments, shuffling along in gorgeous slippers on foot. Next in single file came, in gilt open palanquins, the children of the relatives of the contracting parties, attired with a splendour and magnificence which cannot be exaggerated by the use of any language, and the notion of which can only be conveyed by the painter's brush. Some rode ponies with beautiful saddle-cloths, and tails dyed red; others were in silver *chaises à porteur*, with ivory bearing-poles, lined with purple velvet and cloth of gold. Inside one of these sat a child, like a cabinet of gems crusted all over with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, and yet so tastefully dressed that this wealth of ornament was not at all vulgar. The boy was pretty, but I almost expected to see some hungry Sikh make a snatch at him and carry him off, jewels and all. After him came more little ones, some two and two, in their palkees. These were all flanked by guards—to keep off robbers, probably, and by each palkee and pony were men with fly-dusters, who flapped and fanned the little fellows' faces. The guards, bearers, and attendants were in their ordinary clothes, with the exception of yellow turbans on their heads.

The *defilé* lasted for half an hour, but at length the bride or bridegroom, no one could decide which, made an appearance—a little child of five or six years old, with demure round face, lighted up by a pair of great round eyes surrounded by painted eyelids, mounted on a milk-white pony, which was covered with rich brocades and gem-studded saddle-cloths. The little creature, who was a mere mummy

swathed in sheets of gold and silver, and weighted with precious stones, had its features completely concealed by a veil of pearls, strung together so as to form a sort of vizor, hanging from the turban, but one of its attendants raised it so that we could catch a glimpse of the little plump visage beneath it. The procession closed with a band of musicians, some mounted on horseback with kettle-drums and trumpets, others on foot with drums and fifes, who wheeled round from time to time and blew and beat their congratulations into the faces of the two venerable parents, who in gala-dress brought up the rear. The crowd paid very little attention to the proceedings beyond staring at the jewelled children and pointing out to each other those whom they knew, and the current of traffic driven from the centre of the street flowed in narrow channels up and down at the sides. The day was closed by a farewell dinner in the mess-tent, to which the Chief Commissioner, Mr. Wingfield, the Financial Commissioner, Mr. George Campbell, the Military and Civil Secretaries, Captain Hutchinson and Mr. Forsyth, Major Barrow, Major Bruce, Chief of the Oude Police, and others, were good enough to come.

I took leave of Lord Clyde, General Mansfield, the members of the Staff, and all the friends among whom I had lived in perfect harmony for more than a year, in constant intercourse, only interrupted by my visit to Simla. It is unnecessary to say I did so with regret; for though I was not so indiscriminate in my regards as to think of all alike, there is scarcely one of whom I do not treasure some pleasant souvenir. At night I was on my way to Cawnpore, where I ar-

rived on the morning of the 27th. My excellent host, Mr. Sherer, was out, collecting the revenue in his district; and I put up at the Cawnpore Hotel, formerly the house of Moohsum-ood-Dowlah, and known as the artillery officers' quarters. Next day I paid a visit to Sir John Inglis, the General in command of the Cawnpore district, whom I found in the bungalow formerly occupied by the Rev. Mr. Moore. Old as may be the races and languages and customs of India, there is no place in the world where old houses are more speedily turned into new; or where a ruined bungalow is sooner converted into a very comfortable quarter. I was very glad to see the gallant soldier—who, long before the defence of Lucknow, was well known as "Jack Inglis," a good officer, a crack shot, and an ardent sportsman, all over the north-west of India, and whose qualities are at once conveyed by the use of that familiar name—looking a very different man from the war-worn, sick, and care-stricken soldier whom I spoke to when I was in Cawnpore a year ago. Lady Inglis, the worthy wife of such a husband, and of whose real goodness and womanly nobleness I have heard many, who were besieged along with her in the Residency, speak in the highest terms, has also returned from her short visit to England. One would have thought her experience of India had been enough to last her a lifetime. There was much pleasant discourse about Lucknow and other matters, in the course of my visit. How many different reports of the same affair there are from competent authorities!—"And doubting, Pilate said 'What is truth?'" It is asserted, by those who ought to know, that Sir H. Lawrence

was urged to make the Chinhut expedition by civilians, belonging to what was called the war party in the garrison; and that, although the setting out of the particular column, which started on that fatal day from the Residency, might not have been known to those gentlemen beforehand, it is notorious they were always pressing Sir Henry to take active steps against the rebels in the field. That which was intended as a mere reconnaissance was, by their advice, turned into an attack. The enemy were represented by them to be only 1,100 or 1,200 strong, whereas they were at least 7,000 in number. The men of H.M.'s 32nd had no food all day; and were ordered to attack, or rather were engaged in action, before they had eaten anything, and whilst they were weak from want of their meals, in a tremendous sun. Sir Henry Lawrence distinctly blamed those gentlemen for the unfortunate affair into which he had been led, as soon as he returned to the Residency.

On my way back from this visit, I had occasion to go to the railway office to give instructions for forwarding my baggage—which had not yet arrived from Lucknow—if I were obliged to start ere it reached Cawnpore; and I am obliged to confess the fears which are expressed—that the sense of new-sprung power, operating on vulgar, half-educated men, aided by the servility of those around them, may produce results most prejudicial to our influence among the natives—are not destitute of foundation, if I may take the manners of the person whom I found at the chief engineer's house, as a fair specimen of the behaviour of his class towards gentlemen. As I was returning

to the hotel, I saw another exemplification of the mischiefs which are to be dreaded from a large infusion of Europeans into India, in positions where they are really irresponsible, unless to their own good feelings. The Company foresaw the danger, which, however, arose very much from the system of legal administration and police which they founded, or were forced to accept. If Europeans are not restrained by education and humanity from giving vent to their angry passions, there is little chance of their being punished for anything short of murder—and of murder it has been oftentimes difficult to procure the conviction of Europeans at the hands of their countrymen. This is what happened. There were a number of coolies sitting idly under the shadow of a wall: suddenly there came upon them, with a bound and a roar, a great British lion—his eyes flashing fire, a tawny mane of long locks floating from under his pith helmet, and a huge stick in his fist—a veritable Thor in his anger. He rushed among the coolies, and they went down like grass, maimed and bleeding. I shouted out of the gharry, "Good Heavens, stop! Why, you'll kill those men!" (One of them was holding up his arm, as if it were broken.) A furious growl, "What the —— business have you to interfere? It's no affair of yours." "Oh, yes, sir, but it is. I am not going to be accessory to murder. See how you have maimed that man! You know they dared not raise a finger against you." "Well; but these lazy scoundrels are engaged to do our work, and they sneak off whenever they can, and how can I look after them!"

Now I believe, from what I heard, these cases

occur up-country frequently; in one place there has been a sort of mutiny and murder among railway labourers; and in fact, the authorities have issued injunctions to the railway subordinates to be cautious how they commit excesses and violence among their labourers, and warn them they will be punished. A ganger, or head navvy, accustomed to see around him immense results, produced by great physical energy and untiring strength, is placed over hundreds of men, remote from supervision or control; he sees the work is not done—"a good-for-nothing set of idlers;" and so he takes to stick and fist for it. Going home, I called on Major Tombs, Paymaster, of Cawnpore, and brother of Colonel Tombs, of the Bengal Artillery; and on Dr. Elliot, an old friend in the Crimea, now stationed at Cawnpore. All paymasters are in distress about their "balances" in war-times. How they and the Commissariat, and the doctors, and the brigade officers, rejoiced when the gale of the 14th November, before Sebastopol, blew all their papers into the sea! In India paymasters handle enormous sums; and the "balance" will sometimes, in such times as these, amount to seven or eight lacs—that is, 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.*

March 1st.—I spent the day in driving over the cantonments and the ruined bungalows of the station, and in inspecting all the graves, of the state of each of which I took a list; but the heat, at last, drove me in till dinner-time.

March 2nd.—I wonder how it is no clever *vaut-rien* has hit on an ingenious plan of robbery, suggested to me to-day. I went over to Mr. Sherer's to look for my gun-case. His venerable old chief, Joseph, was

on the premises, and conducted me to a large cellar and store-room, filled with property left there from time to time by travellers, whose habit it is generally to make this use of the civilian's houses. I explained to him that I wanted my gun-case ; but he seemed to think that as long as I got some one's gun, or something of value, my desires ought to be satisfied ; and accordingly he offered me, in succession, a complete set of surveying apparatus, theodolites, levels, and a camera ; a variety of fowling-pieces ; some port-manteaux, and finally all the remaining articles in the room. I dined with Sir John and Lady Inglis in the evening, where I found General Mansfield, who has just come down here on his way to Calcutta. A grand thunderstorm broke over the Ganges, on the Oude side, at night. Bade good-bye to Le Geyt and Bruce, of the Artillery, and others, on my way to the hotel. Next morning, March 3rd, I left Cawnpore in the 9.30 A.M. train for Allahabad.

I quitted Cawnpore almost the day twelvemonth that I arrived there. I had passed through an eventful year ; but it was one in which—as was well said by a most accomplished and able man, Mr. Keene, whose acquaintance I had the happiness to make ere I left the country—I had only seen India in mourning, fighting in black like Brunswick's dragoons. India, be it observed, in English speech means the Europeans in India. So far he was right. I had lived, indeed, in camps where war was a trade, without much glory and with little profit ; wherein, superadded to its usual horrors, the incitement of revenge and anger, of race-animosity, all the horrors of servile war, or of a *Jacquerie* wherein one's fate is cast

with the masters, exercised an influence only mitigated by the exertions of Government, the authority of their superior officers, and the forbearance and humanity of their lieutenants. I was anxious to see the old station-life of which traces were still left, and to examine the new systems by which English capital is brought into relations with native labour. But the opportunity was denied to me ; I was summoned home by news which would have unfitted me for such scenes, even if I had had time to seek them.

We are strange beings ! I do not direct this novel remark to any general propensity of the human race ; but to the British species. I am now looking at a passage in my diary when going down country, which refers to this extraordinary fact, that in three or four straggling bungalows which I have passed through, there are complaints in the books from officers going up country this time last year—a time when Lucknow was still in the hands of the rebels, and when half India had to be conquered—that “the kitmutgur here is uncivil,” and that “there is no table-cloth,” or that “I could not get a napkin at dinner ;” or—well : it may be that I am more unreasonable still, when I expect a race, placed as ours is and has been in India, to show any greater virtues than those of immeasurable energy, dauntless courage—the fierce properties in fight of men assaulted by an inferior civilization and by beings of a lower order ; who must be as relentless as Lords of the Pale in Ireland, Danes in Britain, or Spaniards in Mexico. Here is a friend of mine, who has just been winning three steeple-chases, in a state of pardonable anger against Government and all man-

kind, because the "niggers" have just murdered some unfortunate gentlemen who were surveying a railway close at hand. If they had been shot in a boundary row, or on a Munster jaunting-car, he would think comparatively little of it, however he might grieve for their loss. His wrath now is directed against the "niggers," and, above all, the Government, which has, he declares, encouraged these rebels. "I would," he exclaims, "hang every scoundrel within ten miles of the place!" A moment afterwards he is eulogising the syce who has fed his horse. The syce says he has relations among the rebels who killed the engineers. Further on I meet a man going out to shoot. "I can't try the best places, about five miles from this, up the Kymore Hills," he says, "because there are a lot of rascally rebels there." "But suppose they come down on you?" "Oh! my fellows" (all natives) "will keep a sharp look-out, and they would all fight for me to the death." "Can you trust them, after all that has happened?" "Well: I am going out alone—they carry my guns and everything, and I have 500 rupees also, but they won't do me any harm." "What is the difference between them and sepoys?" "Well, as to that, you know, they're all niggers alike; but I *can* trust my fellows," &c., &c.

Arrived at Calcutta, I went to the Auckland Hotel; but Sir James Outram, whose invitation to stay with him was of long standing, claimed my promise to accept it, and I remained under his hospitable roof till I could get a passage; for, as I have said, the furloughs had commenced, and every berth in the ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Company were occupied for months to come. By a fortunate chance, however,

I succeeded in obtaining a berth at the end of the month of March, and I left India—probably never to see it more—with a strong desire for the welfare of the grandest empire that has ever arisen under our hands, and with the sincere prayer that our rule may be blessed in the prosperity and happiness of the people, and in the extension of that European community, whose intelligence and civilization must direct the onward march of Hindoo and Mussulman alike. I confess that the present aspect—the aspect of the outward and visible signs of our rule in India—to me is not very encouraging. Towns, villages, and public works, monuments, temples, tombs, tanks, reservoirs, and buildings of all sorts in which the *people* of India are deeply interested, are in decay. In the late mutiny, the people took their revenge by burning our stations, our barracks, our bungalows, and our hotels. Time, neglect, and the ravages of conquest, perhaps are much to blame; but I think that even in a utilitarian spirit we might do something to arrest the progress of decay. When I was at Agra, I observed that a wild fig-tree had taken root in the cupola of the Taj, and threatened it with destruction; a few rupees would have cleared it, but there was no one to order the work to be executed, though there is, indeed, an officer appointed to survey public buildings in Agra. The great tombs all over India are falling to pieces; the revenues appropriated to them being misapplied or absorbed for other purposes. Many of them are now the refuge of wild beasts. We may point to the Ganges canal and to our railways; but the iron road and the iron wire pass over crumbling cities, by prostrate monu-

ments and deserted villages ; and even the canal itself has not produced, according to the statements of the people, the benefits which were expected to be derived from it. As to the state and extent of the internal communications, in the oldest of our possessions, they are all summed up by one of the Inspectors of Schools, who declares that no one would dream of taking wheel conveyances sixteen miles from Calcutta, as metal roads fade into the mud at that distance in Western Bengal, and in all his district, for one hundred miles, he did not see a single bridge even of bamboo.

But these may be said to be small matters, provided that we have increased the sum of general prosperity, security of life and property, contentment, and virtue. I am not in a position to determine if such has been the case ; but I believe that the actual physical happiness of the natives has not been augmented by the change of rulers. Sir Henry Lawrence, who had long and varied experience, told Sir Robert Montgomery, on whose authority I repeat the statement, that he was persuaded, on the whole, the people were happier under native government than under our own. There is the whole difficulty of our position. We have by this very effort, which effected the reduction of India, satisfied ourselves that the drain on our resources is too great to be submitted to permanently without ruin to the empire at home. There is but one way left to retain it. Let us be just, and fear not—popularize our rule—reform our laws—adapt our saddle to the back which bears it. Let us govern India by superior intelligence, honesty, virtue,

morality, not by the mere force of heavier metal—proselytize by the force of example—keep our promises loyally in the spirit, nor seek by the exercise of Asiatic subtlety to reach the profundity of Asiatic fraud. Otherwise, the statesman was never born who can render India either safe or profitable; and our arms will be paralyzed in the money market, for the cost of keeping that glorious Empire will be far greater than the profit we derive from its possession; and such a result, in these days, is considered quite sufficient ground for the relinquishment of the greatest heritage that the devotion, courage, and energy of her sons ever bequeathed to a nation.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

I.

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Calcutta, 27th July, 1858.

MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I write in a hurry to save the post.

* * * * *

You will find the extract on the other side, also copy of a letter I sent to Cawnpore about ten days before Sir Colin left, which will show you that, however anxious I was for relief, I was more anxious that the Gwalior rebels should first be disposed of from the moment I learnt that they were threatening Cawnpore. I certainly was much deceived as to the quantity of grain; but there was no doubt the few remaining gun-bullocks would not suffice, and I was fully prepared to eke out the time by eating up our starving horses. I have had much anxiety about you on hearing of your sun-stroke, and it was a great relief to me to learn that you had gone to Simla. What a narrow escape you had from the Ghazees! Baird told me all about it, whom I accompanied to Galle, having myself had some threatening symptoms, which induced me to take a short sea trip.

Ever most sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. OUTRAM.

Extract from Mr. RUSSELL's Letters to the "Times," published in the "Times" of Monday, June 7th, 1858.

"But it is certain that here the grave error was committed (by Sir J. Outram) of hurrying Sir Colin Campbell's

advance, by representations respecting the state of the supplies and the means of holding out, which were, to say the least, unfortunate. If Sir Colin Campbell could have had more time to collect troops, the garrison might have been relieved, and the city of Lucknow held without any danger to Cawnpore; but Sir James Outram was led to believe that the supplies would only last till a certain date. Sir Colin acted on the statement which was made to him, and anxious to save women and children, advanced at once, and barely succeeded in saving Cawnpore and Lucknow both."

Extract of a Letter addressed by MAJOR-GENERAL OUTRAM to CAPTAIN BRUCE, at Cawnpore, dated Lucknow Residency, 28th October, 1857.

"I shall not detain Canojee (the cossid) beyond to-night, being anxious to prevent the force being hurried from Cawnpore to Alumbagh. The latter post having now been amply supplied with food, and sufficiently strengthened to defy attack, is no longer a source of anxiety; and, however desirable it may be to support me here, I cannot but feel that it is still more important that the Gwalior rebels (said to be preparing to cross into the Doab) should be first disposed of. I would, therefore, urge on Brigadier Wilson, to whom I beg you will communicate this, as if addressed to himself, that I consider that the Delhi column, strengthened to the utmost by all other troops than can be spared from Cawnpore should, in the first instance, be employed against the Gwalior rebels should they attempt to cross into the Doab, or be tangible to assault elsewhere within reasonable distance. We can manage to screw on, if absolutely necessary, till near the end of November, on further reduced rations. Only the longer we remain, the less physical strength we shall have to aid our friends with when they *do* advance, and the fewer guns shall we be able to move out in co-operation.

"But it is so obviously to the advantage of the State, that the Gwalior rebels should be first effectually destroyed, that our relief should be a secondary consideration. I trust, therefore, that Brigadier Wilson will furnish Colonel Grant with every possible aid to effect that object before sending him here."

As this letter duly reached Major Bruce on the 30th October, there can be no doubt it was communicated to the Commander-in-Chief, who did not leave Cawnpore for Lucknow until the 9th November.

J. OUTRAM.

II. (APRIL, 1858.)

LUCKNOW GARRISON. (SIR HOPE GRANT.)

ARTILLERY AND ENGINEERS.

F. Troop, R.A. (D'Aguilar's).

1st Troop, 1st Brigade, B.A. (Olphert's).

5th Co., R.A., 12th Batn. No. 20 Field Battery (Gibson's).

Q.E. Co., 3rd Batn., B.A. Battery No. 12 (Carton).

3rd Co., 8th Batn., R.A., and 6th Co., 11th Batn. (heavy guns).

4th Co. Royal Engineers, 3 Companies of 4th Punjaub and Delhi Pioneers.

•
CAVALRY.

2nd Dragoon Guards, Lahore Light Horse.

1st Sikh Cavalry, Hodson's Horse.

INFANTRY.

H.M. 20th, H.M. 23rd, H.M. 38th, H.M. 53rd, H.M. 90th, H.M. 97th Regiments. The 1st Madras Fusiliers, Head Quarters of 27th M.N.I. 5th Punjaub Infantry.

OUT-FIELD FORCE. (MAJOR-GEN. WALPOLE.)

ARTILLERY. (DAVID WOOD.)

2nd Troop, 1st Brigade, B.H.A. (Tombs).

Head Qrs., 3rd Brigade, B.H.A. (Brind).

2nd Troop, 3rd Brigade, B.H.A. (Mackinnon).
 3rd Troop, do. do. (Remmington).
 6th Co., 13th Batn., R.A. (Middleton).
 5th Co., do. do. (Talbot).
 4th Co., 1st Brigade, B.A. (Francis).
 1st Co., 5th Brigade, B.A.
 Naval Brigade (Cawnpore).
 23rd Co., Royal Engineers.
 Head Qrs., 24th Punjaub Infantry, Bengal Sappers and Miners.

CAVALRY. (BRIGADIER HAGART.)

H.M. 7th Hussars.
 H.M. 9th Lancers.
 2nd Punjaub Cavalry.
 Detachments of the 1st and of the 5th Regiments of Punjaub Cavalry.

INFANTRY.

1st Brigade (Adrian Hope).
 H.M. 42nd, H.M. 79th, H.M. 93rd Highlanders,
 4th Punjaub Rifles.
 2nd Brigade (Horsford).
 2nd and 3rd Batn., Rifle Brigade.
 1st Bengal Fusiliers.
 2nd Punjaub Infantry.

AZIMGHUR FIELD FORCE. (LUGARD.)

ARTILLERY. (RIDDELL.)

$\frac{1}{2}$ Troop, R.H.A. (Anderson's). E. Troop.
 Cotton's Battery, Madras Artillery.
 8th Co., 2nd Batn., R.A.
 A detail of Royal Engineers and Native Sappers and Miners.

CAVALRY.

2nd Batn., Military Train (Robertson).
 3rd Sikh Cavalry.
 12th Irregular Cavalry.

Douglas Brigade of Infantry.
H.M. 10th, H.M. 34th, H.M. 54th, and
The Corps already in the district.
H.M. 13th, H.M. 37th, H.M. 54th.

MEMO.

H.M. 75th move to Meerut; H.M. 32nd stand fast at Allahabad; H.M. 5th at Cawnpore; H.M. 64th, with Penny, near Bolundshuhur; H.M. 78th on the march; H.M. 88th at Ukherpore.

Seaton's Force, Head Qrs., Futteguhr.
No. 4, Field Battery, R.A., H.M. 82nd Regt.
Alexander's Horse, Sikh Artillery.

III.

FORCE BEFORE LUCKNOW (ALUMBAGH INCLUDED).

Artillery	1,745
Engineers	865
Cavalry	3,169
Infantry	-	.	.	.	12,498
					<hr/>
					18,277

IV.

When Sir Colin Campbell retired from the Residency with the garrison, he took away 160,000 lbs. of Corn, which was still remaining in the Magazines.

Recd on 7.6.76
R No. 5735
C. L. 24.2.29

THE END.

954.06/RUS/R/2



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